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Walter Strickland.



HUDIBRAS,

A POEM,

BY SAMUEL BUTLER,

With Notes,

SELECTED

FROM GREY AND OTHER AUTHORS:

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

*A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON THE CIVIL
WAR, &c.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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H U D I B R A S.

PART SECOND.

C A N T O T H I R D.

The Argument.

The Knight, with doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sydrophe the Rosicrucian,
To know the Dest'nies' resolution ,
With whom being met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic ;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight ;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.

That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
Tho' cheats yet more intelligible, **35**
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew :
For he with beard and face made clean,
B'ing mounted on his steed again ; **40**
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too
Upon his beast, with much ado ;)
Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle, **45**
And with his inward man to jostle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue :
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale ; **50**
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honor, faith, and love.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;

And that he durst not now for shame 55
Appear in court, to try his claim.

This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, in all my past adventures,
I ne'er was set so on the tenters; 60

Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me ;

And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about;
For though the dame has been my bail, 65

To free me from enchanted jail;

Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks lose,

And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain : 70

So though my ancle she has quitted,

My heart continues still committed :

And like a bail'd or mainpris'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over.

And when I shall appear in court, 75

To plead my cause, and answer for 't,

Unless the judge do partial prove,

What will become of me and love?

For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To show, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
Having demurr'd into her favor?
But faith, and love, and honor lost,
Shall be reduc'd to a Knight o' the post !
Beside the stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument ; 90
And justify I have a tail,
And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate ;
Or find by necromantic art, 95
How far the Dest'nies take my part !
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship ; 100
For tho' an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,

(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis profane,
And sinful when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man hight Sidrophel, 106
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells ;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair; 110
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way:
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of suckling pigs are chous'd ;
When cattle feel indisposition, 115
And need th' opinion of physician,
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip ;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale; 120
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
I've heard of; and should like it well,

CANTO III. HUDIBRAS.

9

If thou can'st prove the saints hath freedom
To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that ;
Those principles I quoted late, 130

Prove that the godly may allege
For any thing their privilege;
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.

For as there is a war between 135
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.

Has not this present Parliament
A leger to the devil sent, 140

Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out ;
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?

Some only for not being drown'd, 145
And some for sitting above ground,

Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;

And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks, 150

Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd ;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin 155
Luther in Germany, for certain ;
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic ?
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church ? 160
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him ?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' nun of London's belly,
Meet with the Parliament's committee, 165
At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty ?
At Sarum take a cavalier
I' th' cause's service prisoner ?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to after time. 170
Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forbode news ;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air ?

Of battles fought at sea, and ships **175**

Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?

A total o'erthrow giv'n the King

In Cornwall, horse and foot next spring?

And has not he point black foretold

Whats'e'er the close committee would? **180**

Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,

The Moon for fundamental laws;

The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare

Against the Book of Common-pray'r;

The Scorpion take the protestation, **185**

And Bear engage for reformation;

Made all the royal stars recant,

Compound, and take the covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,

The saints may 'mploy a conjurer; **190**

As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;

No argument like matter of fact is.

And we are best of all led to

Men's principles, by what they do.

Then let us straight advance in quest **195**

Of this profound gymnosophist;

And as the Fates and he advise,

Pursue, or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid ; 200
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conj'rer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before hand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology :
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again ;
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was :
So in the circle of the arts 215
Did he advance his nat'ral parts ;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat :
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ; 220
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hog Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew, **225**
And all men dream on 't, to be true:
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart:
For can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found, **230**
That has not in a foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion:
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world?
H' had read Dee's Prefaces before **235**
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer; **240**
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there:
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting corns or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches, **245**
Or to the bum applying leeches;

When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made:
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlick, or sow pease: 250
Who first found out th' man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire, and command 255
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private;
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests. 260
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shines at full or no;
That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 't were day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her di'meter to an inch is, 265
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon 's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog or bitch,
That stands behind him at his breech, 270

But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms which men for legs mistake.
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is:
How many German leagues by the scale **275**
Cape Snout 's from promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expenses of cheese or bacon : **280**
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat ;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body by the index face ;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, **285**
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing:
Cure warts or corns, with application
Of med'cines to the imagination ;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh ; **290**
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;

What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves, ascendant in the cart;
And find out all by rules of art: 350
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes and money away, is gone:
Who pick'd a fob, at holding forth,
And where a watch for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster:
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanac; 360
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel:
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow-gelder with safety cuts:
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
And when be temp'rate if they will;

When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great; 370
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains;
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells;
Which over ev'ry month's blank page 375
I' th' almanac, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black-pudding; 380
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to the song. 390

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the cars;
All trades run in, as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight,
The gallows tree, when cutting purse 395
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.

These two together long had liv'd
In mansion prudently contriv'd ; 400
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words, 405
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope ; 410
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night.
Did fly his tarsel of a kite;

CANTO III. HUDIBRAS.**21**

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
That like a bird of paradise,
Or herald's marlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lay eggs ;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At the end of which there hung a light, 420
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That, far off, like a star did appear.
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,
Bless us! quoth he, What dreadful wonder 425
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard,
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations ;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural, 435
Unless it be the cannon-ball,
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,

Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:

The one's the learned Knight; seek out
And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd with all submissness
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness.

He held a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern bare-bones did alight;

And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:

He gave him first the time o' the day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:

He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.

Did not you lose?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay;—
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way.

Your Knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'able doth suffer:

For lover's hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.

What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung—

th' day 'tis?
 and eight 'tis.
 ay small art

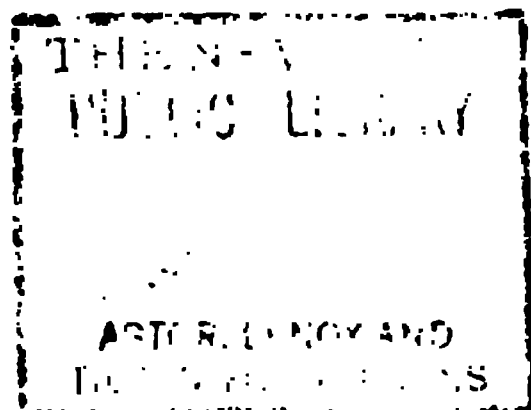
art,
 A jointure, 515
 mind t' her.
 ing water,

steps in,
 520

day;
 ight,
 ight;
 w near, 525

I was't,
 they'd, 530

ard, So!
 , No:



Quoth he, I mean, what time o' th' day 'tis?
Quoth Ralpho between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then, quoth Whachum, My small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate—Quoth Ralph, A jointure, 515
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception; 520
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who, having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight;
And what he came to know, drew near, 525
To whisper in the conj'rer's ear;
Which he pretended thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly stars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo, ha! Quoth Whachum, No:

Has Saturn nothing to do in it? 535

One tenth of 's circle to a minute.

'Tis well, quoth he. Sir, you'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use;

It is a scheme and face of heaven,

As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here,

At such a time to interrupt 545

Your speculations, which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,

'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,

The stars your coming did foretel; 550

I did expect you here, and knew,

Before you spake, your business too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,

And I shall credit whatsoe'er

You tell me after on your word, 555

Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,

Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,

CANTO III. HUDIBRAS.

557

And for three years has rid your wit

And passion, without drawing bit:

560

And now your bus'ness is to know

If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right:

But how the devil you came by't

I can't imagine: for the stars,

565

I'm sure can tell no more than a horse;

Nor can their aspects, though you pore

Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more

Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,

That turns as certain as the spheres:

570

But if the devil's of your council,

Much may be done my noble Donzel;

And 'tis on this account I come

To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose,

575

Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take th' alarm,

Your bus'ness is but to inform;

But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near

You have a wrong sow by the ear;

580

For I assure you, for my part,

I only deal by rules of art;

Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology.

But for the dev'l, know nothing by him, 585
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy ;
Your word of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names ye mention ; 590
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are, indeed, but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is, downright conjuring ;
And in itself more warrantable 595
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.

Your ancient conj'ers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
And to their incantations stoop:
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanac can tell 605
Perhaps as learnedly and well

As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about:

Your modern Indian magician

Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610

And straight resolves all questions by't,

And seldom fails to be i' th' right.

The Rosicrucian way's more sure

To bring the devil to the lure;

Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin, 615

To catch intelligences in.

Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,

As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;

Others with characters and words

Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620

And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,

Engrav'd in planetary nicks,

With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em;

Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;

Make 'em dispose, and answer to 625

All questions ere they let them go.

Bumbastus kept a devil's bird

Shut in the pommel of his sword,

That taught him all the cunning pranks

Of past and future mountebanks. 630

Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug 635

I' th' garb and habit of a dog.

That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain. 640

To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh! Sir,

Agrippa was no conjurer,

Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;

Nor was the dog a Cacodemon,

But a true dog that would show tricks 645

For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;

Would fetch and carry, was more civil

Than other dogs, but yet no devil:

And whatsoe'er he's said to do,

He went the self-same way we go. 650

As for the Rosy Cross philosophers,

Whom you will have to be but sorc'ers,

What they pretend to is no more

Than Trismegistus did before,

CANTO III. HUDIBRAS.

31

Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655

And Apolonius, their master;

To whom they do confess they owe

All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t' us,
Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus, 660

If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,

Or not intelligible, or sophistic?

'Tis not antiquity, nor author,

That makes truth truth, altho' Time's daughter;

'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665

Before he pull'd her out of it;

And as he eats his sons just so

He feeds upon his daughters too:

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald

Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670

To be descended of a race

Of ancient kings, in a small space,

That we should all opinions hold:

Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675

Of prudence to cry down an art,

And what it may perform, deny,

Because you understand not why.

(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric.) 680
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or rising's seat;
So 't is with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, sooth-sayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks? 690
The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had piss'd all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches:
And did not sooth-sayers expound it? 695
As after by th' event he found it;
When Cæsar, in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look pale for almost a year after? 700
Augustus having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Had like to have been slain that day
 By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
 Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not om'nous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city-walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
 (Our synod calls humiliations,)
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
 From doing town and country hurt.
 And if an owl have so much power,
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see farther, and foreknow
 More than their augury below?
 Tho' that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by;
 And this is what we take in hand,
 By pow'rful art to understand;
 Which how we have perform'd, all ages
 Can speak th' event of our presages.

Have we not lately, in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan could never compass?
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, you lye so ope,
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie;
 For Anaxagoras long ago
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' t' moon;
 And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
 Because the sun had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?
 What trade from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from France?

What can our travellers bring home,
 That is not to be learn'd at Rome?
 What politics, or strange opinions,
 That are not in our own dominions?
 What science can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here commence?
 What revelations, or religions,
 That are not in our native regions?
 Are sweaty lanterns, or screen fans,
 Made better there than they 're in France?
 Or do they teach to sing or play
 O' th' guittar there a newer way?
 Can they make plays there that shall fit
 The public humour, with less wit?
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
 Or fight with more ingenious blows?
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
 And wear a huger perriwig;
 Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
 Than our own native lunatics?
 But if w' outdo him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As wind i' th' hypocondres pent
 Is but a blast if downward sent;

Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from the malefactors snippets ;
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
Of rebel saints and perjurers ?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done ?
Is there a constellation there,
That was not born and bred up here ? 830
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern,
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves ?
And is it like they have not still 835
In their old practices some skill ?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth ?
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below : 840
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram ?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's perriwig ?
Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear ? 845
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair ?

And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry ; 850
(For money b'ing the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale ;
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight :)
Then much less can it be without ; 855
Divine astrology made out ;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons, quoth the Knight, I grant
Are something more significant 860
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce ;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
Shifted his setting and his rise :
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east :
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know. 870

Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up ;
And were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :
As sage Empedocles of old, 875
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the sun himself in height, 880
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had lost its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come 885
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that has so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd : 890
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome,

Cardan believ'd great states depend 895

Upon th' tip o' th' Bear's tail's end ;

That as she wisk'd it t'wards the sun,

Strew'd mighty empires up and down :

Which others say must needs be false,

Because your true bears have no tails. 900

Some say the zodiac constellations

Have long since chang'd their antique stations

Above a sign, and prove the same

In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;

Affirm the trigon's chop'd and chang'd, 905

The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd :

Then how can their effects still hold

To be the same they were of old ?

This, tho' the art were true, would make

Our modern soothsayers mistake : 910

And is one cause they tell more lies,

In figures and nativities,

Than the old Chaldean conjurors,

In so many hundred thousand years ;

Beside their nonsense in translating, 915

For want of accidence and Latin.

Like *Idus* and *Calendæ*, Englisht :

The quarter-days by skilful linguist :

And yet with canting sleight and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ; 920
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being ;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd ;
Make them the constellations prompt, 925
And give 'em back their own account ;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for 't, or best believes.
Some towns and cities, some for brevity
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity ; 930
And made the infant stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy dogs, or cats :
Some running nags, and fighting cocks, 935
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox ;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
Make opposition, trine and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
And if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect

In soul and body, and instill
All future good and future ill :
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945
At destin'd periods fall a working ;
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all the emergencies of life : 950
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Married his punctual dose of wives, 955
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave ; 960
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and a manslayer :
As if men from the stars did suck 965
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,

Wit, folly, honor, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death. 970
Are not these fine commodities,
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable ?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975
In th' other world to be restor'd.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose ; 980
I will (although I've done 't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you,
What you, perhaps, forgot befell you,
By way of horary inspection, 985
Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles, draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters ;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab at random, 990

'Quoth he, This scheme o' th' heav'ns set,
 Discovers how in fight you met
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well:
 And though you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave:
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true, quoth he, howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear:
 Whachum shall justify 't to your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;

Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015

A constable to seize the wretches :

For though they're both false knaves and cheats,

Imposters, jugglers, counterfeits,

I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,

As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020

They're guilty, by their own confessions,

Of felony, and at the sessions

Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,

That the vibration of this pendulum

Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025

Unanimous opinion :

A thing he long has vapour'd of,

But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt

To find friends that will bear me out : 1030

Nor have I hazarded my art,

And neck so long on the state's part,

To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,

By such a braggadocia huffer.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras, This sword 1035

Shall down thy false throat cram that word.

Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,

T' apprehend this Stygian sophister :

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THE



Part the 2.

HUDIBRAS.

Part 2. Canto 7. June 1766.

London, Published by T. M'Lean. 1819.

Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure, worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one:
This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht; 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065
As quick as lightning in the breech ;
Just in the place where honor 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd ;
Because a kick in that place, more
Hurts honor, than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin !
Could they not tell you so as well
As what I came to know foretell ?
By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
But who his honor would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile ? 1080
I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage.
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said, in haste, in haste he fell 1085
To rummaging of Sidrophel ;

First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect ; 1090

A copper-plate, with almanacs
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank schemes, to discover nimmers :
A moon-dial with Napier's bones, 1095
And sev'ral constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade ; 1100
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.

Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while ;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As rotten men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unweary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110

And make him glad (at least) to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd, by counterfeiting death, 1120
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learned philosophers give out:
So Sidrophelo cast about,
And fell t' his wonted trade again, 1125
To feign himself in earnest slain;
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he.* Where am I,
Alive or dead, which way came I 1130
Thro' so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon;
And that a monster with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,

My body thro' and thro' had drill'd, 1135
And Wachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examined both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run thro': 1140
And there lies Wachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd;
Oh ! oh !—With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145
And to the life out-acted death :
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
But rather leave him in the lurch :
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one firik,
To carry on the public work ;
Despis'd our synod men like dirt, 1155
And made their discipline his sport ;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places:

Disparag'd their tythe-pigs as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit:
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
And tempt my fury if he dare;
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny, 1170
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the session:
Unless his light and gift prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will disengage my conscience
O' th' obligation in his own sense;
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180
To give my honor satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.

This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And with activity unwont, **1185**
Essay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free;
Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. **1190**

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NOTES

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE whole of this Canto is designed to expose the cheats of astrologers, fortune-tellers, conjurers, &c.; and it must be confessed, a more ample field for satire could not have been chosen. Dr. James Young, who wrote a tract in ridicule of these charlatans, entitled *Sidrophel Vapulans*, informs us, "That, in the pontificate of some such holy father as Gregory VII. a lover of the black art, one of the tribe craved of his holiness a protector or patron saint for astrologers, like as other arts had. The good pontiff, willing to oblige a faculty he loved, gave him the choice of all in St. Peter's. The humble servant of Urania, depending upon the direction of good stars to a good angel, went to the choice hood-winked; and groping among the images, the first he laid hold on was that of the Devil in combat with St. Michael. Had he chosen with his eyes open, he could not have met with a better protector for so diabolical an art." The author of the *Turkish Spy*, speaking of astrology, says, "It was a custom in Alexandria, formerly, for astrologers to pay a certain tribute, which they called *fool's pence*, because it was taken from the gains which astrologers made by their own ingenious folly, and credulous dotage of their admirers." Butler, in his prose works, speaking of astrology, says, "An astrologer is one that expounds the planets, and teaches to construe the *accidents* by the *due joining of stars in construction*. He talks with them by dumb signs, and can tell what they mean by twinkling and squinting upon one another, as well as they themselves. He is a spy upon the stars, and can tell what they are

doing by the company they keep, and the houses they frequent. They have no power to do any thing alone, until so many meet as will form a *quorum*. He is clerk of the committee to them, and draws up all their orders, that concern either public or private affairs. He keeps all their accounts for them, and sums them up, not by debtor and creditor only, but in a more compendious way. They do ill to make them have such authority over the earth, which, perhaps, has as much as any of them but the sun, and as much right to sit and vote in their councils as others. But because there are but seven electors of the German empire, they will allow of no more to dispose of the other; and most foolishly and unnaturally depose their own parent of its inheritance, rather than acknowledge a defect in their own rules. These rules are all they have to shew for their title, and yet not one of them can tell, whether those they had them from came honestly by them. Virgil's description of Fame, which reaches from earth to the stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry lies and knavery, will serve astrologers without any sensible variation. He is a fortune-teller, a retailer of destiny, a petty chapman to the planets. He casts nativities as gamblers do false dice, and by slurring and palming *sextile*, *quartile*, and *trine*, like *size*, *quater*, and *trois*, can throw what chance he pleases. He sets a figure as cheats do a main at hazard, and gulls throw away their money at it. He fetches the grounds of his art so far off, as well from reason as the stars, that, like a traveller, he is allowed to lie by authority. And as beggars, that have no money themselves, believe all others to have, and beg of those that have as little as themselves, so the ignorant rabble believe in him, though he has no more reason for what he professes than themselves."

V. 3-4. *As lookers on feel most delight,*

That least perceive a juggler's sleight.] The pleasure we derive from seeing tricks of cards, or sleights of hand, are great in proportion as we are unacquainted with the principles upon which such deceptions are played.

V. 15-6. *Others believe no voice t' an organ*

So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown.] A sneer on the propensity to litigation with which some men are infected; but which, like other immoral and unchristian pursuits, commonly brings its own punishment with it. A man of litigious temper

bears a truer resemblance to the abstract principle of evil than is to be found in any other character. Unmerciful and uncharitable, revengeful, niggardly, mean; full of subtilties and devices to ensnare the unwary; a falsifier of his word; a despiser of the sanctity of oaths; a villain who squares his conscience to his cause, and draws up his instructions to his lawyer from the malice of his heart. There is no trick nor fraud which such a man will scruple at to accomplish his designs. Just dealings are his abhorrence. He is constantly on the look-out for some loop-hole or flaw that will afford him an opportunity to cheat, and never so happy as when a victim falls into his clutches.

V. 25. *Apply to wizzards, &c.*] Wizzards were supposed to be able to foretel future events as well as astrologers.

V. 27. *And as those vultures do forebode.*] Alluding to the opinion, that vultures repair beforehand to the place where battles will be fought. Zanga, in the *Revenge*, says,

“ As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
 So will I be a raven to thine ear,
 And true as ever snuff’d the scent of blood,
 As ever flapt its heavy wings against
 The windows of the sick, and croak’d despair.”

V. 29-30. *A flam more senseless than the rogu’ry*

Of old aruspicy and aug’ry.] Cicero, somewhere in his works, says, he wonders how the aruspicers and augurs could possibly meet without laughing in each others faces. The aruspicers pretended to foretell future events by inspecting the entrails of victims killed in sacrifices; they were also consulted on occasion of portents and prodigies. The augurs foretold future events by the feeding or chattering of birds. There was a college of them at Rome, consisting of nine members. They bore an augural staff or wand, as the ensign of their authority, and their dignity was so much respected, that they were never deposed, nor any substituted in their place; though they should be convicted of the most enormous crimes.

V. 33-4. *From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,*

Success of great’st attempts would reckon.] The Romans divided augury into five different kinds of divination: 1, augury from the heavens; 2, from birds; 3, from chickens; 4, from

quadrupeds; 5, from portentous events. When an augury was taken, the augur divided the heavens into four parts, and having sacrificed to the gods, he observed, with great attention, from what part the sign from heaven appeared. If, for instance, there happened a clap of thunder from the left, it was taken as a good omen. If a flock of birds came about a man, it was a favorable presage, but the flight of vultures was unlucky. If, when corn was flung before the sacred chickens, they crowded about it, and eat it greedily, it was looked upon as a favorable omen, but if they refused to eat and drink, it was an unlucky sign.

V. 35-6. ——— *Yet more intelligible*

Than those that with the stars do fribble.] Gassendi, in his *Vanity of Judiciary Astrology*, calls the whole art of astrology a mysterious nothing, a fiction more vain than vanity itself.

V. 45-6. *With various thoughts began to bustle,*

And with his inward man to jostle.] New scruples begin to spring up in the Knight's brain. It is correspondent with his character to be perpetually troubled with cases of conscience; and accordingly the poet has drawn him so from the beginning to the end of the poem.

V. 57. *This was the penn'worth of his thought.]* This is an allusion to the vulgar saying, applied to one in a studious mood, "I'll give you a penny for your thoughts."

V. 61. *Or taken tardy with dilemma.]* Dilemma, in logic, is an argument consisting of two or more propositions, which divides the whole into all its parts or members, by a disjunctive proposition, and then infers something concerning each part which is finally referred to concerning the whole. Instances of this kind are frequent, as, "In this life we must either obey our vicious inclinations, or resist them; to obey them will bring sorrow and sin; to resist them is laborious and painful: therefore we cannot be perfectly free from sorrow and pain in this life." A dilemma becomes faulty or ineffectual three ways: 1, When the members of the division are not well opposed, or not fully enumerated; 2, When what is asserted concerning each part is not just, then the minor is not true; 3, When it may be retorted with equal force upon him who utters it.—There was a famous ancient instance of this case, wherein a dilemma was retorted. Euathlus promised

Protagoras a reward when he had taught him the art of pleading ; and it was to be paid the first day he had gained any cause in court. After a considerable time, Protagoras goes to law with Euathlus for the reward, and uses this dilemma : “ Either the cause will go on my side, or on yours : if the cause goes on my side, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge : if the cause goes on your side, you must pay me according to your bargain. Therefore, whether the cause goes for me or against me, you must pay the reward.” But Euathlus retorted the dilemma thus : “ Either I shall gain the cause, or lose it. If I gain the cause, then nothing will be due to you according to the sentence of the judge : but if I lose the cause, nothing will be due to you according to your bargain. Therefore, whether I gain or lose the cause, I will not pay you, for nothing will be your due.”

V. 73. *And like a bail'd and mainpris'd lover.*] Alluding to his having been freed from the stocks by his mistress.

V. 88. ——— *Knight o' th' post.*] One who for hire would swear before a magistrate, or in a court of judicature, whatever his employer required ; and called a knight of the post, because such offenders were liable to have their ears nailed to the pillory.

V. 95. *Or find, by necromantic art.*] Necromancy was the art or act of communicating with devils, and doing surprising feats by their assistance, and particularly by calling up the dead.

V. 96. *How far the Dest'nies take my part.*] Of all the scruples and qualms of conscience that have hitherto perplexed our Knight, it must be confessed, that these with which he is now assaulted are the most rational and well grounded : his fears are just, and his arguments unanswerable ; and the dilemma with which he is incumbered, makes him naturally wish that all his doubts were removed by a prognostication of his future fortune. Ralpho, understanding the Knight's mind, takes this opportunity to mention Si-drophel, who, from this occasion, is happily introduced into the poem.

V. 103-4. *Yet 'tis profane,*

And sinful, when men swear in vain.] Dr. Grey says here, “ These wretched hypocrites, though perjury was with them a venial sin when it served their purpose, as it appears from the foregoing Canto, and indeed from all the impartial historians of

those times, yet, to carry an outward face of religion, they were very punctual in the punishment of profane and common swearing; and, according to Sir Robert Howard, (Committee Act II. Sect. I.) more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing: for when Teague was punished twelvapence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said, Sixpence. He then threw down sixpence, and cursed the Committee.

V. 106. *A cunning man hight Sidrophel.*] The personage here introduced to the acquaintance of the reader, by the name of Sidrophel, was William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacs foretold victories for the parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons; and all or most part of what is ascribed to him, either by Ralpho or the poet, the reader will find verified in his letter (if we may believe it,) wrote by himself to Elias Ashmole, esq., and printed in London about the beginning of the last century. In this letter, or history of his own life, we find an account of several of his predictions, (such as happened to hit right, not such as failed,) and what encouragement he had from the parliament and others. But when he found that the authority of the parliament began to sink, and the power of the army to increase, he was as ready to predict against the parliament as before he was for it, though he began to do it almost too soon for his own security: for he tells us, that in the year 1650, he wrote, "that the parliament (meaning the Rump) stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiery would join against them." For this he was taken up by a messenger, carried before a committee of parliament, and shewed the words of his almanac. But having notice beforehand of what was intended against him, he had got that leaf new printed, and those obnoxious words left out. So he denied the almanac to be his, and pulled half a dozen out of his pocket which were without that passage, and said, this was a spurious impression, in which some enemies had put those words in order to ruin him; in which he was seconded by a friend in the committee, who enlarged upon the great services he had done the parliament, notwithstanding which, he was kept a prisoner in the messenger's hands near a fortnight, and then released. What he had said of the Rump was at the instance of some of Cromwell's party. He

lived to the year 1681, being then near eighty years of age, and published predicting almanacs to his death.

V. 111-2. *When brass and pewter hap to stray,*

And linen slinks out of the way.] Our poet enumerates with great minuteness the different occasions on which it was usual to consult astrologers; they are exactly of the same kind with those which give employment to the conjurors and fortune-tellers of the present day, namely, petty theft, the diseases of cattle or poultry, household mischances, and the innumerable perplexities of love.

V. 121. *When butter does refuse to come.]* Selden, in his *Table Talk*, says, "When a country wench cannot get her butter to come, she says the witch is in the churn." The Fairy, in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, asks Puck,

" ————— Art thou not he,

'That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;

Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn?"

And Dr. Grey informs us, that Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, observes, "that when the country people see that butter cometh not, then they get out of the suspected witch's house a little butter, whereof must be made three balls, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and so if they be put into the churn, the butter will presently come, and the witchcraft will cease; but if you put a little sugar and soap into the churn among the cream, the butter will never come."

V. 123-4. *To him with questions, and with urine,*

They for discov'ry flock, or curing.] Sidrophel, it seems, was not only an astrologer, but professed the art of physic. Urine doctors, that is, those who undertook to cure diseases by the inspection of the patient's urine, were very common in Butler's time, and not more deserving of faith than the astrologers. The race of these charlatans, it is to be hoped, is now nearly obsolete, but that the vulgar have still some reliance on such means of relief, may be gathered from the following story. A country woman, whose husband was afflicted with a complication of disorders, waited upon the late Dr. Askew (who was one of the most skilful as well as one of the most learned of his profession), with a bottle

of her husband's urine, and begged that the doctor would prescribe some medicine to relieve his complaints. The doctor examined the contents of the bottle with much complaisance, and inquired of the woman of what trade was her husband? She answered, a shoemaker. The doctor then retired into another apartment, and emptying the bottle of the shoemaker's urine, filled it with his own. Then returning to the sick man's wife, he said, Good woman, carry this to your husband, and tell him to make a pair of shoes to my measure from my urine; and when he does, I will send him a prescription for his complaints from his.

V. 127-8. *If thou canst prove the saints have freedom*

To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.] Here our Knight starts another case of conscience: May he who is a saint, one of the elect, ask assistance of one who exercises a profane, if not a diabolical, art? Ralpho quickly frees him from this embarrassment, by quoting instances of a similar procedure on the part of the then existing government.

V. 139-40. *Has not this present Parliament,*

A leger to the devil sent?] This was a person of the name of Hopkins, who pretended to certain extraordinary endowments for the discovery of witches.

V. 143-4. *And has not he, within a year,*

Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?] Howell, in a letter addressed to Sir Edward Spencer, dated Feb. 20, 1647, says, "Since the beginning of these unnatural wars there may be a cloud of witnesses produced for the proof of this black tenet (i. e. witchcraft); for within the compass of two years, near upon three hundred witches were arraigned, and the major part executed in Essex and Suffolk only. Scotland swarms with them now more than ever, and persons of good quality are executed daily."

V. 145. *Some only for not being drown'd.]* Among other methods for the discovery of witches, that of the water ordeal was one of the most common. The process was, to tie the suspected person hand and foot, and, putting them into a pond of water, if they sunk they were acquitted, but if they swam they were adjudged guilty.

V. 146-7-8. *And some for sitting above ground,*

Whole days and nights upon their breeches,

And feeling pain were hang'd for witches.] This was

another of the methods of trial for the discovery of witchcraft made use of in those days. Dr. Hutchinson, in his *Historical Essay on Witchcraft*, says, "Do but imagine a poor creature, under all the weakness and infirmities of old age, set like a fool in the middle of a room, with the rabble of ten towns round about her house; then her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat: by that means, after some hours, that the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. Then she must continue in her pain four-and-twenty hours without either sleep or meat. And since this was their ungodly way of trial, what wonder was it, if, when they were weary of their lives, they confessed many tales that would please them, and sometimes they knew not what!"

V. 153-4. *Who after prov'd himself a witch,*

And made a rod for his own breech.] "These two verses (says Dr. Hutchinson) relate to that which I have often heard, that Hopkins went on searching and swimming the poor creatures, till some gentlemen, out of indignation at the barbarity, took him and tied him by his own thumbs and toes, as he used to tie others; and when he was put into the water, he himself swam as they did. This cleared the country of him; and it was a great pity that they did not think of the experiment sooner."

V. 155-6. *Did not the devil appear to Martin*

Luther in Germany, for certain.] Luther, in his *Mensalia*, speaks of the devil's appearing to him frequently, and how he used to drive him away by scoffing and jeering him; for he observes, that the devil being a proud spirit, cannot bear to be contemned and scoffed. "I have often (says he) said to him, Devil, I have bewrayed my breeches, canst thou smell that?" Howell tells a story, which, if we may believe him, goes to prove, that the devil does not always tamely put up with such affronts. "Before I part with this famous city of Lyons (says he) I will relate unto you a wonderful strange accident that happened here not long ago. There is an officer called Le Chevalier de Guet, which is a kind of night guard here, as well as in Paris; and his lieutenant, called Jaquette, having supped one night in a rich merchant's house, as he was passing the round afterwards, he said, I wonder what I have

caten and drunk at the merchant's house, for I find myself so hot, that if I meet with the devil's dam to-night, I should not forbear using her. Hereupon a little after he overtook a young gentlewoman masked, whom he would needs usher to her lodging, but discharged all his watch, except two. She brought him, to his thinking, to a little low lodging hard by the city wall, where there were only two rooms; and after he had enjoyed her, he desired that, according to the French custom, his two comrades might partake also of the same pleasure: so she admitted them one after the other: and when all this was done, as they sat together, she told them, if they knew well who she was, none of them would have ventured upon her; thereupon she whistled three times, and all vanished. The next morning the two soldiers that had gone with Lieutenant Jaquette were found dead under the city wall, among the odour and excrements, and Jaquette himself a little way off, half dead, who was taken up, and coming to himself again, confessed all this, but died presently after."

V. 159. *Did he not help the Dutch, &c.*] Dr. Grey says, in the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp, in a tumult, broke into the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that Strada writes, "there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible."

V. 161-2. *Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,*
And tell them all they came to ask him ?] This was a devil (an invention probably of the Catholic party) who pretended to prophecy, and delivered his oracles in verse, which he sung to tunes, and made several lampoons upon the Hugonots.

V. 163. ——— *to Kelly.*] Kelly was assistant to Dee, the celebrated astrologer in the reign of Elizabeth. The reader will meet with a further account of him and his magical practices hereafter.

V. 164. *And speak i' th' nun of London's belly.*] A female impostor, who, possessing the faculty of ventriloquism, pretended to revelations, and made a considerable noise in the time of Henry IV.

V. 165-6. *Meet with the Parliament's committee,*
At Woodstock, &c.] The story to which Butler here alludes to, is thus related by Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of

Oxfordshire. "Among such unaccountable things as these, we may reckon the strange passages that happened at Woodstock in anno 1649, in the manor-house there, when the commissioners for surveying the manor-house, park, &c. sat and lodged there, whereof I have had several relations put into my hands. October the 13th, 1649, the commissioners with their servants being come to the manor-house, they took up their lodging in the King's own rooms, the bed-chamber and withdrawing-room; the former whereof they also made their kitchen, the council-hall their brewhouse; the chamber of presence their place of sitting to dispatch business; and a wood-house of the dining-room, where they laid the wood of that ancient standard in the high park, known of all by the name of the King's oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots. October 14 and 15 they had little disturbance, but on the 16th there came, as they thought, something into the bed-chamber where two of the commissioners and their servants lay, in the shape of a dog, which going under their beds, did as it were gnaw the bed-cords; but on the morrow finding them whole, and a quarter of beef which lay on the ground untouched, they began to entertain other thoughts. October 17, something to their thinking removed all the wood of the King's oak out of the dining-room into the presence-chamber, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down that room. From whence it came into the two chambers where the commissioners and their servants lay, and hoisted up their beds' feet so much higher than their heads, that they thought they should have been turned over and over, and then let them fall with so much force, that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance, and then shook the bedsteads so violently, that they themselves confest their bodies were sore with it. October 18, something came into the bed-chamber and walked up and down, and fetching the warming-pan out of the withdrawing-room, made so much noise that they thought five bells could not have made more. And, October 19, trenchers were thrown up and down the dining-room at them that lodged there, whereof one of them being shaken by the shoulder and awakened, put forth his head to see what was the matter, but had trenchers thrown at it. October 20, the curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and the bedstead

much shaken, and eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen of pewter trenchers, thrown about the bed-chamber again, whereof some fell upon the beds: this night they also thought whole armfuls of the wood of the King's oak had been thrown down in their chambers, but of that, in the morning they found nothing had been moved. October 21, the keeper of their ordinary and his *bitch*, lay in one of the rooms with them, which night they were not disturbed at all; but October 22, though the *bitch* kennelled there again (to whom they ascribed their former night's rest) both they and the *bitch* were in a pitiful taking; the bitch opening but once, and that with a fearful whining yelp. October 23, they had all their clothes plucked off them in the withdrawing-room, and the bricks fell out of the chimney into the room; and the 24th, they thought in the dining-room that all the wood of the King's oak had been brought thither, and thrown down close by their bed-side, which noise being heard by those of the withdrawing-room, one of them rose to see what was done, fearing indeed that his fellow-commissioner had been killed but found no such matter; whereupon returning to his bed again, he found two dozen of trenchers thrown into it, and handsomely covered with the bed-clothes. October 25, the curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and the bedstead shaken as before; and in the bed-chamber glass flew about so thick (and yet not a pane of the chamber-windows broken) that they thought it had rained money; whereupon they lighted candles, but to their grief they found nothing but glass, which they took up in the morning, and laid together. October 29, something walked in the withdrawing-room about an hour, and going to the window, opened and shut it; then going into the bed-chamber, it threw great stones for about half an hour's time, some whereof lighted on the high bed, and others on the truckle-bed, to the number in all of about fourscore. This night there was also a very great noise, as though forty pieces of ordnance had been shot off together: at two several knocks it astonished all the neighbouring dwellers, which it is thought might have been heard a great way off. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both commissioners and servants were struck with so great horror, that they cried out to one another for help, whereof one of them recovering himself out of a strange agony he had been in, snatched

up a sword, and had like to have killed one of his *brethren* coming out of his bed in his shirt, whom he took for the *spirit* that did the mischief. However, at length they got altogether, yet the noise continued so great and terrible, and shook the wall so much, that they thought the whole manor would have fell on their heads. At its departure it took all the glass away with it. November 1, something as they thought, walked up and down the withdrawing-room. The stones that were left before and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all fetched away this night, and a great deal of glass (not like the former) thrown about again. November 2, came something into the withdrawing-room treading (as they conceived) much like a *bear*, which first only walking about a quarter of an hour, at length it made a noise about the table, and threw the warming-pan so violently, that it quite spoiled it: it threw also glass and great stones at them again, and the bones of horses, and all so violently, that the bedsteads and walls were bruised by them. This night they set candles all about the rooms, and made fires up to the mantle-trees of the chimneys, but all were put out nobody knew how, the fire and billets that made it being thrown up and down the rooms; the curtains torn with the rods from the beds, and the bed-posts pulled away, that the tester fell down upon them, and the feet of the bedstead cloven in two. And upon the servants in the truckle-bed, who lay all this time sweating for fear, there was first a little, which made them begin to stir; but before they could get out, there came a whole *coule* (tub), as it were, of stinking ditch-water down upon them, so green, that it made their shirts and sheets of that colour too. The same night the windows were all broke by throwing of stones, and there was most terrible noises in three several places together, to the extraordinary wonder of all that lodged near them; nay, the very *coney-stealers* that were abroad that night, were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that for haste they left their *ferret* in the coney boroughs behind them beyond *Rosamond's Well*. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God, *What it was? what it would have? and what they had done that they should be disturbed in this manner?* To which no answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. At length it came again, and (as all of them said) brought seven devils worse than itself. Whereupon one

of them lighted a candle again, and set it between the two chambers, on which another of them fixing his eyes, saw the similitude of a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the bed-chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the smuff to put it out. Upon this the same person was so bold as to draw his sword, but he had scarce got it out, but there was another invisible hand had hold of it too, and tug'd with him for it, and prevailing, struck him so violently with the pummel, that he was stunn'd with the blow. Then began grievous noises again, in so much that they called to one another, got together, and went into the *presence chamber*, where they said prayers and sang psalms; notwithstanding all which the thundering noise still continued in the other rooms. After this, November 3, they removed their lodgings over the gate; and the next day being Sunday, went to Eweha, where, how they escaped, the authors of the relations knew not; but returning on Monday, the devil (for that was the name they gave their nightly guest) left them not unvisited; nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they staid. Where ends the history (for so he was styled by the people) of the just devil of Woodstock; the commissioners and all their dependants going quite away on the Wednesday; since which time, says the author, that lived on the place, there have honest persons of good quality lodged in the bed-chamber and withdrawing room, that never were disturbed in the least like the commissioners."

V. 167. *At Sarum take a cavalier, &c.*] This is an allusion to a story related by Withers, in doggerel, of a soldier of the king's army, who being a prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

V. 169-70. *As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to after-time.*] Withers was a parliamentary officer in the parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, but so bad a poet, (as A. Wood says,) that when he was taken prisoner by the cavaliers, Sir John Denham, the poet, (some of whose lands, at Egham, in Surry, Withers had got into his clutches) desired his Majesty not to hang him, because so long as Withers lived, Denham would not be accounted the worst poet in England.

V. 171-2. *Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forbode news?*] Lilly was frequently

employed by the parliament to foretel success to their cause, for the encouragement of their soldiery; and Echard says, he was one of the close committee to consult about the execution of the king. It is most probable that he was in the pay of both parties as their occasions served.

V. 173. *To write of victories next year.*] Lilly was frequently out in his prognostications, and therefore they are compared to taking castles in the air. Young, in his *Sidrophel Vapulans*, a tract written expressly to ridicule him and his prognostications, makes the following remarks upon him. "I have (says he) read all Lilly's almanacs, from forty to sixty, in the holy time of that great rebellion to which he was accessory, and find him always the whole breadth of heaven wide from the truth; scarce one of his predictions verified, but a thousand contrary wise: it is hard that a man shooting at rovers so many years together, should never hit the right mark."

V. 179-80. *And has not he point-blank foretold*

Whats'e'er the close committee would?] The parliament took a sure way to secure all prophecies, prodigies, and almanac news, &c. in favor of their own side, by appointing a licenser thereof, and strictly forbidding and punishing all such as were not licensed.

V. 181 & 187. *Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,—*

Made all the royal stars recant.] Warburton says, the hidden satire of this is extremely fine: by the several planets and signs here recapitulated, are meant the several leaders of the parliament army who took the covenant, as Essex and Fairfax by Mars and Saturn. But the last "made all the royal stars recant," &c. evidently alludes to Charles, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and King Charles II. who both took the covenant.

V. 196.—*gymnosophist.*] Gymnosophists were a certain sect of philosophers in India, who, according to some, placed their *summum bonum* in pleasure, and their *summum malum* in pain. They lived naked, as their name implies, and for 37 years they exposed themselves in the open air, to the heat of the sun, the inclemency of the seasons, and the coldness of the night. They were often seen in the fields fixing their eyes full upon the disk of the sun, from the time of its rising till the hour of its sitting. Sometimes they stood whole days upon one foot in burning sand, without moving, or showing any concern for what surrounded them.

Alexander was astonished at the sight of a sect of men who seemed to despise bodily pain, and who inured themselves to suffer the greatest tortures without uttering a groan, or expressing any marks of fear. The conqueror condescended to visit them, and his astonishment was increased when he saw one of them ascend a burning pile with firmness and unconcern, to avoid the infirmities of old age, and stand upright on one leg, and unmoved, while the flames surrounded him on every side.

V. 200. — *eftsoons*.] Soon after ; in a short time. Spenser says,

“ Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Run all in haste to see that silver brood.”

V. 205. *He had been long t'wards mathematics*.] Butler, in his Remains, draws the character of a mathematician in the following words. “ A mathematician (says he) shows as many tricks on the *outside* of *body* as philosophers do on the *inside* of it, and for the most part to as little purpose : the only difference is, that the one begins in nonsense and ends in sense, and the other, quite contrary, begins in sense and ends in nonsense : for the mathematician begins with *body abstract*, which was never found in nature, and yet afterwards traces it to that which is real and practical ; and the philosopher begins with *body* as it is really in nature, and afterwards wears it away with much handling into thin subtilties that are merely *notional*. The philosopher will not endure to hear of *body* without *quantity*, and yet afterwards gives it over, and has no consideration of it any further : and the mathematician will allow of *being* without quantity, and yet afterwards considers nothing else but quantity. All the figures he draws are no better, for the most part, than those in rhetoric, that serve only to call certain routines and manners of speech by insignificant names, but teach nothing. His art is only instrumental, and like others of the same kind, when it outgrows its use, becomes merely a curiosity ; and the more it is so, the more impertinent it proves ; for curiosities are impertinent to all men but the curious, and they to all the rest of the world. His forefathers past among the ancients for conjurers, and carried the credit of all inventions, because they had the luck to stand by when they were found out, and cried *half's ours*. For though the mechanics have found out more excellent things than they have wit enough to give names to, (though the greatest part of their wit lies that way,) yet they will boldly assume the re-

putation of all to themselves, though they had no relation at all to the inventions; as great persons use to claim kindred, (though they cannot tell how it comes about,) with their inferiors when they thrive in the world. For certainly geometry has no more right to lay claim to the inventions of the mechanics, than grammar has to the original of language, that was in use long before it, and when that use and custom had prevailed, some men, by observing the construction, frame, and relation that words have to one another in speech, drew them into rules, and of these afterwards made an art: and just so, and no more, did geometry by the *dimensions, figures, and proportions* of things that were done long before it was in being; nor does the present use of one or other extend further than this, to teach men to speak, and write, and proportion things regularly, but not to contrive or design at all. Mathematicians are the same things to mechanics, as markers in Tennis-courts are to gamesters; and they that ascribe all inventions to mathematicians, are as wise as those that say, no man can play well that is not a good marker; as if all the skill of a goldsmith lay in his balance, or a draper in his yard; or that no man can play on a lute that is not a good fiddle-maker. When his art was in its infancy, and had by observation found out the course of the sun and moon, and their eclipses, (though imperfectly,) and could predict them, which the rest of the world were ignorant of, he went further, and would undertake upon that account to foretel any thing, as liars that will make one truth make way for a hundred lies. He believes his art, or rather science, to be wholly practical when the greatest part of it, and as he believes the best, is merely contemplative, and passes only among friends to the mathematics, and no further, for which they flatter and applaud one another most virtuously."

V. 209. *But as a dog that turns the spit, &c.*] The use of dogs to turn the spit to roast meat is now almost entirely superseded by smoke-jacks, or jacks moved with springs or weights. But the writer of this article remembers the use of dogs very common in the north of England, where the breed is still preserved, and goes under the name of turnspits. Prior has an imitation of this simile, which is very beautiful, and which will be more familiar to the generality of readers than Butler's:

"Dear Thomas, did'st thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?"

Maximilian, Rodolph, and the then Emperor of Muscovy; each of them offering him a stipend, from five hundred dollars yearly, to one thousand, two thousand, and three thousand; and that his Russian Majesty offered him two thousand pounds sterling, yearly stipend, with a thousand rubles from his Protector, and his diet out of his own kitchen; and he to be in dignity and authority amongst the highest sort of nobility and privy-counsellors.

V. 237. ——— *Kelly.*] Kelly was a native of Worcestershire, and as deeply tinctured with magical delusions as Dee himself, and who undertook to be his instrument in these matters, for which Dee was to give him fifty pounds a-year. December 2, 1581, they began their incantations, in consequence of which Edward Kelly was, by the inspection of a certain table, consecrated for that purpose, with many superstitious ceremonies, enabled to acquaint Dee with what the spirits thought fit to show and discover; these conferences were continued about two years, during which time they devoted themselves wholly to those specious and delusive arts.—*Biog. Brit.*

238. *Lescus, &c.*] Albert Laski, Palatine of Siradia, a person distinguished by his great parts and extensive learning, no less than by his high birth, and the honorable station he held in his own country. Coming over to England, he was introduced by the Earl of Leicester to Dee, and, having himself a bias to those superstitious arts, that, in those times, were but in too much credit in almost all the courts in Europe, he became wonderfully taken with the company of one whom he esteemed to be so great a man, in possession of such high and valuable secrets, and who, as he persuaded himself, had a constant communication with angels and spiritual beings. After much intreaty, he was received into the company of Dee and Kelly, and into a participation of their secrets. But, within a short space of time, all their affairs running into great disorder, the Palatine proposed that they should accompany him, with their families, into his country; to which, upon assurance of being provided for there, Dee and Kelly yielded; and accordingly, September the 21st, 1583, they all went privately away from Mortlake, in order to embark for Holland. After running great hazards at sea, they landed at the Brill, and from thence travelled by land through Germany into Poland, where, February the 3d, 1584, they arrived at the principal castle belonging to Albert Laski,

whom, together with all his family, they miscrably abused with their fanatical pretensions to a conversation with spirits; but at length, wearied with these delusions, the Palatine found means to engage them to leave that country, and to go and pay a visit to the Emperor Rodolph II. at the city of Prague, which they accordingly did.

V. 239. *But with the moon was more familiar.*] Old Foresight, in Congreve's *Love for Love*, speaking to Sir Sampson Legend of his great knowledge in this way, says, "I tell you I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial spheres; know the signs and the planets, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde; of sextiles, quadrates, trines, and oppositions; fiery trigons and aquatic trigons; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are cureable or incurable; if journies be prosperous, or undertakings successful, or stolen goods recovered."

V. 240. *Than e'er was almanac well-willer.*] One having confidence in the prognostications of almanacs. Dr. Grey, in his note upon this line, says, "had the Precisians of those times known that the church of Rome had taken the almanac into the number of her saints, they would never have suffered Booker to have been a licenser of almanacs, or Lilly their famed astrologer and almanac well-willer, to have published any thing under that title. The learned Mr. Henry Wharton, in his preface to his tract, entitled *The Enthusiasm of the Church of Rome demonstrated, in some Observations upon the Life of Ignatius Loyola*, London, 1688, gives the following account: "The church of Rome (saith he) hath taken the almanac into the number of saints, and canonised it under the name of St. Almachius, solemnizeth its memory on the first day of January, and giveth it an illustrious character in the martyrology. This probably proceeded from the mistake of some ignorant monk, about the seventh or eighth age, who, finding the word S. Almanacum (Sanctum Almanacum) written in the front of the calendar, and not knowing what to make of that barbarous term, with which he was before unacquainted, imagined it to be some ancient obscure saint, who took up the first place in the calendar. Being possessed with this error, it was no hard matter to make St. Almachius of Sanctum Almanacum, written in the old way of abbreviation. Having thus framed the saint, out of good manners,

he placed him after the circumcision of our Lord, the memory of which is celebrated upon the same day ; but yet, to keep the former order as much as possible, it stands immediately after it, as it now continueth in the Roman martyrology. This unhappy mistake was then transcribed into many other copies, and so increased the rabble of Roman saints, with the addition of St. Almanac : afterwards a godly story was framed of him, that he suffered martyrdom at Rome, under the prefecture of Alippius, where, reprehending the gladiators in the amphitheatre for the bloody sports, he was killed by them."

V. 243-4. *Knew when she was in fittest mood,*

For cutting corns, or letting blood.] Gassendus, in his *Vanity of Judiciary Astrology*, says, "The moon in full or wane, increasing or decreasing her light, for the most advantageous sowing of seeds, setting, grafting, removing of plants or trees, purging baths, and the like, though they do not belong to judiciary astrology, yet are commonly referred to it, partly through the ignorance of the multitude, but mostly through the cunning, arrogance, and vanity of astrologers." In another place he says, "abusing that experience by which we are taught, that according to the times or phases of the moon, there is a convenient time for the doing of some operations in physic, surgery, navigation, agriculture, gardening, &c. they have heightened the matter so as to subject all other affairs of life to certain opportunities dependant on such and such positions of the heavenly bodies. For even, concerning those arts, they affirm, that a purge is not to be given to a patient while the moon is in *Aries*, *Taurus*, and *Capricorn*, because those being signs that chew the cud, the patient will nauseate and vomit up the purge again. That a ship is not to put to sea when *Mars* is in the middle heaven, because *Mars* being the patron of pirates, he threateneth the taking and robbing the ship by them. That a tree is not to be planted, unless some fixt sign, as *Taurus*, *Leo*, or *Aquarius*, be ascending, lest it be soon plucked up again or destroyed. And as concerning other affairs ; if you would have (say they) an infant nursed up tenderly and delicately, then put him to suck first when some human sign ascends ; if you would have him love flesh well, and be strong, then let *Leo* be ascendant ; if fish, and fit to make a Capuchin or Carthusian, then let *Cancer*, *Pisces*, or the tail of *Capricorn*, be ascendant ; if fruits and herbs, and so fit to

make a Pythagorean, then let the head of *Capricorn*, *Aries*, or *Taurus*, be ascendant. When you would put your son to school, be sure that Mercury behold the increasing moon with a benign aspect. When you make an address to a prince, be careful that the moon be consociated with the sun, or Lord of the tenth house, in a sextile or trine aspect. When you would go a hunting, choose a moveable sign for the ascendant, and let no planet be retrograde either in that sign or in any other angle. When you put on new clothes, let a moveable sign ascend, and let not the moon be in a fixt, lest your clothes should last longer than stands with the growth of your body, or the dignity of your state; with a thousand the like trivial niceties, which I am ashamed to repeat."

V. 265. *Tell what her di'meter t' an inch is.*] Harris, in his *Astronomical Dialogues*, observes, that the moon's diameter is almost two thousand two hundred miles.

V. 266. *And prove that she's not made of green cheese.*] A banter upon the Welch. Taylor, the water poet, has the following lines on the same subject:

"The way to make a Welchman thirst for bliss,
And say his prayers daily on his knees,
Is to persuade him that most certain 'tis
The moon is made of nothing but green cheese.
And he'll desire of God no better boon,
Than place in heav'n to feed upon the moon."

V. 268-4. *Quote moles and spots on any place*

O' th' body by the index face.] Lilly, speaking of teaching his art to one Humphreys, a pretender to astrology, says, "as we were at supper, a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client, called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the marks or moles of his client. He set his figure, and presently discovered four moles the querist had, and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down stairs, crying four by G——! four by ——! I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule. In six weeks time, and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person."

V. 285. *Detect, &c.*] Democritus, the laughing philosopher, is said to have possessed this faculty.

V. 287-8. ————*with application*

Of med'cines to th' imagination.] Webster, in his Display of supposed Witchcraft, treating of the force or efficacy of words or charms, says, "it hath sometimes been a question, whether a rational physician, in the curing of melancholy persons, or others, in some odd diseases, ought to grant the use of characters or charms, and such ridiculous administrations ; which is decided in the affirmative, that it is lawful and necessary to use them, by that able and learned physician Gregorius Horstius, by eight strong and convincing reasons. And we ourselves having practised the art of medicine in all its parts in the North of England, where ignorance, popery, and superstition do much abound, and where, for the most part, the common people, if they chance to have any sort of the epilepsy, palsy, convulsions, or the like, do presently persuade themselves that they are bewitched, fore-spoken, blasted, fairy taken, or haunted with some evil spirit, and the like; and if you should by plain reason shew them that they are deceived, and that there is no such matter, but that it is a natural disease, say what you can they will not believe you, but account you a physician of small value, and whatsoever you do to them, it will hardly do them any good at all, because of the fixedness of their depraved and prepossessed imaginations. But if you indulge their fancy, and seem to concur in opinion with them, and hang any insignificant thing about their necks, assuring them that it is a most efficacious and powerful charm, you may then easily settle their imaginations, and then give them that which is proper to eradicate the cause of their disease, and so you may cure them, as we have done great numbers." Dr. Grey, in his note upon the same passage, says, "I have heard of a merry baronet, Sir R. B. who had great success in the cure of agues this way. A gentleman of his acquaintance applying to him for the cure of a stubborn quartan, which had puzzled the bark, he told him he was sure he had no faith, and would be prying into the secret; and then, notwithstanding he staved off a fit or two, it would certainly return again. He promised him, upon his word

and honor, he would not look into it; but when he had escaped a second fit, he had the curiosity, notwithstanding his promise, to open the paper, and he found nothing in it but these words, "Kiss mine ——." Very remarkable was Mr. Selden's cure of a hypochondriacal person of quality, who complained to him that he had devils in his head, but was assured he could cure him. Mr. Selden trusting to the great opinion the gentleman had of him, wrapped a card in silk, advising him to wear it about his neck, and live regularly in all respects, and he doubted not the success of his remedy: with which, and a little variation of the form a second time, he was in a small time perfectly well, and never relapsed into that disorder.

No less remarkable is the account of Kiopruli Numan Pasha, prime vizier to Achmet III. who, though a man of great learning, had contracted so ridiculous a fancy, as to imagine that there was a fly sitting continually upon his nose. "All the physicians in Constantinople (says Prince Cantemir) were consulted upon that occasion, and after they had long in vain used all their endeavours, one Le Duc, a French physician, found means to apply a suitable remedy to the distemper; for he did not go about as the rest to argue with him, that it was all a fancy, but when he was brought to the sick man, and asked by him, whether he saw the fly that was sitting upon his nose? he said he did, and by that prudent dissimulation induced the disordered person to place the utmost confidence in him. After which he ordered him several innocent juleps, under the name of purging and opening medicines; at last he drew a knife gently along his nose, as if he was going to cut off the fly, which he kept in his hand for that purpose: whereupon Newman Pasha immediately cried out, 'This is the very fly that has so plagued me!' and thus he was perfectly cured of that whimsical fancy."

V. 289-90. ————— and scare

With rhymes, the tooth-ach, &c.] Bartholin, the famous physician and anatomist, was of opinion, "That distempers, particularly the epilepsy, might be removed by rhymes." Taylor, the water poet, banters such pretenders in the following lines.

“ He can release or else increase all harms,
 About the neck or wrist, by tying charms :
 He has a trick to kill the ague's force,
 And make the patient better or much worse.
 To the great toe three letters he can tie,
 Shall make the gout to tarry or to fly :
 With two words, and three leaves of four-leav'd-grass,
 He makes the tooth-ach stay, repass, or pass.”

V. 291-2. *Chace evil spirits away by dint*

Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint.] Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, says; “ That to prevent or cure all mischiefs wrought by charms or witchcraft, according to the opinion of M. Mal, and others, one principal way is to nail a horse-shoe at the inside of the outmost threshold of your house, and so you shall be sure no witch shall have power to enter thereunto. And if you mark it, you shall find that rule observed in many a country-house. “ Hollow stones are hung up in stables to preserve the cattle in them from diseases. In the north of England, where the custom prevails to the present day, they are usually called *holy stones*.”

V. 293-4. *Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,*

Which made the Roman slaves rebel.] Alluding to the servile war, which was raised by Eunus, a Lyrian slave, who inflamed the minds of the servile multitude by pretended inspiration and enthusiasm. He filled a nut with sulphur in his mouth, and by artfully conveying fire into it, he breathed out flames to the astonishment of the people, who believed him to be a god, or something more than human. Oppression and misery compelled 2,000 slaves to join his cause, and he soon saw himself at the head of 60,000 men. With such a force he defeated the Roman armies, till Perpenna obliged him to surrender by famine, and exposed on a cross the greatest part of his followers.

V. 299-300. *What med'cine 't was that Paracelsus*

Could make a man with, as he tells us.] Bulwer, in his Artificial Changeling, p. 490, gives us the following account of Paracelsus' secret. “ Paracelsus (says he) boasts, that he had received this secret of secrets from God; affirming, that if the sperm

of a man do putrify in a sealed cucurbite to the highest putrefaction of horse-dung, forty days, or so long until it begin to live and to move, and be stirred, which is easy to be seen, after that, it will be in some time like unto a man, yet pellucid, and without a body. Now if afterwards it be daily, warily, and prudently nourished, and fed with the secret of man's blood, and conserved for forty weeks in a perpetual and equal heat of horse-dung, it will thence become a true infant, but it will be far less. Then it is to be brought up until it grow a stripling, and begin to understand and be wise. And this secret is known to the nymphs of the wood, and the giants which are sprung from thence."

V. 301-2. *What figured slates are best to make,*

On wat'ry surface duck or drake.] Of what mathematical figure. A ridicule of the trifling labours of certain philosophers. In the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus it is said, "Neither cross and pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy-dandy, though Macrobius and St. Austin take notice of the first, and Minutius Felix describes the latter."

V. 305-6. *Whether a pulse beat in the black*

List of a dappled louse's back.] A sneer on Dr. Hooke's Micrographia, or Wonderful Discoveries by the Microscope, in which there is a plate representing a louse nearly as large as a lobster.

V. 307. *If systole or diastole move.]* The contraction and dilation of the heart.

V. 311-12. *How many scores a flea will jump,*

Of his own length, from head to rump.] In the Micrographia there is likewise a delineation of a flea; but Butler probably intended a banter upon some other authors. Dr. Grey observes in his note, "That Dr. Giles Fletcher informs us, that Basilowitz, the Grand Duke, (or rather tyrant of Muscovy,) sent to the city of Muscow, to provide for him a measure full of live fleas, for a medicine. They answered, the thing was impossible; and if they could get them, they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon them of seven thousand rubles." And yet as difficult as this was, something of this kind was undertaken by the friend of a jealous husband, (see L'Estrange's Fables,) to whose care he had committed his wife for some time; but he desired to be released: "If (says he) it were to

turn a bag of fleas into a meadow every morning, and fetch them home at night, I durst be answerable with my life for the doing of it to a flea: but the other is a commission I dare venture no further in."

V. 313-4. *Which Socrates and Chærephon*

In vain essay'd so long ago.] Aristophanes, in his comedy of the Clouds, introduces Socrates and Chærephon measuring the leap of a flea from the one's beard to the other's.

V. 315-6. *Whether his snout a perfect nose is,*

And not an elephant's proboscis.] A banter upon some microscopical observations on the structure of the spleen and proboscis of fleas, by members of the Royal Society, and published in the Philosophical Transactions.

V. 317-8. *How many different species*

Of maggots breed in rotten cheese.] A Pindaric poem to the Society of Beaux Esprits, has the following lines:

"Others aver that mites in cheese
Live in a monarchy like bees:
Have civil laws and magistrates,
Their rise, their periods, and fates,
Like other powers and states.
And, by a strange peculiar art,
Can hear them sneeze, discourse, and f—t."

V. 324. *In place of Zany.*] A buffoon, or jack-pudding. The Spectator observes, that in France he is called jean-pottage, in Italy macaroni, and in Holland pickled-herring. Theobald, in a note upon "All's well that ends well," observes, "That it was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set on purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his Hamlet. I do not advance this without some authority, and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

"He ne'er will be admitted there where Vennor comes;
He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner
Skip with a rhyme o' th' table with new nothing,
And take his almain leap into a custard;
Shall make my lady may'ress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

V. 325. *Hight Whackum.*] The assistant to Sidrophel, according to Sir Roger L'Estrange, was one Thomas Jones, a foolish Welchman. According to another commentator, he is said to have been one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, called *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

V. 327-30. *To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,*

Wide as meridians in maps ;

To squander paper and spare ink,

Or cheat men of their words some think.] Whatever

was the name of Sidrophel's assistant, we can have no doubt as to what was his original profession, namely, that he was some attorney's clerk, for what our author alludes to here, are either bills in chancery, where fifteen lines are contained in each sheet, and six words in each line, or to those blank instruments humourously described by the Spectator: "I, T. Blank, esq. of Blank town, in the county of Blank, do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring the goods following Blank: and I do hereby promise the said Blank, to pay to him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank.

"Your Blanks are ancient numerous folks,

There's John a Styles, and John a Nokes;

There's dash *scribendo*, and *hiatus*,

And *innuendo*, that points at us,

Eke so, d'ye see, as I may say,

And so forth, and *et cætera*."

V. 335-6. *His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,*

And men with their own keys unriddle.] His business

was to procure information beforehand for his master. This is the device by which conjurers are enabled to communicate to their visitants the occasion of their coming, and so gain to themselves a wonderful reputation for sagacity. Dr. Grey observes upon this passage, "We have in this age been pestered with Sidrophels and Whackums, who were arrived at a greater height of juggling and cheating than those in Hudibras' time were. To prove this, I shall only give the reader the device of a Sidrophel, in Moorfields, as

related by the Spectator, No. 193. "The Doctor having gained much reputation by his horary schemes, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells, which hung in a room above stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by a lover, one bell was pulled; if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rang another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns; and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the Doctor notice accordingly."

V. 347-8. *Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,*

Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,] This grimace in astrologers is well exposed by Ben Jonson in the Alchymist, where Abel Drugger, consulting Subtle, says,

" ————— An't please your Worship,
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street:
And I would know by art, Sir, of your Worship,
Which way I should make the door, by necromancy,
And where for shelves, and where should' be for boxes,
And which for pots. I should be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wish'd to your Worship by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad."

V. 353. *Who pick'd a fob at holding forth.]* Ben Jonson, in his play of Bartholomew Fair, says,

" At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
They stick not the stare-about's purses to take:
Nay, one without grace
At a better place,
At court, and in Christmas, before the King's face:
Alas, then, the pity, I must bear the curse,
That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse."

A French poet observes of a Jesuit, that he will pick your pocket in the middle of his pater-noster. The reason why the Presbyterian preachers were called *holders forth*, is thus humorously explained by Swift, in his Tale of a Tub. Speaking of the enthu-

siastic ranters of those times, he says, "that the devout sisters who looked upon all dilations of the ear as protrusions of zeal, of spiritual excrescences, were sure to honor every head they sat upon, as if they had been chosen tongues; but especially that of the preachers, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude, which upon that account he was frequent in exposing with all the advantages to the people in his rhetorical paroxysms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among these professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth."

V. 355-6. ————— or *stolen plate*

Restor'd at conscionable rate.] Lilly was indicted at Hicks's Hall for giving judgment for a reward upon stolen goods, but acquitted. Taylor, the water poet, observes, that these gentlemen were usually paid, whether they recovered the stolen goods or not.

"If lost goods you would fain have got,
Go but to him, and you shall speed or not;
But he will gain, whether you get or lose,
He'll have his fee, for so the bargain goes."

V. 359-60. *And rhymes appropriate could make*

To ev'ry month i' th' almanac.] A sneer probably on John Booker, who, as Lilly observes, "made excellent verses, upon every month of the year, framed according to the configuration of each." These verses were probably such as that prescient physician and astrologer of the present day, Dr. Moore, prefixes to the head of each month in his almanac, for the edification and improvement of his curious readers. Moore's Almanac may be considered as a continuation of Lilly's, for he treads exactly in Lilly's footsteps; and it is remarkable that Moore's Almanac has by far the most considerable sale of any almanac that is at present published.

V. 368. ——— *phlebotomy.*] "Though this word (says Dr. Grey), which signifies no more than letting blood, is generally understood, yet some may possibly mistake the meaning of it, as did Mr. Lovelight (Plain Dealer, Vol. i. No. 27), of whom Mrs. Letitia Lovelight, his wife, gives the following account: "We came to town (says she) last week, where my poor dear drank hard, and fell

so ill, that I was alarmed for him. The lady whose house we lodged at would needs send for Dr. Fossile, a man of excellent learning, but, to borrow a phrase of Shakespeare's, he is sickened over with affectation. When he had felt my husband's pulse, and gone through a course of questions, he turned from whispering Mr. Juniper, who was in waiting, and said to me with a physical air, not the air of a physician,—Ma'am, I have ordered Mr. What's his name, your spouse's apothecary, to phlebotomize him to-morrow morning.—To do what with me? cried my poor husband, starting up in his bed; I will never suffer it.—No, I am not, thank God, in so desperate a condition as to undergo so damnable an operation as that is. As what is? my dear, answered I, smiling; the doctor would have you blooded.—Ay, for bleeding, replied he, I like it well enough, but for that other thing he ordered, I will sooner die than submit to it."

V. 373-4. *And, like the devil's oracles,*

Put into dogg'el rhymes his spells.] Potter, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, observes, "That Pythia, the priestess of Apollo, in Pyrrhus' time, had left off giving answers in verse, which had been the custom of all former ages from the foundation of the oracle, deriving its original from Phæmonoe, the first Pythia." It is, however, to be remarked, that the ancient oracles delivered their responses not literally in rhymes, (for rhymes were unknown to the ancients, or despised by them as a paltry sacrifice of sense and energy to sound), but in metrical stanzas or sentences. And some of the most celebrated responses consisted of not more than three or four words.

V. 386. *Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts.*] Orpheus, according to the ancient mythologists, was the son of Apollo, by Calliope, one of the muses, and with the harp he received from his father, played and sang so sweetly, that he tamed wild beasts, stayed the course of rivers, and made whole woods follow him.

V. 395-6. *The gallows tree, when cutting pines*

Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse.] At the head of the verses published on the execution of notorious malefactors, it was usual to put a wooden cut, representing the gallows, with the criminals suspended from it. Newgate had formerly two or three posts attached to it; and when a criminal of any consider-

able reputation suffered, even great wits did not think they demeaned themselves by celebrating his exit in verse. Thus Swift wrote a ballad on the execution of Tom Clinch; Shenstone another on that of Jemmy Dawson; and in our author's *Remains* is a copy of verses to the memory of De Val, the highwayman.

V. 397-8. *Which none does hear, but would have hung*

T' have been the theme of such a song.] Gassendus, in his *Vanity* [of Judiciary Astrology, says, "I could make you a true relation of some, who, having been told by astrologers that they should die by a rope, have, to prevent the shame of the common gallows, hanged themselves, when they had no other occasion of discontent."

V. 400. *In mansion prudently contriv'd.*] Lilly's house was at Hersham, in the parish of Walton-upon-Thames, where he tells us he constantly lived when he was not in London.

V. 404. ————*found out by Fisk.*] Butler alludes to one Fisk, of whom Lilly observes in his life, that he was a licentiate in physie, and born near Framlington in Suffolk. He was bred at a country school, and designed for the university; but went not thither, studying physie and astrology at home, which he afterwards practised at Colchester, after which he came to London, and practised there. Lilly says he had good skill in the art of directions upon nativities; and that he learnt from him many things in that way, and how to know good books in that art. He was famous about the year 1633, and died in the 78th year of his age.

V. 407. *Many rare pithy saws.*] A saw, an old or grave saying, a proverb, or maxim.

"Full of wise saws."—SHAKESPEARE.

V. 416-7. *That, like a bird of Paradise,*

Or herald's martlet, has no legs.] The bird of Paradise is a beautiful native of the East-Indies, and found for the most part in the Molucca Islands, where it is called *Manucodiatae*, or God's Bird. It was the vulgar opinion that it had no legs; but this error, like many others, has been long since exploded.—The *martlet*, in heraldry, is a little bird represented without feet, but with legs; and it is used as a difference, or mark of distinction of the fourth brother.

V. 429. *I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll.*] In the lists of stars published by Tycho Bræ, Kepler, Gassendi, and other astronomers.

V. 433-4. *Nor those that drawn from signs have been*

To th' houses where the planets inn.] Dr. Harris, in his *Astronomical Dialogues*, says, "Astronomers call them the twelve signs, because they begin or mark out the place of the sun in the heavens; and astrologers call them houses, because they assign them for dwellings or places of abode for the planets. Gassendus, in his *Vanity of Judiciary Astrology*, merrily observes, "That that man had no dull or unpleasant fancy who first made the planets provide stables for beasts in the heavens, and take care of greater cattle in the twelfth house, and smaller in the sixth."

V. 436. *Unless it be the cannon-ball, &c.]* The experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosi, who planted a piece of ordnance point-blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the ball never returned back again; which made them all conclude it sticks in the mark. The science of ærostition has furnished us with abundant proofs of the folly of this experiment. Dr. Harris, in his *Astronomical Dialogues*, says, "A ray of light runs between the sun and earth in six or seven minutes, and yet a cannon-ball, supposing it move all the way as fast as when it just parts from the gun, cannot arrive at the sun in five and twenty years."

V. 453-4-5. *And, if I err not, by his proper*

Figure, that's like a tobacco-stopper,

It should be Saturn.] Warburton observes upon this passage, "That if a tobacco-stopper is turned so, as to have a round knob shooting out with two ends (and there are many such), it will be like the print we have of Saturn in many books on astronomy."

V. 461-2. *And can no less than the world's end,*

Or nature's funeral, portend.] Spenser thus describes the fears of the vulgar upon the appearance of a blazing star.

"Thus as she fled, her eyes she backward threw,

As fearing evil that pursu'd her fast;

And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,

Loosely dispers'd with puff of ev'ry blast;

All as a blazing star doth far outcast

His airy beams, and flaming locks dispread;

At sight whereof the people stand aghast;

But the sage wizard tells, as he has read,
That it importunes death, and doleful dreary head."

V. 475. *When stars do fall, &c.*] The falling of stars was accounted ominous of some extraordinary calamities. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, Oberon says,

"And certain stars shot madly from their spheres."

V. 477. *As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick.*] William Sedgwick, according to Dr. Grey, was a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretell things out of the pulpit to the destruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelation; and upon a pretence of a vision that dooms-day was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire; and finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution, telling them, that he had lately received a revelation, that dooms-day would be some day the week following; upon which they ever after called him Dooms-day Sedgwick."

V. 491. *The one's the learned Knight.*] It appears from Lilly's life, that he and the Knight were acquainted; so that from hence, and the Knight's figure, he might well know him at a distance. A commentator on Butler says here, "I need not observe (for every reader will readily do it) how naturally Whachum makes a discovery of the Knight's business from Ralpho, and how artfully he communicates it to Sidrophel. Upon this discovery is founded the Knight's surprise, and his learned debate with the conjurer, which is gradually worked up to such warmth as necessarily involves the Knight in a fourth engagement, whereby he happily gains a second victory."

V. 530-1-2. *Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd*

In opposition with Mars,

And no benign and friendly stars.] Whachum having sifted Ralph, and learned of him the business they came about, tells it to his master in astrological cant. Mars and Venus are the lover and his mistress in opposition. She is not Virgo, therefore a widow.

V. 535-6. *Has Saturn nothing to do in it?*

One-tenth of 's circle to a minute.] The planet Saturn is thirty years, or thereabout, going round the zodiac; and three

years being the tenth of his circle, the conjurer, having got this clue, told the Knight he knew his errand.

V. 545-6. —————to interrupt

Your speculations, &c.] From the succeeding part of this Canto, Dr. Grey says, it is plain that Sidrophel did not gain the same credit with Hudibras, that another fortune-teller did in a matrimonial case. See L'Estrange's *Fables*, Part ii. Fab. vi. "A fellow (says he) that had a wambling towards matrimony, consulted a man of art in Moorfields, whether he should marry or not? The cunning man put on his considering cap, and gave him this short answer: "Pray have a care how you marry hand over head (says he) as people frequently do; for you are a lost man if you go that way to work: but if you can have the heart to forbear your spouse's company for three days and three nights well told, after you two are man and wife, I will be bound to burn my books if you do not find the comfort of it. The man took the virgin to his wedded wife, and kept his distance accordingly: while the woman in the mean time took pet, and parted beds upon it, and so the wizard saved his credit."

Less fortunate in this respect was Dr. William Ramsay, with whom Dr. Young, the author of *Sidrophel Vapulaus*, was acquainted, and who says, "he publicly boasted of skill enough in astrology to foreknow a man's fate, particularly whether he was born to be rich, fortunate in marriage, &c. and depended so much upon it as to assure himself of great wealth, and happy nuptials, yet died poor in a gaol, after he had married such a wife as pre-veiled on him to write that satire entitled *Conjugium Conjugium*."

Some of the saints of those times, in cases of matrimony, took a different method, and pretended to seek the Lord, as appears from the following prayer of Mr. George Swathe, Minister of Denham, in Surry. See his *Prayers*, published 1739. "O, my good Lord, &c. I this night desire thy counsel in behalf of Roger Norsteede, of Hengrave, thou, Lord, knowest whether it be better for him to live a single life, or to marry the first woman that was propounded to him, with whom he has been thrice, who loves him well; or to accept of the second maid proffered him, which is farther off, whom he hath only seen once, she having carnal friends, and more beauty, and more pleasing behaviour than the

former, who hath godly friends : yet at this present I know neither of these, nor any of their friends, by name or face. Lord, I desire thy special counsel, which I shall advise him unto, or to live as he is. I know not of these three things which is best for him to choose: I pray thee guide me in my judgment, that so I may in due time direct him what way to choose, what to do. Thou, O my God, knowest what way is best, what course will be most for thy glory, and for his good. Lord, he desires to resign his will to thy will, he desires to go in that way wherein thou wilt meet him, wherein thou wilt bless him, wherein he may give thee most glory in his life and conversation. If thou wilt continue to him the gift of chastity, as thou hast for thirty-five years, then persuade his heart that way. If thou wilt have him accept the first proffer, then direct him that way. If thou wilt have him take the second proffer, then counsel him that way; or show to me which of the ways is best, that I may direct him as from thy counsel. Lord, let thy hand appear in the pitching of his heart upon that choice which thou wouldst have him make; let thy providence appear in his choice. Hear my desires, petitions, and requests for him." Notwithstanding Dr. Grey's sneer at this prayer, it would not be disadvantageous to the advancement of piety and good morals, if some of the drowsy dignitaries of the church establishment of the present day, were animated with a spirit of simplicity and humility, and a desire to seek the aid of Providence, similar to what is displayed in the preceding extract. Could nothing be advanced against the sectaries of those times but their piety, and the ardency of their prayers to heaven to direct them in the right way, it would perhaps be well for us if we had a little more of the sectarian spirit in us.

V. 550. *The stars your coming did foretel.*] "How to determine their influence particular (says the author of the Turkish Spy) by divination, by calculating nativities, erecting horoscopes, and other schemes of astrology; to foretel things to come, to avoid prognosticated evils, and engross all happy events; to predict other men's fates, whilst we are ignorant of our own, &c. is a thing which appears to me beyond the power of human reason, and a science built on sand."

V. 569. *Than the oracle of sieve and shears.*] Scott, in his Disco-

very of Witchcraft, speaks of the charm of sieve and shears, in the following manner. “Stick a pair of shears in the rind of a sieve, and let two persons set the top of each of their forefingers upon the upper part of the shears, holding it with the sieve up from the ground steadily, and ask *Peter* and *Paul* whether A, B, or C, hath stolen the thing lost, and at the nomination of the guilty person, the sieve will turn round.”—Another charm, which the same author mentions, to find out a thief, is as follows: “Turn your face to the east, and make a cross upon crystal with olive oil, and under the cross write these two words, *Saint Helen*. Then a child that is innocent, and a chaste virgin, born in true wedlock, and not base-begotten, of the age of ten years, must take the crystal in her hand, and behind her back, kneeling on thy knees, thou must devoutly and reverently say over this prayer thrice: ‘I beseech thee, my Lady St. Helen, mother of King Constantine, which didst find the cross upon which Christ died: by that holy devotion, and invention of the cross, and by the joy which thou conceivedst at the finding thereof, and by the great goodness which thou dost always use, that thou show me in this crystal whatsoever I ask or desire to know, Amen.’ And when the child seeth the angel in the crystal, demand what you will, and the angel will make answer thereunto. Memorandum, that this be done just at the sun-rising, when the weather is fair and clear.”

V. 578. —————*but to inform.*] At that time there was a severe inquisition against conjurers, witches, &c.

V. 581-2. *For I assure you for my part,*

I only deal by rules of art.] Sidrophel denies that he has any correspondence with the devil or evil spirits, and says, that he can do nothing but by the rules of art. Gassendus, in his *Vanity of Judiciary Astrology*, observed, “that Heminga, a modern, having proposed thirty eminent nativities, and reduced them to strict examination by the best rules of art, he declared, that the experiments did by no means agree with the rules, sad events befalling such as were born under the most happy and promising positions of heaven; and good befalling such as the heavens frowned upon, and threatened all the ruin and mischief unto that can be imagined; and therefore concluded, that astrologers, when they give judgment of a nativity, are generally the whole heavens wide

of the truth." Cardan himself owned, "that of forty things, scarce ten happened right."

V. 588. *I understand your metonymy.*] A rhetorical figure, by which one word is put for another, as the matter for the materiate; *he died by steel*, that is, by a sword.

V. 592-3. *That are, indeed, but magic charms,*

To raise the devil.] Mottray (see his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 334), seems to dispute the possibility of raising the devil; and endeavours to confirm his opinion by a remarkable story of Baron L——, a Danish prisoner of war, who was confined in one of the prisons of Stockholm, for having been convicted of a design of treating with the devil, for a certain sum of money, which at that time he stood in extreme need of; and to this end, instead of ink, he had with his own blood signed a bond, by which he himself and some companions of his (who, for want of money and credit, had signed it in the same manner), firmly and truly made their souls over to the infernal spirit, after their deaths, upon condition that he would pay them down that sum; but neither he, nor any of the rest, could compass their desired end, notwithstanding all the pains they took about it; going by nights under gibbets, and in burying-places, to call him, and desiring him to trust them; but neither body nor spirit (says he) ever came to treat with them: at last one of them finding the devil would not help him, determined to try what he could do for himself; and having robbed and murdered a man, he was taken up, tried, and executed, and in his confession he owned the transaction and intent. And in the Baron L——'s chamber the bond was found, but torn to pieces, as void, and of none effect.

V. 599-600. *Your ancient conjurers were wont*

To make her from her sphere dismount.] This power was ascribed to them by the heathen poets. Thus Virgil, in his *Bucolics*, says :

"Pale Phoebe, drawn by verse, from heaven descends,
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends."

The moon was worshipped by the ancient inhabitants of the earth with many superstitious forms and ceremonies. It was supposed that magicians and enchanters, particularly those of Thes-saly, had an uncontrollable power over the moon, and that they

could draw her down from heaven at pleasure by the mere force of their incantations. Her eclipses, according to their opinion, proceeded from thence; and, on that account, it was usual to beat drums and cymbals to ease her labours, and to render the power of magic less effectual. The Arcadians believed that they were older than the moon: and among the people of Carrhæ, in Mesopotamia, husbands were said to be subservient to their wives, who considered the moon as a female deity, but those who paid their worship as to a male god, under the name of Lunus, possessed the freedom and authority of masters.

V. 609-10. *Your modern Indian magician*

Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in.] The translator of Tonquemedà's Garden of Curiosities, says, "amongst other things which are written in the Maleus Malificarum, you shall find, that the commissioners having apprehended certain sorceresses, willed one of them to show what she could do, assuring her life on condition, that from thenceforward she should offend no more in the like: whereupon going out into the fields, in presence of the commissioners and many others, she made a pit in the ground with her hands, making water therein; which being done, she stirred about the urine with one of her fingers, out of which, by little and little, after she had made certain characters, and mumbled a few words, there rose a vapour, which ascending upward like a smoke, began to thicken of itself in the midst of the region of the air, gathering and making there a black and fearful cloud, which cast out so many thunders and lightnings, that it seemed to be a thing hellish and infernal. The woman remaining all this while still, asked the commissioners at last, where they would have that cloud discharge a large quantity of stones? They pointing to a certain place where it could do no hurt, the cloud of a sudden began to move itself with a great furious blustering of winds, and, in a short space, coming over the place appointed, discharged a great number of stones, like a violent shower, directly within the compass thereof."

V. 617-8. *Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,*

As Dunstan did the devil's grannam.] The first line probably was intended as a sneer on the use of incense in the Roman church: the second is an allusion to a well-known old English

legend. St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a conjurer, and then of a saint. He is revered as such by the Catholics, who keep a holiday in honor of him yearly, on the 19th of May. The monkish writers have filled his life with romantic stories, and among the rest with this, to which our poet alludes. He was (they say) once tempted to lewdness by the devil, under the form of a beautiful woman; but instead of yielding to her temptations, he took the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs, and led him screaming with pain out of his cell.

V. 627-8. *Bombastus kept a devil's bird*

Shut in the pommel of his sword.] Naudæus, in his History of Magic, observes of this familiar spirit, "that though the alchymists maintain, that it was the secret of the philosopher's stone, yet it were more rational to believe, that if there was any thing in it, it was certainly two or three doses of its laudanum, which he never went without, because he did strange things with it, and used it as a medicine to cure almost all diseases." Paracelsus was one of the most extraordinary characters of the age he lived in; and had such an opinion of his own chemical nostrums, that he boasted he could make men immortal by the philosopher's stone, potable gold, and other arcana; and yet he himself died at the age of forty-seven. He may be considered in some degree as the father of the modern race of empyrics and quacks, who inherit all his boldness and charletanism, without a shadow of his genius or enthusiasm. Dr. Grey has collected the following particulars of him, which appear to be correct. "Paracelsus was called Aurelius, Philippus, Paracelsus, Theophrastus, Bombastus de Hohenheim. He was born at the village of Einfidlen, two German miles from the Helvetic Tigurum, now called Zurich. It is said, that for three years he was a sow-gelder. His father William Hohenheim (a base child of a Master of the Teutonic Order), not only left him a collection of valuable books, but committed him first to the care of Trimethius, Abbot of Spanheim, and afterwards to Sigismund Fuger, of Zurich, famous for his chemical arcana. According to his own account, he visited all the universities of Europe; and at twenty years of age had searched into the

mines of Germany and Russia, until at last he was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and by them sent to Constantinople. In his travels he obtained a collection of the most sovereign remedies for all distempers, from doctors of physic, barbers, old women, conjurers, and chemists; and was afterwards employed as a doctor and surgeon, in armies, camps, and sieges. He signalized himself by a rash inconsiderate use of mercury and opium in the cure of the leprosy, pox, ulcers, and dropsies. The efficacy of mercury was not at that time well understood; and, according to the then opinion, opium being cold in the fourth degree, the use of it, through fear, was very much neglected; insomuch, that by his rashness and boldness in the use of these, he performed many cures which the regular physicians could not do: amongst which, that on Forbenius of Basil was the most remarkable; for, through his interest, he was invited by the magistrates of that place to read public lectures in physic and philosophy; where he soon ordered the works of Galen and Avicenna to be burnt, declaring to his auditors at the same time, that if God would not assist him, he would advise and consult with the devil." This account of Paracelsus is, perhaps, sufficiently full, but it appears to have been drawn with a hand that was indisposed to do justice to the real merits which Paracelsus possessed. He was, it is true, vain, rash, and boasting, but his knowledge of the art of medicine was far superior to that of his contemporaries, and something should be allowed for a man whose enthusiasm leads him to break the trammels of the schools, and in spite of the opposition of prejudice or ignorance, to think and act for himself. Such a man was Paracelsus. There can be no doubt but that he was an enthusiast and an egotist, and often prescribed with great temerity: but if the schools of medicine owe to his boldness a perfect knowledge of those two invaluable articles of the *materia medica*, opium and mercury, his name deserves to be handed down to posterity with applause, among those of the most illustrious physicians of any age or country.

V. 631-2. *Kelly did all his feats upon*

The devil's looking-glass, a stone.] Kelly, it has been mentioned in a former note, was assistant to Dr Dee; and indeed it appears from their papers, published by Dr. Merric Casaubon,

that he was no less an adept than his master. Whether the knave or the enthusiast predominated most in his character, we have not now the means of satisfactorily determining; but it appears from what can be gathered from Casaubon's folio, that his folly and his knavery were pretty equally balanced. Kelly pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass, which Dee pretended he received from an angel. What shall we say of such heavenly gifts to such mortals? Lilly observes of Kelly, that he was so wicked, that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him. This we can readily believe, though Lilly wrote it as a serious truth. Wever, in his *Funerat Monuments*, allows Kelly to have been a chemist, and says that he lost his ears at Lancaster, and raised a dead body in that country by necromancy: that Queen Elizabeth sent for him out of Germany: but climbing over a wall at Prague, where it is reported he was imprisoned for a chemical cheat put on the emperor, he broke his legs, and bruised himself so that he died soon after. Kelly, it may be added, was one of the pretenders to the philosopher's stone, which he said he made, or had ready made from a friar in Germany, on the confines of the emperor's dominions, yet he died in the most abject poverty.

V. 635—40. *Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,*

I' th' garb and habit of a dog,

That was his tutor, and the cur

Read to the occult philosopher,

And taught him subtly to maintain

All other sciences are vain.] Cornelius Agrippa

was born at Cologne, of a distinguished family, in the year 1486. He was in the early part of his life secretary to the Emperor Maximilian the First, and afterwards served in the armies of that prince. But the inconstancy of his temper soon caused him to abandon the profession of arms, and to apply himself to the study of law and physic, between which he divided his time. The boldness and freedom of his writings drew him into several quarrels: first, at Dote, with the Cordeliers; next at Paris and Turin, with the Theologians; and, afterwards, at Metz, with an host of enemies, on account of an attack which he made on an opinion then strenuously maintained, but since rejected, that St. Anne

had three husbands. This grave quarrel obliged him to fly into different countries. He wandered for some time a vagabond, and almost a beggar, in various parts of Germany, England, and Switzerland; and at length came to Lyons, where Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis the First, had then her residence. Here fortune for a short time smiled upon him. The queen honored him with the title of her physician, but Agrippa was of so haughty a mind, that he pretended the office was unworthy of his merit, "A man like me," said he, "a man of my birth, the envy of all the courts of Europe, on account of the variety of my talents, and the services I am capable of, ought not to be reduced to perform the degrading functions of a physician." Louisa wanted to employ Agrippa in the quality of a diviner and astrologer, to predict whatever should befall her son, his kingdom, or herself; but he was too lofty-minded for the office; and told her, with great sincerity and freedom, that those occupations were unworthy of him; were unbecoming of a man of sense, and a Christian; and that it was offensive both to God and reason for any one to give themselves up to such inquiries with too ardent a curiosity. This frankness was displeasing to the princess, who was herself addicted to astrology, and, as the great usually are, too desirous of prying into the future. Agrippa at length yielding to the queen's entreaties, and humoring her weakness, consulted the stars, but found nothing satisfactory in their aspect, or that could promise victory or success to the king her son. He had even the boldness to say, "He had found nothing in his calculations but what was vexatious: that the Constable Bourbon, who was then in open rebellion, would be victorious, and that all the efforts of the royal arms against him would prove unavailing." Writing in these terms to Guillaume Pazagne, Seneschal of Lyons, his friend, his freedom did not fail to draw down upon him the vengeance of the court, and he consequently lost his appointments. After his rupture with the French court, Agrippa went into the Low Countries, where his evil star, it seems, still pursued him, for he was thrown into prison on account of his *Treatise on the Vanity of Sciences*, and his *Occult Philosopher*. On his release from confinement, he returned to Lyons, where misfortunes again overtook him, and he was imprisoned for a libel on Louisa

of Savoy, his former protectress. According to some authors, he died in prison, 1534; according to others, in an hospital at Grenoble, 1535. Agrippa was a man of learning for the age in which he lived, and, as may be gathered from some passages in the preceding sketch of his life, of manly and independent sentiments. He rose, it appears, superior to his poverty, and would not flatter the weakness of Louisa of Savoy, though a compliance with her wishes might have procured him distinction and independence. The story of his entertaining a demon in the shape of a dog, is worthy of the dark age in which he lived, and the jealousy with which the monks and priests of those times viewed every one who possessed superior talents and attainments. Wierus, who was Agrippa's pupil and domestic, sets this matter in a clear point of view; and, by showing us how easily the vulgar are led away by their prejudices to give a bad interpretation to the most innocent things, affords us this useful lesson, that we ought never to judge rashly of a man of genius, from any singularities which we may observe in him. "Agrippa," says Wierus, "had a dog and a bitch, named Monsieur and Madame, which were great favorites; that the dog lay constantly under his bed, and was fed at his table: and as he knew most things that were transacted in foreign nations, the vulgar ascribed this to his dog, taking him to be a demon. But he observes, that in truth he corresponded with learned men in all nations, and daily received intelligence from them."

V. 642. *Agrippa was no conjurer.*] Sidrophel was right here, for Agrippa was not only no magician, nor made any pretensions to the art, but he laboured to convince others of the folly of such notions. He says of himself, that when he was in Italy, many inquisitors in the Duchy of Milan troubled divers most honest and noble matrons, and, by threatening to accuse them of witchcraft, extorted much money privately from them, until their knavery was detected. Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, says further of him, that being an advocate or counsellor at Maestrecht, in Brabant, he had a sore contention with an inquisitor, who through unjust accusation drew a poor woman of the country into his custody, and to an unfit place; not so much to examine her as to torment her; whom, when C. Agrippa had undertaken to defend,

declaring that in the things done there was no proof, nor sign, nor token, that could cause her to be tormented, the inquisitor stoutly denying it, said: One thing there is, which is proof and matter sufficient, her mother in times past was burned for a witch. Agrippa replied, that this article was impertinent, and ought to be refused by the judge, as being the deed of another. The inquisitor replied again, that the charge was true, because they used to sacrifice their children to the devil as soon as born, and also because they usually conceived by spirits transformed into man's shape, and that thereby witchcraft was naturally ingrafted into this child, as a disease that comes by inheritance. Agrippa replying against the inquisitor's folly and superstitious blindness, said; O thou wicked priest, is this thy divinity? Dost thou use to draw poor guiltless women to the rack by these forged devices? Dost thou with such sentences judge others to be heretics; thou being more a heretic than either Faustus or Donatus? Be it as thou sayest, dost thou not frustrate the grace of God's ordinance, namely, baptism? Are the words in baptism spoke in vain? Or shall the devil remain in the child, or in the power of the devil, being there and then consecrated to Christ Jesus, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? And if thou defend their false opinions, which affirm that spirits accompanying with women, can ingender; yet detest thou more than any of them, which never believed that any of those devils, together with their stolen seed, do put part of that their seed or nature into the creature. But though, indeed, we be born the children of the devil and damnation, yet in baptism, through grace in Christ, Satan is cast out, and we are made new creatures in the Lord, from whom none can be separated by another's deed. The inquisitor being offended at this discourse, threatened the advocate to proceed against him, as a supporter of heretics or witches; yet nevertheless he ceased not to defend the poor woman, and through the power of the law delivered her out of the bloody clutches of the monk, who, with her accusers, were condemned in a great sum of money to the chapter of the church of Mentz, and remained infamous after that time to all men.

V. 654. *Than Trismegistus did before.*] Trismegistus was a priest and philosopher of Egypt, who taught his countrymen how

to cultivate the olive, and measure their lands, and to understand hieroglyphics. He lived in the age of Osiris, and wrote 42 books on theology, medicine, and geometry, from which Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician historian, has taken his *Theogonia*. In one of his compositions he compared providence to a circle, the centre of which is every where, and the circumference no where, an idea which has been adopted by Pascal.

V. 656. *And Apollonius, &c.*] Apollonius Thyaneus, a Pythagorean philosopher, well skilled in the secrets of magic, and thoroughly acquainted with those arts which can captivate and astonish the vulgar. By renouncing the common and regular indulgencies of his age, and affecting singularity by letting his hair grow, wearing nothing but linen, and appearing barefoot, he aspired to the name of a reformer of mankind. Being one day haranguing the populace at Ephesus, he suddenly exclaimed, "Strike the tyrant, strike him; the blow is given, he is wounded and fallen." As at that very moment the Emperor Domitian had been stabbed at Rome, the magician acquired much reputation when the circumstance was known. He was courted by kings and princes, and commanded unusual attention by his numberless artifices. His friend and companion, called Damis, wrote his life, which 200 years after engaged the attention of Philostratus. In his history the biographer relates so many curious and extraordinary anecdotes of his hero, that many have justly deemed it a romance; yet, for all this, Hierocles had the presumption to compare the impostures of Apollonius with the miracles of Jesus Christ.

V. 655. ——— *Zoroaster.*] A king of Bactria, supposed to have lived in the age of Ninus, King of Assyria, some time before the Trojan war. According to Justin he first invented magic, or the doctrines of the Magi, and rendered himself known by his deep and acute researches in philosophy, the origin of the world, and the study of astronomy. He was respected by his subjects and contemporaries for his abilities as a monarch, a law-giver, and a philosopher, and though many of his doctrines are puerile and ridiculous, yet his followers are still found in numbers in the wilds of Persia and the extensive provinces of India. Like Pythagoras, Zoroaster admitted of no visible object of devotion,

except fire, which he considered as the most proper emblem of a supreme being. According to some of the moderns, the doctrines, the laws, and regulations of this celebrated Bactrian, are still extant, and they have been lately introduced in Europe, in a French translation, by M. Anquetil, of the Academy of Belles Lettres. Mr. Butler, in his *Horæ Biblicæ*, a work which no one can read without improvement, speaking of the Zend Avesta, the work which Anquetil du Perron translated, says, "The morality of the Zend Avesta is entitled to praise; purity of word, action, and thought, is repeatedly inculcated. To multiply the human species, increase its happiness, and prevent evil, are the general duties inculcated by Zoroaster to his disciples. Agriculture is particularly recommended them: 'He,' says Zoroaster, 'who sows the ground with diligence, acquires a greater flock of religious merit, than he could gain by repeating ten thousand prayers.' On the other hand, too great an attention to gain is reprobated in the strongest terms: 'there is not,' says Zoroaster, 'a greater crime than to buy grain and delay selling till it become dear, that it may be sold at a greater price.' The disciple of Zoroaster is enjoined to pardon injuries, to honor his parents, to respect old age, to observe a general gentleness of manners, to practise universal benevolence. Fasting and celibacy are forbidden him: if his wife be not barren, one wife only is allowed him; a marriage with his cousin-german is recommended to him, as an act particularly pleasing to heaven.

"The religious ceremonial of the Parsees," continues Mr. Butler, "must take up a considerable portion of their time; and, on many occurrences, both of business and pleasure, must inconveniently press upon them. The Primitive Word addressed by Ormuzd to Zoroaster partook of the divine essence; to read and study it incessantly, is considered by them a return due for so great a favor. The prayers of the Zend Avesta often begin with an humble confession of sin or imperfection: they are addressed to Ormuzd, the Amshaspands, the Izeds, the Ferouers, and the Elements. Fire was considered by Zoroaster as the purest symbol of the Divinity; he, therefore, enjoined his disciples to keep up a perpetual fire, and every supposed corruption of fire is forbidden under the severest penalties. To every act of devotion purity of

heart is necessary; and to purity of heart, Zoroaster supposed purity of body greatly contributes. With this view he prescribed a multitude of minute observances; for some of them a reason may be found in the nature of the climate; but many of them seem arbitrary and trifling: the omission of them is declared to be a grievous sin, not inferior in guilt to the violation of the most important duties of morality, and only to be expiated by the heaviest punishments. Every thing which related to religion, or its concerns, is placed under their priests. They were formed into a regular hierarchy, not unlike the hierarchy of the Christian church: large tracts of land were assigned for their support, and they were entitled to a tithe of all the property of their disciples.

“The most exceptionable part of the religious system of the Parsees is its religious intolerance. From its establishment under Darius Hystaspes, to its fall under Isdegertes, the last of the Sassanian dynasty, the exercise of every mode of religious worship, except that of Zoroaster, was prohibited throughout Persia, under the severest penalties; and the Magi appear to have been disposed rather to increase than lessen the severity of the law.

“The doctrines of Zoroaster soon attracted the attention of the Greeks. By an intercourse with the Greeks, such of the Magi as had a turn for these speculations, would naturally be led to accommodate the doctrines of Zoroaster to the polytheism of the Greek theology. The task would not be difficult: they would easily find in Ormuzd and Ahriman the subordinate deities of the Greeks; and in the Zerouane, or time without bounds, a Jupiter, the eternal parent and sovereign of all. Their intercourse with the Jews would also have some effect on their religious belief, and the sublime descriptions of Jehovah, with which the sacred writings of the Jews abound, would naturally rectify and exalt the conceptions of the Magian priest, and insensibly lead him to ascribe to his own Zerouane, or time without bounds, the infinite power and infinite wisdom of the God of Abraham, and to consider Ormuzd, and the other celestial beings, as his ministering angels. But whatever effect these sublime or ingenious speculations might have on a few philosophers, the Persian nation at large adhered to the religion of the Magi: its natural tendency, however, was planetary worship, that insensibly gained ground on

the nation; it corrupted the ancient doctrines, it gave rise to a multitude of sects; all of them professed to revere the name of Zoroaster, and each claimed to be the only true observer of his doctrines. To put an end to these disputes, Artaxerxes summoned a general meeting of the Magi; they are said to have met to the number of 80,000; by successive operations they were reduced to 40,000, to 4,000, to 400, and ultimately to 7: one of them drank three cups of soporiferous wine presented him by his brethren, fell into a long sleep, awoke, related his conference with the Deity, and announced to the king and Magi the Deity's avowal of the divine mission of Zoroaster, and the authenticity of the Zend Avesta."

V. 665-6. *'Twas he that put her in the pit,*

Before he pull'd her out of it.] The satire of this passage, an anonymous commentator observes, is fine and just. "Cleanthes said, that truth was hid in a pit."—"Yes," says our author, "but you Greek philosophers were they who first put her there, and then claimed to yourselves so much merit in drawing her out again. The first Greek philosophers extremely obscured truth by their endless speculations; and it was the pretended business of their successors to clear up matters. This does honor to our author's knowledge of antiquity."

V. 667-8. *And as he eats his sons, just so*

He feeds upon his daughters too.] Chronus is said, by the mythologists, to have devoured his sons. Truth is said to be the daughter of Time; which Time is called by the Greeks Chronus, and so he may be said to eat his daughters.

V. 669—72. *Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald*

Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,

To be descended of a race

Of ancient kings, in a small space.] A sneer upon

the mock gentry of those times, who, as they increased in riches, thought proper to lay claim to pedigrees to which they had no right. Walker, in his History of Independency, says, "Cornelius Holland, a servant of the Vanes, got so much wealth as to make him saucy enough to hire William Lilly, and other pamphleteers, to derive his pedigree from John Holland, Duke of Exeter, although it be known he was originally a link-boy."

Pury, Birch, Skippon, Pride, Hewson, and many others, were of equally low origin; yet they affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

"Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line."

Dryden's Hind and Panther.

This practice of the heralds is bantered by Sir Richard Steele, in his *Mock Funeral, or Grief Alamode*, where he introduces the servant of Sable, the undertaker, expressing himself in the following manner:

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow."

"Sable. Ah, pox take some of our cits; the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth. Pox, let him buy a pair of stockings; for he is the first of his family that ever wore any."

V. 679-80. *As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric.*

Averrhois was a celebrated philosopher and commentator upon the works of Aristotle, who flourished at Cordova, in Spain, about the middle of the twelfth century. He wrote against the science of astrology, and maintained that the whole art was nothing but imposture and lies.

V. 689. *Chaldeans, learned genethliacs.* Genethliacs are persons who calculate nativities. Gessendus, in his *Vanity of Judiciary Astrology*, observes of the Chaldeans, "That when they were to observe the time of an infant's nativity, one Chaldean sat watching upon the top of a hill, or other eminent place, not far from the groaning chamber, and attended to the stars; and another remained below with the woman in travail, to give the sign, by ringing a kettle or pan, at the instant of her delivery, which the other taking, observed the sign of the zodiac then rising above the horizon, and accordingly they gave judgment of the infant's fortune; and this if the birth happened in the night; but if in the day, he that sat upon the high place observed only the motion of the sun."

V. 691. *The Median emp'ror dreamt his daughter, &c.* Astyages, King of Media, had this dream of his daughter Mandane, and the interpretation from the Magi; wherefore he married her to a

Persian of mean quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and translated the empire from the Medes to the Persians.

V. 697-8. *When Cæsar in the senate fell*

Did not the sun eclips'd foretel?] The prodigies and apparitions which preceded the death of Cæsar are mentioned by several writers, as by Virgil, in his First Georgic :

“ Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene and howling dogs divin'd ;
Blood sprung from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright.”

Gessendus observes, “ That the Chaldeans predicted of Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, that each of them should not die but in full old age, but in their houses, but in peace and undisturbed honor; and yet their fates were violent, immature, and tragical.”

V. 701. *Augustus having, &c.]* The story of Augustus having put on his left shoe first, on the morning of the day when he was nearly slain in a tumult of the troops is related in Pliny and Suetonius.

V. 707-8. *Is it not om'nous in all countries,*

When crows and ravens croak upon trees?] Crows and ravens, from the most remote times, have been considered as birds of bad omen. Gay, in his fable of the Farmer's Wife and the Raven, says,

“ That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good.”

V. 709—11. *The Roman senate, when within*

*The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, &c.]* When an owl was seen within the walls of Rome, the augurs and aruspices were accustomed to go round the city in solemn procession, in order to avert the prodigy.

V. 715. *And if an owl, &c.]* Gay, in his fable of the Two Owls and Sparrow, makes them thus confabulate together.

“ Our worth the Grecian sages knew,
They gave our sires the honor due ;

They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 And pry'd into the depth of owls,
 Athens, the seat of learned fame,
 With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
 On merit title was conferr'd,
 And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

"Brother, you reason well, replies
 The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes;
 Right, Athens was the seat of learning,
 And truly wisdom is discerning.
 Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
 The type and ornament of wit:
 But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
 And a pert sparrow's more respected."

V. 727-8, *Have we not lately in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown.*] Howell, in his Familiar Letters, speaking upon this subject, says, "But now to the intended task, touching an *habitable world*, and a *species of living creatures in the orb of the moon*, which may bear some analogy with those of this elementary world. Although it be not my purpose to maintain and absolutely assert this problem; yet I will say this, that whosoever crieth it down for a new neoterical opinion, as divers do, commit a grosser error than the opinion may be in its own nature: for it is almost as ancient as philosophy herself; I am sure it is as old as Orpheus, who sings of divers fair cities and castles within the circle of the moon. Moreover, the profoundest clerks and most renowned philosophers in all ages have affirmed it. Towards the first age of learning, among others, Pythagoras and Plato avouched it, the first of whom was pronounced the wisest of men by the Pagan oracle, as our Solomon by holy writ. In the middle age of learning Plutarch speaks of it; and in these modern times the most speculative and scientific men, both in Germany and Italy, seem to adhere to it, supposing that not only the sphere of the moon is peopled with *Selenites* or *Lunar* men, but that likewise every star in heaven is a peculiar world of itself, which is colonized and replenished with *astrean* inhabitants, as the earth, sea, and air are with elementary;

the body of the sun not excepted, who hath also his solar creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the purest, and most perfect of all."

V. 737. *For Anaxagoras, &c.*] A Clazomenian philosopher, son of Hegesibulus, disciple of Anaximenes, and preceptor to Socrates and Euripides. He disregarded wealth and honors, to indulge his fondness for meditation and philosophy. He applied himself to astronomy, was acquainted with eclipses, and predicted that one day a stone would fall from the sun, which it is said really fell into the river Ægos. Anaxagoras travelled into Egypt for improvement, and used to say that he preferred a grain of wisdom to heaps of gold. Pericles was in the number of his pupils, and often consulted him in matters of state; and once dissuaded him from starving himself to death. The ideas of Anaxagoras concerning the heavens were wild and extravagant. He supposed that the sun was inflammable matter, about the bigness of Peloponnesus; and that the moon was inhabited. The heavens he believed to be of stone, and the earth of similar materials. He was accused of impiety, and condemned to die; but he ridiculed the sentence, and said it had long been pronounced upon him by nature. His sentence, however, was commuted for banishment. Being asked, when he was dying, whether he would not be carried to his own country? No matter, he replied, there is a near cut to heaven from every place.

V. 767-8. *Or does the man i' th' moon look big*
And wear a huge periwig.] A banter, probably, on the custom of wearing enormously large periwigs, which preposterous fashion was introduced into England from France at the restoration.

V. 770. *Then our own native lunatics.*] A sneer, probably, upon the then lunatic House of Commons, who, if we may credit Sir Roger L'Estrange, were literally taken for madmen by a country bumpkin: "He, desiring to see Bedlam, was carried to the House of Commons, and peeping in at the lobby, by his friend's direction, and seeing the members in a hurry, attended with great noise, as was usual in those times, he scoured off at the sight, with an outcry all the way he went, that the madmen were broke loose."

V. 782. *And savour strongly of the ganzas.*] Gonzago, or Do-

mingo Gonzales; wrote a *Voyage to the Moon*, and pretended to be carried thither by geese; in Spanish, *gansos*.

V. 786. *Resolv'd that with your Jacob's staff,*] A mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances." Cleveland, in his *Hecatomb to his Mistress*, says,

"Reach then a sotting quill; that I may write,

As with a Jacob's staff, to take her height."

V. 793-4. *He put his face into a posture*

Of supience, and began to bluster.] Much like, this contest was that between Sir Sampson Legend and Old Foresight, in *Love for Love*, when they were treating of a match, between Ben, the son of Sir Sampson, and Miss Prue, Old Foresight's daughter. Sir Sampson talking in a romantic strain, and calling Foresight brother Capitearn. "Capricorn in your teeth, (says Foresight,) thou modern Mandeville. Ferdinando Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee; thou star of the first magnitude! Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again! I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contempter of solence, and defamer of virtue."

V. 799-800. *Those consecrated geese in orders,* *That to the capitol were wardens;*] The capitol was saved by the cackling of geese, when besieged by Brennus, the Gaul. The Romans, in memory of this, ever after fed geese in that place at the public charge; and by its image represented safety.

V. 823-4. *Or witches simpling, and on gibbets* *Chitting from malefactors rippets.*] The following are the ingredients of the witches charm in *Macbeth*, which Butler probably had in view when he composed his lines.

"Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch deliver'd by a drab.

Make the gruel thick and slab

Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."

And in another place:

"Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten

Her nine farrow, grease that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet, throw

Into the flame."

Oldham, in his satire against the Jesuits, says:

“ Hair from the skulls of dying strumpets shorn,
And felon's bones from rifled gibbets torn,
Like those which some old hag at midnight steals,
For witchcraft, amulets, and charms, and spells,
Are pass'd for sacred to the cheap'ning rout,
And worn on fingers, breasts, and ears about.”

V. 844. *Make Berenice's perwig.*] “ When Ptolomy Euergetes went on his expedition into Syria, Berenice, his queen, out of the tender love she had for him, being much concerned because of the danger which she feared he might be exposed to in this war, made a vow of consecrating her hair (in the fineness of which, it seems, the chief of her beauty consisted,) in case he returned again safe and unhurt; and, therefore, upon his coming back again with safety and full success, for the fulfilling of her vow, she cut off her hair, and offered it up in the temple, which Ptolemy Philadelphus had built to his beloved wife Arsinoe, on the promontory of Zephyrium, in Cyprus. But there, a little after, the consecrated hair being lost, or, perchance, contemptuously flung away by the priests, and Ptolemy being much offended at it, Conon of Samos, a flattering mathematician, then at Alexandria, to salve up the matter, and ingratiate himself with the king, gave out, that this hair was catched up into heaven; and he there showed seven stars, near the tail of the Lion, not till then taken into any constellation, which he said were the queen's consecrated hair; which conceit his other flattering astronomers followed, with the same view, or, perchance, not daring to say otherwise.” Hence Coma Berenices, the Hair of Berenice, became one of the constellations, and is so to this day.

V. 845. *Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear?*] Alluding to Charles' wain, seven stars in the constellation Urse Major, of which Bootes is called the Driver.

V. 846. *Or who made Cassiopeia's chair.*] A constellation in the northern hemisphere, situate opposite to the Great Bear, on the other side of the pole. In the year 1572, a remarkable new star appeared in this constellation, surpassing Sirius or Lyra in brightness and magnitude. It appeared even bigger than Jupiter, which, at that time, was near his perigee, and by some was thought equal to Venus, when she was in her greatest lustre, but in a month, it

began to diminish in lustre, and in about eighteen months entirely disappeared.

V. 849-50. *Plato deny'd the world can be,*

Govern'd without geometry.] There is a saying ascribed to Plato, which is nothing more than an apostrophe to the divine power, whom he styles *O God of Geometry!* To this our author probably alludes, and by governed he may mean continued, or preserved in regular order.

V. 866-8. *Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice*

Shifted his setting and his rise;

Twice has he risen in the west,

As many times set in the east.] Our author here alludes to a story in Herodotus, that "the sun, in the space of 11,340 years, during the reigns of their ancient kings, had altered his course twice, rising where he then set, and setting where he rose." Dr. Long, in his *Astronomy*, says, "that this seems to be only an idle amusing story, invented by the Egyptians, to support their vain pretensions to antiquity, but fit to pass only among persons ignorant of astronomy."

V. 871. *Some hold the heavens, &c.*] According to Empedocles, the velocity of their motion is the cause why the heavens do not fall.

V. 875. *As sage Empedocles, &c.*] A philosopher and poet of Agrigentum, who writ of the nature of things in Greek, as Lucretius in Latin. He was a Pythagorean. The manner of his death is differently reported, but the common fame was, that he, desiring to be thought a god, threw himself into Mount Etna, that, his body being no where found, he might be so accounted; but his iron sandals, thrown out by the force of the flame, frustrated his expectation.

V. 881-2. *The learned Scaliger complain'd*

'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd.] Copernicus, and afterwards Reinholdus, maintained, that the sun, since the age of Ptolemy, has approached one and thirty semidiameters of the earth nearer to it.

V. 891. *Which Monsieur Bodin, &c.*] Bodin John, a voluminous French writer, who, in point of religion, was a sceptic, but had the utmost confidence in judicial astrology. He published a treatise

ties on Demonism, full of absurdities and singularities. In the first chapter he speaks of a person then living who had a familiar demon, like that of Socrates; and from what follows afterwards, it is evident that he meant himself. He died in 1596.

V. 895-6. *Cardan believ'd great states depend*

Upon th' tip o' th' bear's tail's end.] If we may believe

Bodin's report of Cardan, this was literally the fact. Dr. Young, in his *Sidrophel Vapulans*, observes of Cardan, that he lost his life to save his credit; for having predicted the time of his own death, he starved himself to verify it; or else, being sure of his art, he took this to be his fatal day, and by those apprehensions made it

so. Gassendus adds, that he pretended exactly to describe the fates of his children in his voluminous Commentaries, "yet all this while never suspected, from the rules of his great art, that his dearest son should be condemned to have his head struck off upon a scaffold, by an executioner of justice, for destroying his own wife by poison, in the flower of his youth."

V. 900. *Because your true bears have no tails.]* This is not literally true, though they have very short ones. Probably Butler meant an allusion to the following story. The Earl of Leicester, when Governor of the Low Countries, used to sign all instruments with his crest, which was the bear and ragged staff, the coat of the Warwick family, (from which he was descended,) instead of his own coat, which was the green lion with two tails: upon which the Dutch, who suspected him of ambitious designs, wrote under his crest, set up in public places,

"Ursa caret cauda, non queat esse leo."

The bear he never can prevail

To lion it, for want of tail.

V. 901. *Some say the zodiac constellations.]* The zodiac was divided by the ancients into twelve segments, called signs; commencing from the point of intersection of the ecliptic and equinoctial: which signs they denominated from the twelve constellations, which, in Hipparchus' time, possessed those segments. But the constellations have since so changed their places by the procession of the equinox, that Aries is now got out of the sign called Aries into Taurus, Taurus into Gemini, &c.

V. 905. *Affirm the Trigon's chopp'd and chang'd.]* Trigon, the

joining together of three signs of the same nature and quality, beholding one another in a trine aspect, and counted according to the four elements.

V. 906. *The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd.*] The watery signs, are Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces; the fiery, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius.

V. 915—8. *Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of accidence and Latin,
Like Idus and Calendæ Englisht
The quarter days, by skilful linguist.*] A banter probably upon Sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of Horace, who thus put the following passage into English.

*"Omnibus religit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere."*

*"At Michaelmas he calls all his monies in,
And at our Lady, puts them out again."*

V. 924. *And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd.*] An old proverb, which has the same meaning as "To sell the bear's skin before he is caught." This, and many more of our old proverbs, are of eastern origin. In the Fables of Vishnuserman, translated by the late excellent and learned Sir William Jones, is the following apologue, from whence, possibly, the idea of the English proverb was derived. "On the banks of the river Apurnarbhava, to the north of the city of Devacotara, lived a Brahmin, whose name is Devasarman. He, at the beginning of the month, when the sun enters the ram, received from a pious man a little pot-full of wheat-flour, which he took with him to a potter's house, where he resided. Before he went to rest, he thus said within himself: If I sell this pot, I shall receive ten cowries, with which I shall buy larger pots, and then larger, till my wealth will increase, and I become a seller of areca-nut and cloth: when I am worth a lac of rupees, I will marry four wives; to the youngest and the handsomest of whom I shall attach myself in preference to the rest. This will excite the jealousy of her companions, who will begin to quarrel with her; but I, inflamed with wrath, shall strike them with a stick, thus: so saying, he threw his stick, and broke his pot, together with other vessels, the noise of which alarmed the

potter; who entering the room, and seeing the mischief done, turned the disappointed Brahmin out of the house."

V. 929-30. *Some towns and cities, some for brevity*

Have cast the 'versal world's nativity.] Cicero, in his book on Divination, informs us, that he knew an astrologer who had cast the nativity of Rome according to the strictest Chaldean rules.

V. 936. — *law-suits.*] Kelway, in his translation of Oger Ferrier's *Astronomical Discourse of the Judgment of Nativities*, gives the following chapter of *Suits and Enemies*. "The fortunes in the seventh and twelfth house, give victories against enemies, when they be in good aspect to the lord of the ascendant. And commonly those which have these two houses with their lords fortunate, be happy in their suits: the contrary you must judge when their lords be unfortunate. The ill fortunes in the same place signify much strife and enemies.

"The lord of the twelfth house fortunate, it denoteth little puissance of enemies: unfortunate, denoteth the contrary. If one of the two ill fortunes be in the twelfth, and the other in the sixth, in evil aspect of the luminaries temporal, or of the lord of the ascendant, the child shall be killed by his enemies. They which have Saturn, or Mars, or the Moon opposite to the Sun in the sign of Cancer, be commonly contrary to all the world. Mars in any of the four angles, engendereth naturally strife, suits, debates, and enmities against all the world: except when he is in good aspect of Jupiter and Venus. For then he doth expel his ire and anger against the vices, and of great zeal maintaineth the right of every one.

"The lord of the ascendant, or the Moon, or the Sun, unfortunate in the twelfth house, denoteth great persecutions and calamities of enemies. The lord of the ascendant by the lord of the twelfth, oppressed, testifieth that he shall die by the hand of his enemies.

"The lord of the twelfth, and the planets that be in the seventh and twelfth house, signify the quality of enemies (that is, to understand) the Sun signifieth the princes and great lords, the Moon all the world, and Mars the men-of-war," &c.

V. 939. *Make opposition, trine, and quartile.*] Trine aspect of two planets is, when they are distant from each other 120 degrees, or a third part of the zodiac. Quartile aspect of planets is, when they are distant 90 degrees, or three signs from each other. Opposition is when two planets, being distant 180 degrees, behold one another diametrically opposite.

V. 941-2-3. *As if the planet's first aspect*

The tender infant did infect

In soul and body.] This ridiculous opinion of judicial astrologers is well ridiculed by Shakespeare, in the scene between Owen Glendower and Hotspur, Part I. Henry IV.

Glen. " ——— At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; know that at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hotspur. " So it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born."

And in Lear, Edmund says, "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil by a divine thrusting on."

V. 951-2. *No sooner does he peep into*

The world, but he has done his do.] Warburton observes, "that it was the opinion of judicial astrologers, that whatsoever good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with, either from nature or traditionally from its parents, yet if at the hour of its birth its delivery was by any casual accident so accelerated or retarded that it fell in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all contrary ill qualities: this was so wretched and monstrous an opinion, that it well deserved, and was well fitted for the lash of satire."

V. 955. *Marry'd his punctual dose of wives.*] By his punctual dose of wives, our poet means the number assigned to him by this heavenly influence at his nativity.

V. 965-6. *As if men from the stars did suck*

Old age, diseases, and ill-luck.] Kellway, in his translation of Oger Ferrier's *Astronomical Discourse of the Judgment of Nativities*, says, "Saturn, in his signs of Capricorn and Aquarius, in nativities by day, giveth knowledge, and love of noblemen: and of credit and great riches, principally in the ascendant with the part of fortune, and maketh the man grave, prudent, and melancholy, and first of all his brethren, or most advanced. In nativities by night giveth great pain and travail, and many diseases. Jupiter, in the same sign, maketh the man of little courage, unfortunate in the goods of the church, otherwise of small riches, or always poor." He goes on to give a number of other explanations equally preposterous and ridiculous; but the reader, from what has been here quoted, and in the note on line 936, has enough to judge of the folly and absurdity of pretensions which Butler so properly exposes.

V. 975-6. *Like money by the Druids borrow'd,*

In th' other world to be restor'd.] According to Patricius, the Druids borrowed money of their devotees, which was to be repaid with large interest in a future life. Purchase informs us, "that some priests of Pekin barter with the people upon bills of exchange to be paid an hundred for one in heaven."

V. 992-3. *Discovers how in fight you met*

At Kingston, &c.] It is the pretence of all Sidrophels to ascribe their knowledge of occurrences to their art and skill in astrology. Lilly might either learn this story of the Knight's quarrel in Kingston from common report, or have been a spectator of it; for he rode every Saturday from his house at Horsham, where he lived, to Kingston, to quack amongst the market people; and yet he would persuade the Knight that he had discovered it from schemes and figures. Butler, in this part, alluded to the sham second part of *Hudibras*, occasioned by the success of his work, (as was the sham second part of *Don Quixote*, by the success of Cervantes' inimitable romance,) and published 1663: in which are the following lines:

“ Thus they pass through the market place,
And to Town Green hye apace,
Highly fam'd for hocktide games,
Y'clep'd Kingston-upon-Thames.”

V. 995-6-7. *And though you overcame the bear,*

The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;

Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.] In the sham second part of Hudibras, which the reader will perceive has none of the wit or spirit of the original, are the following lines :

“ They pull down rag, which story told,
And as a trophy bear 't before
Sir Hudibras, and one knight more,
To wit, Sir Guill. So on they trot
With all the pillage they had got ;
Greedy of more, but were prevented
By butchers stout, that fair frequented ;
Who seeing squires a quoyle to keep,
And men to run faster than sheep ;
Quoth they (to people) what d'ye fear ?
There's neither bull got loose, nor bear ;
And will you seem to make escape
From fencing fools, and jackanape
On horseback, clad in coat of plush ;
Yet looks but like a sloe on bush ?
Keep, keep your ground, we'll force them back,
Or may we never money lack.
Then out they Snap and Towser call,
Two cunning ours, that would not hawl,
But sily fly at throat or tail,
And in their course would seldom fail ;
The butchers hoot, the dogs fall on,
The horses kick and wince anon :
Down comes spruce valour to the ground,
And both Sir Knights laid in a swoond.”

V. 998. ——— *like a fop doodle.]* A silly, vain, empty person.

V. 1000-1. *That paltry story, &c.]* Dr. Grey says, “ there was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character

of Whachum,) who counterfeited a second part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand in the pillory for forging other men's hands, as his fellow, Whachum, no doubt deserved, in whose abominable dogrel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair is so properly described."

V. 1002. *And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.*] Gull, a stupid animal, one easily cheated or deceived.

"Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on."

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

V. 1005—8. *Whachum shall justify't to your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,*

Transform'd to a Frenchman by my art.] Saltinbancho, a quack or mountebank. Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Vulgar Error*, says; "Saltinbanchoes, quacksalvers, and charlatans deceive them." The passage in the sham Hudibras, to which our author alludes is as follows:

"So on they amble to the place,
Where Monsieur spake with a boon grace,
Begar me kill you all and then
Presan make you alive again;
Wi dis me do all the gran cure,
De pock, de scab, de calenture;
Me make de man strong pour de wench,
(Then riseth capon from the bench.)
Look you me now, do you not see
Dead yesterday, now live dey be,
Four boon, dey leap, dey dance, dey sing,
Ma foy, and do t' oder ting:
Begar good medicine do all dis."

V. 1009. *He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket.*] Another allusion to the sham Second Part:

"At last, as if't had been allotted,
The Squires ('twas said) were shrewdly potted;

And sleep they must, then down on mat
 They threw themselves, like cloak and hat;
 But subtle quack and crafty crew
 Slept not, they'd something else to do:—
 In the mean while quack was not idle
 (Cunning as horse, had bit o' th' bridle;)
 The damsel (one that would be thriving)
 In the Squire's pockets fell to diving.
 Their cloaks were pack'd up 'mong the luggage,
 (Thus men are serv'd when they are sluggish.)
 The gates being newly opened were,
 All things were hush'd, and coast was clear;
 And so unseen they huddle out
 Into the street; then wheel about."

V. 1010. — *Caldes'd you.*] A word of our author's own coining, and which implies putting the fortune-teller upon you, fortune-tellers being often called Chaldeans or Egyptians.

V. 1115-6. *Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A constable to seize the wretches.*] This bears some resemblance to the mock quarrel between Subtle and Face in the *Alchymist*.

"*Face*. Away this Brach; I'll bring thee, rogue, within the statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio of Harry VIII. aye, and, perhaps, thy neck into a noose, for laundering gold and barding it."

V. 1124-5-6. *That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailor's yards of one
 Unanimous opinion.*] This is a banter upon some philosophical speculations then in vogue. "The device of the vibration of a pendulum (says Dr. Grey) was intended to settle a certain measure of ells, yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the sun, or any star) how long the vibration could last in proportion to the length of the string and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of sattin or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it

meant, and all mankind learn a new way to measure things, no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute."—See Experiments concerning the Vibration of Pendulums, by Dr. Derham, Philosophical Transactions, Vol. iii. No. 440.

V. 1038. ——— *Stygian sophister.*] Pretender to the black or infernal art.

V. 1065. *But Hudibras gave him a twitch.*] The lines which follow are in a high strain of humour, and may be said to be in Butler's best manner. Lasset, the coward, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, or the *Passionate Madman*, argues the question of the seat of honor, in the following terms:

" I have been ruminating with myself,
 What honor a man loses by a kick :
 Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
 Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
 Upon the hinder quarter of a man ;
 Which is a place very unfit for honor,
 The world will confess so much :
 Then what disgrace, I pray, doth that part suffer
 Where honor never comes? I'd fain know that.
 This being well forc'd and urg'd, may have the power
 To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
 And spurn the duelloes out of the kingdom ;
 For they that stand upon their honor must,
 When they conceive there is no honor lost ;
 As by a table that I have invented
 For that purpose alone shall appear plainly ;
 Which shows the vanity of all blows at large,
 And with what ease they may be took at all sides,
 Numb'ring but twice o'er the letters *patience*
 From P. to E. I doubt not but in short time
 To see a dissolution of all bloodshed ;
 If the reformed kick do but once get up."

V. 1075-8. *By this what cheats you are we find,
 That in your own concerns are blind.*] As to Lilly's skill in prophecy, there is a pleasant story related by a kinsman of Dr. Case, his successor; viz. That a person who wanted to consult him on some important point, coming to his house one morn-

ing, Lilly himself going to the door, saw a very disagreeable object somebody had lately left there; and being much offended with the sight and smell, wished he did but know who had treated him in that manner, that he might punish them accordingly; which his customer observing, when the conjurer demanded his business, *Nothing at all*, replied he, for I am sure if you cannot find out who has laid their tail at your door, it is impossible you should discover any thing relating to me; and so left him.

V. 1092-3. ——— with other knocks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers.] Booker was a brother astrologer, and great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly, in his *Life*, calls Sarah Shelborn, and says she was a great speculatrix. He owns that he was very familiar with her, so that it is no wonder that the Knight found many of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

V. 1094. ——— *nimmers.*] Petty pilferers, from *nim*, to take by stealth or filch.

V. 1095 ——— with *Napier's bones.*] An instrument invented by J. Neper, Baron of Merchiston, in Scotland, whereby the multiplication and division of large numbers is much facilitated.

V. 1108. *As rotten men of politics.*] A short time previous to the restoration, a great variety of schemes were in agitation for the settlement of the government; "But that which seemed to take the most at this time (says Dr. Echard) was the Oceana of Mr. Harrington, which by some was extolled, as if it were the *pattern in the mount*. That gentleman, with Mr. Henry Nevill, and some other persons of ingenious and mercurial heads, had formed a society to invent and settle a commonwealth in the greatest perfection, in which they had many fine and curious discourses about government; so that the argument in the Parliament-house were thought flat and insipid in comparison of theirs. The balloting-box from Venice was introduced amongst them, and the project called the *Rota* was most of all approved on, and recommended among the Parliament men. The model of it was, that every third part of the senate or house should *rote* out by ballot every year, so that every ninth year the said senate would be wholly altered. No magistrate was to continue above three years, and all to be chosen by ballot." But the king's restoration put an end to this club and all their politics.

V. 1113. *Before the secular prince of darkness.*] An anonymous commentator on our bard observes here, "That as the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular, and governs in the night with as great an authority as his colleague, but far more imperiously."

V. 1115. *And as a fox, &c.*] This simile will bear as strict a scrutiny as that of the owl and mouse, for it is equally just and natural. "Necromancers (says a former commentator) are as cunning and pernicious as foxes; and if this fox has been hotly pursued by his enemies, so has Sidrophel been as closely attacked by the Knight; and to save themselves from impending danger, they both make use of the stratagem of feigning themselves dead. The story from which Butler probably borrowed his simile, is to be found in Sir Kenelm Digby's Treatise of Bodies, and is as follows: "A fox (says he) being sorely hunted, hanged himself up by the teeth among dead vermin in a warren, until the dogs were passed by him, and had lost him." He relates another story of a fox, that in the like distress, would take into his mouth a broom-bush growing upon a steep cliff on the side near to his den (which had no other way to it easy of access), and by help of that would securely cast himself into his hole, whilst the dogs that followed him hastily, and were ignorant of the danger, would break their necks down the rocks.

V. 1120. *Escap'd by counterfeiting death.*] Falstaff counterfeited death upon the same principle, to prevent it in reality, when he fought young Douglas. The Prince of Wales seeing him lie upon the field of battle, speaks as follows:

"Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by.

Falstaff, (rising.) "Embowell'd—If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, it was time to counterfeit, or that termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life."

V. 1121-2. *Not out of cunning, but a train*

Of atoms, &c.] A ridicule on Sir Kenelm Digby, who relates this story, but, for the maintenance of his hypotheses, pretends there was no thought or cunning in it, but, as our author saith, a train of atoms.

[V. 1129-30. —————*quoth he, Where am I?*

Alive or dead—————.] This imitation of what may be supposed to be the feelings of one recovering out of a trance, is in the highest degree burlesque and characteristic. Maria, in the Night Walker, or Little Thief, waking from a swoon in a church-yard, cries out, "Mercy, defend me! Ha! I remember I was betrayed, and swooned; my heart aches; I am wondrous hungry, too; dead bodies eat not, sure: I was meant for burial; I am frozen; death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me; darkness spreads over the world too!"

V. 1145-6. *Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,*

And to the life out-acted death.] In Sir Roger L'Estrange's Fables, there is a humorous account of a person who counterfeited death, in order to bring a hypochondriacal person to his senses, who imagined himself dead, laid in a coffin, and would neither eat nor drink, until he was decoyed into it by this stratagem.

V. 1148. —————*as dead as herring.*] Bailey, in his Dictionary, observes, that this saying is taken from the suddenness of this fish's dying after it is out of the water.

V. 1155. *Despis'd our synod men, &c.*] There is a great deal of exquisite satire here, which the lapse of time has obscured. When the Independent party seemed likely to prevail, the Presbyterians, who hated their rival faction even more than the King himself, would willingly have patched up an accommodation with Charles, then a prisoner at Newport, and have sacrificed the cause for which so much blood had been shed, to their resentments. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, speaking of this period, says, "When he (the Colonel) was well again to attend the House, he found the Presbyterian party so prevalent there, that the victories obtained by the army displeased them, and so hot they grew in the zeal of their faction, that they from thence-

forth resolved and endeavoured to close with the common enemy, that they might thereby compass the destruction of their Independent brethren. To this end, and to strengthen their faction, they got in again the late suspended members; whereof it was said, and by the consequence appeared true, that Mr. Hollis, during his secession, had been in France, and there meeting with the Queen, had pieced up an ungodly accommodation with her; although he were the man that, when at the beginning, some of the soberer men, who foresaw the sad issue of war and victory on either side, were labouring an accommodation, openly in the House said, 'he abhorred that word Accommodation.' After these were gotten in again, and encouraged by the Presbyterian ministers and the people in the city, they procured a revocation of the votes formerly made, with such convincing reasons publicly declared for the same, why they had resolved of no more addresses to the King. And now nothing was agitated with more violence than a new personal treaty with honor and freedom; and even his coming to the city, before any security given, was laboured for, but that prevailed not. Such were the heats of the two parties, that Mr. Hollis challenged Ireton, even in the House; out of which they both went to have fought, but that one who sat near them overheard the wicked whisper, and prevented the execution of it.

"Amidst these things, at last a treaty was sent to the King by commissioners, who went from both Houses to the Isle of Wight, and although there were some honorable persons in this commission, yet it cannot be denied, but that they were carried away by the other, and concluded, upon most dangerous terms, an agreement with the King. He would not give up bishops, but only lease out their revenues; and, upon the whole, such were the terms upon which the King was to be restored, that the whole cause was evidently given up to him. Only one thing he assented to, to acknowledge himself guilty of the blood spilt in the late war, with this proviso, that if the agreement were not ratified by the House, then this concession should be of no force against him. The commissioners that treated with him had been cajoled and biassed with the promises of great honors and offices, and every one of them, and so they brought back their treaty to be con-

firmed by the Houses; where there was a very high dispute about them, and they sat up most part of the night, when at length it was voted to accept his concessions, the dissenting party being fewer than the other that were carried on in the faction. Colonel Hutchinson was that night among them, and being convinced in his conscience that both the cause, and all those who, with an upright, honest heart asserted and maintained it, were betrayed and sold, for nothing, he addressed himself to those commissioners he had most honorable thoughts of, and urged his reasons and apprehensions to them, and told them that the King, after having been exasperated, vanquished, and captived, would be restored to that power which was inconsistent with the liberty of the people, who, for all their blood, treasure, and misery, would reap no fruit, but a confirmation of bondage, and that it had been a thousand times better never to have struck one stroke in the quarrel, than, after victory, to yield up a righteous cause: whereby they should not only betray the interest of their country, and the trust reposed in them, and those zealous friends who had engaged to the death for them, but be false to the covenant of their God, which was to extirpate prelacy, not to lease it.*

"They acknowledged to him that the conditions were not so secure as they ought to be; but in regard to the growing power and insolence of the army, it was best to accept them. They further said, that they enjoying those trusts and places which they had secured for themselves and other honest men, should be able to curb the King's exorbitances; and such other things they said, wherewith the colonel being dissatisfied, opposed their proceedings as much as he could. When the vote was past, he, telling some men of understanding that he was not satisfied in conscience to be included with the major part in this vote, which was contrary to their former engagements to God, but thought it fit to testify

* The Rev. Julius Hutchinson, the worthy descendant of Colonel Hutchinson, and editor of his Memoirs, in a note on this passage, says. "There is, among Clarendon's State Papers, a letter from the Queen to the King, assuring him that those with whom he had to deal were too penetrating to be duped by this artifice; if they were, or pretended to be, the Queen was not."

their public dissent, he and four more entered into the house-book a protestation against that night's votes and proceeding. Whether it yet remains there, or whether some other of them got it out, he knew not, but he much wondered, after the change and scrutiny into all these things, that he never heard the least mention of it.

“ By this violent proceeding of the Presbyterians they finished the destruction of him in whose restitution they were now so fiercely engaged, for this gave heart to the vanquished cavaliers, and such courage to the captive King, that it hardened him and them to their ruin. On the other side, it so frightened all the honest people, that it made them as violent in their zeal to pull down, as the others were in their madness to restore, this kingly idol, and the army, who were principally levelled and marked out for the sacrifice and peace-offering of this ungodly reconciliation, had some colour to pursue their late arrogant usurpations upon that authority which it was rather their duty to have obeyed than interrupted; but the debates of that night, which produced such destructive votes to them, and all their friends, being reported to them, they the next morning came and seized about sixty of the members as they were going to the House, and carried them to a house hard by, where they were for the present kept prisoners. Most of the Presbyterian faction, distasted at this insolence, would no more come to their seats in the House; but the gentlemen who were of the other faction, or of none at all, but looked upon themselves as called out to manage a public trust for their country, forsook not their seats while they were permitted to sit in the House. Colonel Hutchinson was one of those who infinitely disliked the action of the army, and had once before been instrumental in preventing such another rash attempt, which some of the discerning and honest members having a jealousy of, sent him down to discover. When he came, going first to commissary Ireton's quarters, he found him and some of the soberer officers of the army in great discontent, for that the lieutenant-general had given orders for a sudden advance of the army to London, upon the intelligence they had had of the violent proceedings of the other party, whereupon Cromwell was then in the mind to have come and broken them up: but Colonel Hutchinson, with others, at that time persuaded him, that notwithstanding the prevalency of the Presbyterian fac-

tion, yet there were many who had upright and honest hearts to the public interest, who had not deserved to be so used by them, and who could not join with them in any such irregular ways, although in all just and equitable things they would be their protectors. Whereupon at that time he was stayed;* but having now drawn the army nearer London, they put this insolent force upon the House. Those who were suffered to remain not at all approving thereof, sent out their mace to demand their members, but the soldiers would not obey. Yet the Parliament thought it better to sit still, and go on in their duty, than give up all, in so distempered a time, into the hands of the soldiery, especially there having been so specious a pretext of the necessity of securing the whole interest and party from the treachery of those men who contended so earnestly to give up the victors into the hands of their vanquished enemies. Many petitions had been brought to the Parliament from thousands of the well-affected of the city of London and Westminster, and borough of Southwark, and from several counties in England, and from the several regiments of the army, whereof Colonel Ingolsby's was one of the first, all urging them to perform their covenant, and bring delinquents, without partiality, to justice and condign punishment, and to make inquiry for the guilt of the blood that had been shed in the land in both wars, and to execute justice; lest the not improving the mercies of God should bring judgments in their room.

“ Then also a declaration to the same purpose was presented to

* The Editor observes here, “ that Mrs. Hutchinson does Ireton that justice which Whitelock refuses him, who seems to consider him in the light of an *instigator*; but this is clearly decided by Ludlow, who declares that he himself, being sensible that the Presbyterian party were determined to sacrifice the common cause to the pleasure of triumphing over the Independents and the army, by agreeing with the King, or by any means, went down to apprise Fairfax and Ireton, then at the siege of Colchester, of this design, and to court the interposition of the army. Fairfax readily agreed, but Ireton demurred interfering till the King and Presbyterians should have actually agreed, and the body of the nation been convinced of the iniquity of their coalition.”

the House from the lord-general Fairfax and his council of officers, and strange it is how men could afterwards pretend such reluctance and abhorrence of those things that were done, should forget they were the effective answer of their petitions.

“After the purgation of the House, upon a new debate of the treaty at the Isle of Wight, it was concluded dangerous to the realm, and destructive to the better interest, and the trial of the King was determined.” *Mem. of Col. Hutchinson, p. 296, et seq.*

V. 1161. *Rail'd at their covenant.*] Walker, in his History of Independency, says, “The Independents called the covenant an almanac out of date.”

V. 1187-8. ————— *he spurrd his palfry,*

To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free.] An anonymous commentator on our poet, says, “The Knight's conduct on this occasion may be called in question; for the reason upon which he founds it does not seem to be justifiable or conformable to the practice and benevolence of knights-errant. Does ever Don Quixote determine to leave Sancho in the lurch, or exposed to danger, though as often thwarted by him as Don Hudibras by Ralpho? Had the Knight made Sidrophel's imagined death the sole motive of his escape, he had been very much in the right to be expeditious: but as he makes that his least concern, and seems to be anxious to involve his trusty Squire in ruin, out of a mean spirit of revenge, this action cannot but appear detestable in the eye of every reader: nothing can be said in favor of the Knight, but that he fancied he might justly retort upon Ralpho (in practice) that doctrine which he had so elaborately inculcated in theory, *That an innocent person might in justice be brought to suffer for the guilty.*”

“By what has been said, let it not be inferred, that the poet's judgment is impeached? No; he has hereby maintained an exact uniformity in the character of his hero, and made him speak and act correspondent to his principles.”

AN
HEROICAL
E P I S T L E
OF
HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' 't is in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the moon's at full ;
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;
For where your case can be no worse ;
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is 't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

130 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF

Should yet be deaf against a noise 15
So roaring as the public voice ?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart, 20
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green hastings with an engine ;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound,)
And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself, there's no such matter,
But that 't is vanish'd out of nature ;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears : 30
For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance, and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture :
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever 's us'd, grow worse and worse ?

Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fowls cattle, do you good? 40
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel curs;
 Put you into a way, at least
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues 45
 Of trying sound for rotten eggs?
 Your several new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 50
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in the rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon the duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60
 In you, had virtue to renew.
 Not only youth, but childhood too.

139 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF

Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face, 65
As others do with B's and A's ;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows :
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance ; 70
And, with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in 't ;
And yet have no art, true or false, 75
To help your own bad naturals ?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder ;
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
Hence 't is that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control, 85
As if you were the sole 'Sir Fool. ;

And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to :
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone : 90
 No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name
 In history so great a fame ;
 That now your talent 's so well known,
 For having all belief out-grown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account : 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas ! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise :
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil :
 Tho' he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110

134 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF, &c.

And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim :
Tho' you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place 115
To your impenetrable face ;
That makes your way thro' all affairs,
As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs ;
Yet as 't is counterfeit and brass,
You must not think 't will always pass ; 120
For all impostors, when they 're known,
Are past their labour and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
As once they 're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble wit, 130

NOTES
ON THE
HEROICAL EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

THIS Epistle was published ten years after the third Canto of this second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and it is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Butler's, published, 1706, by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which occasioned this Epistle; and by some he has been taken, though without sufficient reason, for the real Sidrophel of this poem.

V. 12. ——— or extent of leather.] Dr. Grey says, "His ears did not extend so far as that witty knave's who bargained with a seller of lace in London, for so much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. Or the ears of Mr. Oldham's ugly Parson, of which he observes, that they resemble a country justice's black jack: he's as well hung as any hound in the country: his single self might have shown with Smec, and all the club of divines: you may pare enough from the sides of his head to have furnished a whole regiment of round heads: he wears more there than all the pillories in England have ever done. Mandeville tells us of a people some where, that used their ears for cushions; he has reduced the legend to a probability. A servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that, going to bed, he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted night-caps."

V. 35. *Nor bray'd so often in a mortar.*] “Bray a fool in a mortar,” &c. is one of Solomon’s proverbs. Anaxarchus was brayed to death in a mortar. He was a philosopher of Abdera, one of the followers of Democritus, and the friend of Alexander. When the monarch had been wounded in a battle, the philosopher pointed to the place, adding, “that is human blood, and not the blood of a God.” The freedom of Anaxarchus offended Nicocreon, tyrant of Cyprus, and, after Alexander’s death, he in revenge seized the philosopher, and pounded him in a stone-mortar, with iron-hammers. He bore this with much resignation, and exclaimed, “Pound the body of Anaxarchus, for thou dost not pound his soul.” Upon this Nicocreon threatened to cut his tongue, and Anaxarchus bit it off with his teeth, and spit it out into the tyrant’s face.—“Braying in a mortar,” says Dr. Grey, “is a punishment, I believe, nowhere practised but in Turkey, and there but in one instance: when the Mufti (or chief priest) is convicted of treason, he is put in a mortar in the Seven Towers, and there pounded to death.”

V. 41-2. *Nor putting pigs t’ a bitch to nurse*

To turn them into mongrel curs.] A remarkable instance of this kind is made mention of in the Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis, of a hunting sow that had sucked a bitch. “A remarkable thing,” says he, “happened within our knowledge, of a sow that sucked the milk of a bitch, and from that nutriment came to have such a keen scent, that she would follow game in the wood with as much precision and eagerness as the best-trained dogs.”

V. 59-60. *As if the art you have so long*

Profess’d, of making old dogs young.] A sneer upon some papers in the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, where the transfusion of blood from one animal to another is treated of. An experiment of this kind is related in the following words, in Lowthorp’s Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions, vol. iii. p. 230, “May 20, 1668, at S. Griffo’s, at Udine, the blood of a lamb was transfused into the veins of a spaniel of a middle size, thirteen years old, who had been altogether deaf for three years, so that what noise soever was made, he gave not any sign of hearing it. He walked very little, and was so feeble, that being unable to lift up his feet, all he did was to trail his body forward. After the transfusion practised upon him, he remained

for an hour upon the table, where he was yet untied ; but afterwards leaping down, he went to find his masters that were in other chambers. Two days after he went abroad, and ran up and down the streets with other dogs, without trailing his feet as he did before. His stomach also returned to him, and he began to eat more and more greedily than before. But that which is more surprising, is, that from that time he gave signs that he began to hear, returning sometimes at the voice of his masters. The 13th of June he was almost cured of his deafness, and he appeared without comparison more jocund than he was before the operation. At length, the 20th of the said month, he had wholly recovered his hearing : yet thus, that when he was called he turned back, as if he that had called him had been very far off. But that happened not always ; in the mean time he heard always when he was called."—In the same work, p. 231, is the following account of an experiment of the same kind practised upon a human subject. "The experiment of transfusing blood into a human vein was performed upon Mr. Arthur Coga, Nov. 23, 1667, after this manner. Having prepared the *carotid artery* in a young sheep, we made an incision in the *vein* ; and having opened the *vein* in the man's arm with as much ease as in the common way of *venæ section*, we let thence run out six or seven ounces of blood. Then we planted ~~our~~ silver pipes into the said incision, and inserted quills between the two pipes already advanced in the two subjects, to convey the *arterial blood* from the sheep into the *vein* of the man. The blood ran freely into the man's *vein* for the space of two minutes at least ; so that we could feel a *pulse* in the said *vein* just beyond the end of the silver pipe. The patient said he did not feel the *blood hot*, (as was reported of the subject in the French experiment,) which may very well be imputed to the length of the pipes through which the blood passed, loosing thereby so much of the heat as to come in a temper very agreeable to *venal* blood. That the blood did run all the time of those two minutes, we conclude from thence. *First*, Because we felt a *pulse* during that time. *Secondly*, Because when upon the man's saying he thought he had enough, we drew the pipe out of the *vein*, the sheep's *blood* ran through it with a full stream ; which it had not done, if there had been any stop before, in the space of those two minutes ; the blood being apt to coagulate in the pipes upon the least stop, especially the pipes being as

long as three quills. From the quantity of blood which run through the pipe into a porringer, we judge that about nine or ten ounces was received into the man's veins. The man after the operation, as well as in it, found himself very well." Another author (*Considerations concerning Transfusion of Blood, ibid. p. 227*) says, "It seems not irrational to guess beforehand, that the exchange of blood will not alter the nature or disposition of the animals upon which it shall be practised; though it may be thought worth while, for satisfaction and certainty, to determine that point by experiment. The case of exchanging the blood of animals seems not like that of *grafting*, where the cion turns the sap of the stock grafted upon into its own nature, the fibres of the cions so straining the juice which passes from the stem to it, as thereby to change it into that of the cions, whereas in this transfusion there seems to be no such percolation of the blood of animals, whereby that of the one should be changed into the nature of the other. The most probable use of this experiment may be conjectured to be, that one animal may live with the blood of another; and, consequently, that those animals that want blood, or have corrupt blood, may be supplied from others with a sufficient quantity, and of such as is good: provided the transfusion be often repeated, by reason of the quick expense that is made of the blood."

When Mirabeau, the celebrated French patriot and orator, lay at the point of death, a youth presented himself at the bar of the National Convention, and offered to permit his blood to be transfused into the veins of the dying patriot; but Mirabeau and the Convention had no faith in the experiment, and therefore the offer was not accepted.

V. 86. *As if you were the sole Sir Pol.]* Sir Politic Would-be, a character in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, or the Fox, a ridiculous pretender to politics.

Mosca. " ——— Sir, this Knight

Hath not his name for nothing, he is politic,

And knows, howe'er his wife affects strange airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest."

V. 91-2. *No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name,*

In history, so great a fame.] "These two lines, (says Dr. Grey) I think plainly discover that Lilly (and not Sir Paul Neal) was here lashed under the name of Sidrophel: for Lilly's

fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: 'I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued; I assure you his name is famous all over Europe: I came to do him justice.' Lilly's Life, p. 71. Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the king of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50*l.* for making honorable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacs; which, he says, was translated into the language spoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the streets as in London."

V. 96. ——— *German scale.*] That is, on a large scale. A German mile is equal to about four English miles.

V. 124. *An artificial natural.*] Some men, otherwise of good natural dispositions, were made fools or madmen by the enthusiasm and fanaticism of the times: others feigned themselves furious zealots, to avoid falling under the suspicious of malignancy.

PART THIRD.

CANTO FIRST.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her,
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made ;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r,
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that hath two strings to 's bow,
And burns for love and money too ;
For then he's brave and resolute, 5
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble ;

While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way and true, 10
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions:
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won, 15
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing;
When only by themselves they're hind'red;
For trusting those they made her kindred; 20
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder,
For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride;
Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross, ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use;

Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover: 40
As he was always wont to do
When he had discomfited a foe;
And us'd the only antique philtres,
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.

But now triumphant and victorious, 45
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle;
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice; 50
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have pass'd bare handed;
And if they cannot read one verse 55
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.

He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprise for him, to the jail, 60
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall;
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
And conquest o'er the fierce Magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight; 70
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare,
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back 75
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart, 80

Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant-knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;
And cut whole giants into fritters, **85**
And put them into am'rous twitters ;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd ;
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more, **90**
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies ;
And he acquires the noblest spouse **95**
That widows greatest herds of cows ;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late order to obey : **100**
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning man, for plunder
Committed safely on his lumber ;

When he who had so lately sack'd 105
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs,
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd: 110
And when they should get a gaol-deliv'ry,
Unriddle one another's thiev'ry,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
And venture to be accessory ;
But rather wisely slipt his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore much about the hour 125
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of justice, and an unpack'd jury ;

CANTO I. HUDIBRAS. 147

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out :
His firm and stedfast resolution, 135
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt as if they meant
Their party saints to represent, 140
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.

But ere the Knight could do his part, 145
The Squire had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his errand
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report
The Knight alighted in the court ; 150
And having tied the beast t' a pale,
And taken time for both to stale,

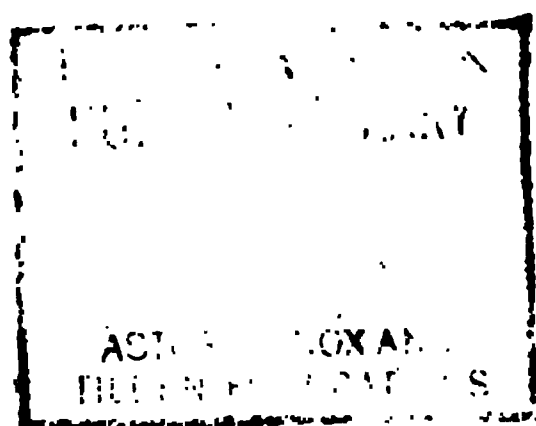
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her :
And now began t' approach the door, 155
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd the informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight :
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees, 160
And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:
 Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tie :
And now am come, to bring your ear 165
A present you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so. The thing 's done,
Or may I never see the sun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand ; 170
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ake.
But she, who well enough knew what 175
(Before he spoke) he would be at,



HUDIBRAS.

Part 3. Cant. I. Line 160.

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Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd ;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions, less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love.
Which (like your votary) to win
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin ;
And for those meritorious lashes, 185
To claim your favor and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted scone ;
And that you promis'd for that favor,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour, 190
And for my sake and service vow'd
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear, t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love ;
Which whether you have done or no, 195
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess,
You're honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath: 200

And if you make a question on 't;
I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't;
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure 205
Against distresses and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In t' other world's illegal here. 210
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't.
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either, 215
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all,
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,

CANTO I. HUDIBRAS.**151**

That all that we determine here **225**
Commands obedience ev'ry where ;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed ;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn, and mortgage past : **230**
For oaths are only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, of true and false ;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear? **235**
There's no believing till I hear :
For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true or false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you command t' other day, **240**
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont,) for your fair eyes ;
To avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do 't upon the place.
But as the castle is enchanted **245**
By Sidrophel the witch, that haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two :

Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray, 250
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with the infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;
But spar'd thy renegado back,
When th' hadst so great a prize at stake : 260
Which now the Fates hath order'd me
For pennance and revenge to flay,
Unless thou presently make haste,
Time is, time was. And there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' startled, I confess, 265
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption and prevention :
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load ; 270
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honor good :

Till tir'd and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 975
As if th' 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing :
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
I found th' infernal cunning-man
And th' under witch, his Caliban
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch my weapon up, 285
And gave the hellish rage a stop ;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel :
Who, now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run ;
Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose.
Div'd under water in a pond, 295
To hide himself from being found.

In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
His under sorc'rer t' engage ; 300
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on ; 305
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O ! hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a sufferer.
'Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse caprich : 310
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities to improve
'Désigns of thievery or love ;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat : 315
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass ;
And make it for enchantment pass ;
'With cow-itch meazle like a leper ;
And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper ; 320

Make letchers and their punks with dewtry

Commit fantastical advowtry :

Bewitch hermetic men to run

Stark staring mad with manicon ;

Believe mechanic virtuosi 335

Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;

And sillier than the antic fools,

Take treasure for a heap of coals ;

Seek out for plants with signatures,

To quack of universal cures ; 330

With figures' ground on panes of glass,

Make people on their heads to pass :

And mighty heaps of coin increase,

Reflected from a single piece :

To draw in fools whose nat'ral itches 335

Incline perpetually to witches ;

And keep me in continual fears,

And danger of my neck and ears :

When less delinquents have been scourg'd

And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340

Which others for cravats have worn

About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment

The wretched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones 345

Too great an honor for poltroons ;

For Knights are bound to feel no blows

From paltry and unequal foes,

Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,

Do all with civilest addresses : 350

Their horses never give a blow,

But when they make a leg and bow,

I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him

About the witch with many a question.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355

A kind of broken trade in love ;

Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust

Of feeble speculative lust ;

Procurer to th' extravagancy

And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360

By those the devil had forsook,

As things below him to provoke,

But b'ing a virtuoso, able

To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

He held his talent most adroit 365

For any mystical exploit ;

As others of his tribe had done,

And rais'd their prices three to one.

For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get ;
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are used the ruggedest :
Before so meriting a person 375
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd, 380
Becomes a puny imp itself,
And is another witch's elf. 385
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand, 390
And, after hanging, entertain'd. 395
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats :
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes ; 390
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards cou'd their switches,

And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts, 400
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy provender.
Beside——But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady stopt his full career, 405
And told him now 'twas time to hear.

If all those things, said she, be true——
They're all, quoth he, I swear by you.
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell; 410
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post.
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most;
Who told me all you swear and say, 415
Quite contrary another way;

Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride ;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425
And drew upon him like a ruffian,
Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,
Before he had time to mount his guard :
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desp'rate wound : 430
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique touse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out, where he had, 435
And what he bought them for, and paid ;
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade ; 440

Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had gotten sufficient warrant 445
To seize the malefactor's errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart or horse's tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches, 450
Which, modern virtuosos say,
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover 455
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout, 460
He vow'd he had intelligence H
Of all that pass'd before and since ;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,

About a case of tender conscience;
 Where both abounded in your own sense;
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
 Had cleared all scruples in the case;
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the wicked done.
 For which, most basely to requite
 The service of his gift and light,
 You strove t^o oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd:
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet!

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,
 (As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon 't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do:
 Held up his affidavit-hand,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495
These relics of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,
(I thank you,) for yourself and me ;
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits. 500
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the dev'l,
And heav'n and hell, yourselves and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then, quoth he, may hell surprize— 505
That trick, said she, will not pass twice :
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing,
For if you have perform'd the feat, 510
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action.

And if you can produce those knobs, 515
Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had done 't ;
Provided that they pass the opinion
Of able juries of old women ; 520
Who, us'd to judge of matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love 's a million ;
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power 525
T' obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air ; 530
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles :
For still the longer we contend, 535
We are but farther off the end.

But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word
You pass'd in heav'n on record, 540
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clap'd up in heav'n;
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease. 550
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve,
Love that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its nature tied:
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555
It breaks loose where it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains againsts its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away. 560

And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gladiators, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade,
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low:
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse.

For when upon their ungot heirs 585
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven ?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born ? 590
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they 're begot :
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
And gen'ral club of all the nation :
For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the island with four seas ;
Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
In ready insolence and pow'r ; 600
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;
While all he does upon the by, 605
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at the proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.

Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent ; 610
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled :
A law that most unjustly yokes 615
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality ;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration, 620
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse :
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces ; 626
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free ;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring : 630
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply ;

So men are by themselves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose 635
They'd break 'em after to get loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the fate themselves by art;
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains of the dead; 640
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat,
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one;
So love does, and has ever done, 650
And therefore, though 't is ne'er so foud,
Takes strangely to the vagabond,
'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much 655
As iron in Greenland does the touch

Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover. 660
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery;
 And off the loud cat's go, but while 663
 They're in the very act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance:
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again, till th' have made o'ers; 670
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And ere they venture on a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675
 To undertake the heaviest goose.
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse: 680

A mode that is held honorable,
As well as French, and fashionable;
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite, 685
To make up one hermaphrodite:
Still amorous, and fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
Th' have more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
More petulant extravagancies,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques:
Which the ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow mantuas of the bride: 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and crincum of the mind,
The nat'ral effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:

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But all the mischief is, the doubt **705**
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chinesees go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies' stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; **710**
Our green men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour with a clap ;
Both lay the child to one another:
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, **715**
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they're sound **720**
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 'tis vain to think to guess **725**
A woman by appearances ;
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions ;

And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces ; 730
Wear, under vizor-masks, their talents
And mother wits, before their gallants ;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :
When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
Are made unready, with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentiesses :
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The government from th' easy owner : 740
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful rights, and turn her slave,
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
The conjugal petard, that tears 745
Down all portcullises of ears,
And makes the voyage of the tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong ;
When only arm'd with poise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
Transform'd 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens with their charming notes ;

Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th² husband mandrake and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, over-heated brains;
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink,
 Do rather weedle with, than think. 760
 Man was not man in Paradise,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from th² original, his side, 765
 T' amend his natural defects,
 And perfect his recruited sex;
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact,
 In shape and symmetry exact,
 Of which the left and female side 775
 Is to the manly right a bride.

Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half-faces,
That in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join.
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd ;
But those that serve the body alone, 795
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And close at th' equinoctial sit ;
And so are all the works of nature
Stamp'd with her signature on matter : 800

Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces ;
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the civil life
But pawns of children, and a wife ?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns ;
Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously wou'd have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.

805**810****815****820**

Though men would find such mortal feuds 825
In sharing of their public goods.
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives:
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths; 830
For simple wearing of their horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' the earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth;
What honors, or estates of peers
Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs; 840
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banes?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate 845
Their weightiest interest of state;
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.

Or what but marriage has a charm
 The rage of empires to disarm? 840
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage?
 Nor does the genial bed provide 845
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T' as much as due benevolence;
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honor, 850
 Than ladies-errant, unconfin'd,
 And feme-coverts to all mankind.
 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 855
 The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth: 860
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield;

But rather than not go before,

Abandon heaven at the door.

And if th' indulgent law allows 875

A greater freedom to the spouse ;

The reason is, because the wife

Runs greater hazards of her life ;

Is trusted with the form and matter

Of all mankind, by careful Nature. 880

Where man brings nothing but the stuff

She frames the wondrous fabric of :

Who, therefore, in a strait, may freely

Demand the clergy of her belly :

And make it save her the same way. 885

It seldom misses to betray ;

Unless both parties wisely enter

Into the liturgy indenture.

And though some fits of small contest

Sometimes fall out among the best ; 890

That is no more than every lover

Does from his hackney-lady suffer :

That makes no breach of faith and love,

But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.

For as, in running, ev'ry space 895

Is but between two legs a race.

In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post :
Yet when they're at the race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease ;
So all these false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove 905
To be but new recruits of love :
When those wh' are always kind or coy, w
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more,
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour : 910
Like music that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen, 915
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.
Then why should more bewitching clamour,
Some lovers not as much enamour ;
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers : 920

Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.

For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual ;

An act and deed, that makes one heart 925

Become another's counterpart,

And passes fines on faith and love,

Inroll'd and register'd above,

To seal the slippery knots of vowa,

Which nothing else but death can loose, 930

And what security's too strong,

To guard that gentle heart from wrong,

That to his friend is glad to pass

Itself away, and all it has ;

And, like an anchorite, gives over 935

This world, for th' heaven of a lover ?

I grant, quoth she, there are some few

Who take that course, and find it true ;

But millions whom the same does sentence

To Heaven b' another way, repentance. 940

Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,

Though all they hit they turn to lovers :

And all the weighty consequents

Depend upon more blind events,

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Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at picquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves?
 And if they use their persons so, 955
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes, the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstacies and flames;
 For when the money's on the book,
 And, *all my worldly goods*—but spoke 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession,
 That all alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam, that's superseded.
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths for us they vow'd.
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 W' have nothing left we can call ours

Our money's now become the miss
Of all your lives and services ; 970
And we forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd ;
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975
(As we have been) for new amours,
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships get ?
When the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners. 980
Pay for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines ;
And does but tempt them with her riches
To use them as the devil does witches ;
Who takes it for a special grace, 985
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals ;
So she bewitch'd by rooks, and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ; 990
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ;

Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.

These are the everlasting fruits 995

Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,

To portions and inheritances ;

Your love-sick rapture for fruition

Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000

To which you make address in courtship,

And with your bodies strive to worship,

That th' infant's fortunes may partake

Of love too for the mother's sake.

For these you play at purposes, 1005

And love your loves with A's and B's ;

For these at beste and l'ombre woo,

And play for love and money too ;

Strive who shall be the ablest man

At right gallanting of a fan : 1010

And who the most genteely bred

At sucking of a visor head ;

How best t' accost us in all quarters,

T' our question-and-command new garters ;

And solidly discourse upon 1015

All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*.

For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made :
And when you have more debts to pay,
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
And no way possible to do 't
But love, and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours :
Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and skins,
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid, 1030
Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
How debts and mortgages enchant !
What graces must that lady have,
That can from execution save !
What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
And null decree and exigent !
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *scire facias* ?
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge ! 1040

These are the highest excellencies
Of all your true or false pretences.
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess-dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by retail **1043**
Of pots of beer and bottled ale ;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wond'rous apt to burn ;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire, **1050**
And, like a candle in a socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'was grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder, **1055**
The blows grew louder still and louder :
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright, **1060**
To be the wizard, come to search
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.

For men will tremble and turn paler, 1065

With too much or too little valour.

His heart laid on, as if it try'd

To force a passage through his side ;

Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,

But in a fury to fly at 'em : 1070

And therefore beat, and laid about,

To find a cranny to creep out.

But she, who saw in what a taking

The Knight was by his furious quaking,

Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075

Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right

Of hospitality t' a stranger,

But, to secure you out of danger,

Will here myself stand centinel,

To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel. 1080

Women, you know, do seldom fail

To make the stoutest men turn tail ;

And bravely scorn to turn their backs

Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute 1085

As Ironside, or Hardic'nute,

His fortitude began to rally,

And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.

But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way, 1096
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door ;
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile, they knock'd against the door, 1098
As fierce as at the gate before ;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till the enemy had forc'd his way, 1100
But rather post himself to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd, execute :
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;
And all he encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone ;
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face :

This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricad'ed;
Ensconc'd himself as formidable 1115
As could be underneath a table ;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout ;
With which impatiently alarm'd
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd ;
And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses,
To bring him in intelligences ;
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy :
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while, the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ;

And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
And in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
But vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by the ears ;
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter : 1150
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears and nose, 1155
Or laying on of heavy blows ;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy ale 1160

Clapt in a trice a cloven hoof,

And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal thou art betray'd to us

B' our friend, thy evil genius,

Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165

Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,

The brethren's privilege (against

The wicked) on themselves, the saints,

Has here thy wretched carcase sent,

For just revenge and punishment; 1170

Which thou hast now no way to lessen,

But by an open free confession:

For if we catch thee failing once,

Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray 1175

And filch the lady's heart away?

To spirit her to matrimony?

That which contracts all matches, money.

It was the enchantment of her riches,

That made m' apply t' your croney witches; 1180

That in return wou'd pay th' expense,

The wear-and-tear of conscience;

Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd

For the hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her, then? speak true—
No more, quoth he, than I love you. 1186

How would'st have us'd her and her money?—

First turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out 1195
T' employ your sorceries about?

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won 1205

But when they are impos'd upon:
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge these shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers ;
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 't is natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few ;
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in ;
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd :
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't :
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble, 1230
But by the laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out :

Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near :
 For no sin else among the saints
 Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?
 That which makes others break a house,
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before
 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all your doating politics,
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your new reformation :
 That we must come to school to you,
 To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
 If y' were but a meeting-house.

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
 Because we have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wond'rous things they will engage in;
 That as your fellow-fiends in hell
 Were angels all before they fell.

So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260

And therefore do desire to know

Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us ?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265
And murder, godliness ?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience ?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than the epidemical'st plague sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others ?—To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience ?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
A good old cause ?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again ?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?
B'ing out of pow'r and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?— 1285
A dean, and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time; 1290
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked do cry out against?

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin:

And therefore no true saint allows 1295
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;

As virtue 's impious when 't is rooted
In nature only, and not imputed; 1300
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305
Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
And Christian purity reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews.

For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones ;
Nick Michiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Tho' he gives name to our old Nick,)
But was below the least of these, 1315
That pass'd i' th' world for holiness.

Thus said, the furies and the light
I' th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west. 1325
To go to bed, and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,

Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor. 1330
And tho' he shut his eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark 1335
If he could hear too in the dark ;
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words : Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch ; 1340
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood of the blade ?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur.
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat :
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind, 1350
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit 1355
Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night.
And one of those h' had seen and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt, 1360
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on :

This 't is t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory,

(Thought he, this devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies.) 1370
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse :
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
And hot disputes with conjurers ;

And when th' had'st bravely won the day,
Was fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done,)
And now by vent'ring to betray,
Had met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know 1385
What 't was that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints. 1390
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand;
And now would pass for spirit Po, 1395
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art? 1400

A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I 'm sure th' art in the right ;
And know what 't is that troubles thee, 1405
Better than thou hast guess'd of me :
Thou art some paltry black-guard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night :
Thou hast no work to do i' th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes ; 1410
Without the raising of which sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good pug Robin, 1415
And your diversion, dull dry-bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash them clean in ditches for 't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud. 1420
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the Voice, y' are no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of you

If you design to weigh our talents 1425
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts as well as we do you:
 We who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
 And never left you in contest,
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew;
 For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a token
 To your low country, Hogen-mogen, 1440
 To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope:
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true, 1445
 What th' ill-affected say of you.
 Y' have spous'd the covenant and cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant; 1450
But that no more concerns the cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws ;
Which, when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for't.
And that's the reason cov'nanters 1455
Hold up their hands like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sect's, 1460
Those spider-saints that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you:
Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
Or both the other put together;
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to.
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down, 1470
But must have armies rais'd to back
The gospel-work you undertake;

As if artillery and edge tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls.
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r **1475**
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is tied up only to design,
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : **1480**
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done, **1485**
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;
And therefore where he's best possest,
Acts most against his interest; **1490**
Surprises none but those wh' have priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition,
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, **1495**
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;

The tools of working-out salvation

By mere mechanic operation

With holy water like a sluice,

To overflow all avenues.

1500

But those wh' are utterly unarm'd,

T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprise,

Although his falsest enemies ;

But is content to be their drudge,

1505

And on their errands glad to trudge ;

For where are all your forfeitures

Intrusted in false hands, but ours ?

Who are but jailors of the holes

And dungeons, where you clap up souls : 1510

Like under-keepers, turn the keys

T' your mittimus anathemas,

And never boggle to restore

The members you deliver o'er

Upon demand, with fairer justice

1515

Than all your covenanting trustees ;

Unless to punish them for worse,

You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs ;

And pass their souls, as some demise

The same estate in mortgage twice ;

1520

When to a legal allegation

You turn your excommunication,

And for a groat unpaid that's due,

Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525

State prudence, to cajole the devil ;

And not to handle him too rough;

When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530

That as you trust us, in our way,

To raise your members, and to lay,

We send you others of our own,

Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,

Or frighted with our oratory, 1535

To lead down headlong many a story;

Have us'd all means to propagate

Your mighty interests of state,

Laid out our spiritual gifts to further

Your great designs of rage and murder. 1540

For if the saints are nam'd from blood,

We onl' have made that title good;

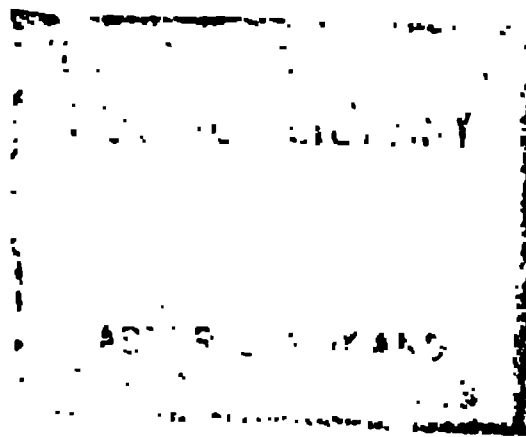
And if it were but in our pow'r

We should not scruple to do more,

And not be half a soul behind 1546
Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress; 1550
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;
And if I leave you here till day, 1555
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560
Unserviceable with kicks and blows
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
But Fear, that soonest cures these sores, 1565
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in to assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.





HUDIBRAS.

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CANTO I. HUDIBRAS.

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No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge ; **1570**
The spirit hors'd him like a sack,
Upon the vehicle, his back ;
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall ;
Where finding out the postern lock'd, **1575**
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass :
Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ; **1580**
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their fellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Tied to a pale instead of a rack, **1585**
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away ; **1590**
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge bolt upright,

And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd ;
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
On which he speedily leapt up ;
And turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure a neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
To hold forth their declining state, 1605
Which now comes near an even rate.

NOTES

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART III. CANTO I.

WE now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second; and yet the severest critic cannot say, that Butler grows insipid in his invention, or falters in his judgment. He still continues to shine in both those excellencies; and, to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportioned to his wit and satire. The reader cannot be weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the poem; and the reason is evident, because the last part is as pregnant with wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffused through the whole poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

V. 15-6. *And more untoward to be won,*

Than by Caligula the moon.] Caligula, son of Germanicus and Agrippina, was one of the Emperors of Rome. During the first three months of his reign, Rome expected universal prosperity, the exiles were recalled, taxes were remitted, and profligates dismissed. But Caligula soon displayed his true character, and became wanton, proud, and cruel. He built a temple to himself, and ordered his head to be placed on the images of the gods, while he wished to imitate the thunders and powers of Jupiter; and often boasted of being the favored lover of the moon. The statues of all great men were removed, as if Rome would sooner forget her virtues in their absence; and the emperor appeared in public places in the most indecent manner,

encouraging all manner of debauchery. He committed incest with his three sisters, and established public places of prostitution. He often amused himself with putting innocent people to death; he attempted to famish Rome by a monopoly of corn; and as he was pleased with the greatest disasters which befel his subjects, he often wished the Romans had but one head, that he might have the gratification to strike it off. Wild beasts were constantly fed in his palace with human victims; and, as if to insult the feelings and dignity of fallen Rome, a favorite horse was made high-priest and consul, and kept in marble apartments, and adorned with the most valuable trappings and pearls the empire could furnish. Caligula built a bridge upwards of three miles in the sea; and would, perhaps, have shown himself more tyrannical, had not Chereas, one of his servants, formed a conspiracy against his life, with others equally tired with the cruelties and insults that were offered with impunity to the person and character of the Romans. In consequence of this, the tyrant was murdered January 24, A.D. 41, in the 29th year of his age, after a reign of three years and ten months.

V. 20. *For trusting those they made her kindred.*] Warburton observes here, "The meaning of this fine passage is, that when men have flattered their mistresses so extravagantly as to make them goddesses, they are not to be surprised if their mistresses treat them with all that distance and severity which beings of a superior order think their right towards inferior creatures, nor have they reason to complain of what is but the effect of their own indiscretion."

V. 41-2. *As he was always wont to do,*

When h' had discomfited a foe.] The Knight had been seized with a love fit immediately after his imaginary victory at the bear baiting (Part I. Canto III. V. 372); and the conquest he had gained over Sidrophel, in his late desperate encounter, has now the same effect upon him. This humour will appear very natural and polite, if the opinion he had of women be right, which he declares in a vain-glorious soliloquy, for which we refer the reader to Part I. Canto III. V. 381.

As a consequent of this principle, the Knight, whenever he obtained a victory, (or fancied so, which to him and Don Quixote

was as good,) he wildly thought himself possessed of all those endowments, and from thence strongly imagined his amours would be irresistible. It is true he gained but a few victories; and therefore it is no wonder his heart was elated with hopes of gaining the widow, and his imagination raised to an enthusiastic claim of glory, when he was favored by fortune. Thus upon his first victory he was cock-a-whoop, and thought

— h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth.

V. 43-4. *And us'd the only antique philters.*

Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.] Philters were love potions, reported to be much in request in former ages; but our true Knight-errant made use of no other but what his noble achievements by his sword produced.

V. 51-2. *Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause*

To th' ordeal trial of the laws.] Ordeal was a mode of trial, or of discovering innocence or guilt, formerly practised over almost all Europe, and which prevailed in England from the time of Edward the Confessor, till it was abolished by declaration of Henry III. It was called *purgatio vulgaris*, or *judicium*, in opposition to *bellum*, or combat, the other form of purgation; and was of various kinds, as that of fire, that of red-hot iron, that of water, that of judicial pottage, that of hallowed cheese, that of the green cross, and that of dice laid on relics covered with a woollen cloth. To each of which kinds particular masses were appointed.

V. 55-6. *And if they cannot read one verse*

I' th' Psalms, must sing, and that's worse.] By this is meant the benefit of the clergy, which is a thing often mentioned, and as little understood; for which reason it may not be improper here to explain the meaning and rise of it. In old times few persons were bred to learning, or could read, but those who were actually in orders, or educated for that purpose: so that if such a person was arraigned before a temporal judge for any crime, (the punishment whereof was death,) he might pray his clergy, that was, to have a Latin bible in a black Gothic character delivered to him; and if he could read (not sing, as the poet says)

in a place where the judge appointed, which was generally in the Psalms, the ordinary thereupon certified, "*quod legit*," (he reads,) and the criminal was saved, as being a man of learning; and might probably, therefore, be useful to the public; otherwise he was sure to be hanged. This privilege was granted in all offences but high-treason and sacrilege. This privilege continued till after the year 1350; and was so great, that if a criminal was condemned at one assize because he could not read, and was reprieved to the subsequent assize, he might again demand this benefit, either then, or even under the gallows; and if he could then read, he was of course to be pardoned; of which there is an instance in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was at first extended, not only to the clergy, but to any other person who could read, who must, however, declare that he vowed or was resolved to enter into orders: but as learning increased, this benefit of the clergy was restrained by several acts of Parliament, and now is wholly taken away, the benefit being allowed in all clergyable offences. "In Hubibras' days," Dr. Grey says, "they used to sing a psalm at the gallows; and therefore he that, by not being able to read a verse in the Psalms, was condemned to be hanged, must sing, or at least hear a verse sung, under the gallows, before he was turned off." Cotton, in his *Virgil Travestie*, alludes to this in the following lines:

"Ready, when Dido gave the word,
To be advanc'd into the halter,
Without the benefit on 's psalter,
'Then 'cause she would, to part the sweeter,
A portion have of Hopkins' metre,
As people use at execution,
For the decorum of conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says."

"It is reported," says Dr. Grey further, "of one of the chaplains of the famous Montrose, that, being condemned in Scotland to die for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits, and being upon the ladder, and ordered to set out a psalm, he, expecting a reprieve, named the 119th Psalm, with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scotch Presbyterians being great psalm singers; and it was well for him he did so, for they

had sung it half through before the reprieve came; any other psalm would have hanged him."

V. 85-6. *And cut whole giants into fritters,*

To put them into am'rous twitters.] In his note upon this passage, Dr. Grey says, "In what high esteem with their mistresses, upon this principle, must the Knight of the Burning Sword have been, as described by Don Quixote, who with a single back stroke cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants; or Don Felixmarte of Hircania, who, with one single back stroke, cut five swinging giants off by the middle, like so many beanstalks; or Uffo, whose monumental inscription we meet with in the following words: 'I, Uffo, fighting for my country, with my own hand killed thirty-two giants, and at last, being killed by the giant Rolvo, my body lies here:' or Hycophrix, (commonly called Hycotrif, who, with an axle-tree for a sword, and a cart-wheel for a buckler, is said to have killed two giants, and to have done great service for the common people in the fenny part of England."

V. 89-90. *That when their bones were drubb'd so sore,*

They durst not woo one combat more.] Our author, in this part of the Canto, appears to have had the adventures of Don Quixote particularly in his eye. The Knight of the Rueful Countenance observes, upon one occasion, "That a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."

V. 93. *So Spanish heroes with their lances.]* A female traveller in Spain says, "The young Spaniards signalized their valor before the Spanish ladies at bull-feasts, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking a wild bull kept on purpose, and let loose at the combatants: and he that kills it carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the lady's favor."

V. 115-6. *He thought it desperate to tarry,*

And venture to be accessory.] By the statute law of the realm, an accessory is a person who is any wise aiding in the commission of some felonious action. He who counsels, abets, or conceals the committing of such an action, or the person who has committed it, is deemed an accessory.

V. 129-30. *The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,*

And serve him in the self same trim.] An anonymous

commentator on our author makes the following observations on this passage. "I fear," says he, "the poet has rendered himself obnoxious to censure in this place, where he has made the conduct of Ralph unnatural and improbable. For no sooner had the Knight learnt that Whachum was the thief, and Sidrophel the receiver of his cloak, &c. but he dispatches Ralpho for a constable, which was a prudent and a lawful action; and we are told that the Squire immediately obeyed him. But why he should in the way apprehend any danger, or decline performing so dutiful and necessary a piece of service, is strange and unaccountable. The encounter between the Knight and Sidrophel happened after Ralpho's departure; so that if the Knight's proceedings were illegal, he could not fear any thing from thence, because he was not only innocent, but ignorant of them; and as for Sidrophel and his Zany, he was certain they were notorious offenders, from Sidrophel's own confession. Besides, he was sensible that he had left the Knight in a critical situation, guarding his two prisoners, who, he might be sure, would leave no means untried to annoy their enemy, and make their escape. It thence became Ralpho to be dutiful and expeditious in relieving his master out of such imminent danger; his conduct to the contrary is therefore unnatural. What the poet says in the line before us can be no excuse for Ralpho; and, let me observe, they are inconsistently urged in his favor; because the Knight's private determination for the intended ruin of him must be entirely unknown to one that was absent, which was Ralpho's case. As it therefore does not appear that he had, or could probably have, any intelligence of the Knight's designs, what reason can be given to justify his deserting his master at this juncture, and revealing his intrigues to his mistress? It is true, indeed, it was necessary she should be informed of them, that the hypocrisy and odiousness of such a character might be openly detected by the lady; and with a good-natured reader, this necessity may palliate the marvellous method of supplying it; and perhaps it may be said, that Ralpho's services was voluntary and free, or that he was rather a companion than ser-

vant to Sir Hudibras: but this will not excuse him; for as soon as he had entered himself as a squire to a knight-errant, the laws of chivalry (which the poet should have adhered to) obliged him not to quit his arms nor his service, without the knowledge and approbation of his Knight, to whose behests he ought to have been obedient and trusty. And accordingly we find Sancho very often soliciting Don Quixote for his permission to return to La Mancha; and no one will say, that the rules of knighthood are not there exactly delineated. Nothing that I know of can be urged in defence of the poet, but that he has professedly drawn the character of his heroes odd and preposterous, and consequently that he might represent them so in their actions, to preserve a poetical uniformity in both; and in particular, he attributes to Ralpho, in this scene, that wonderful sagacity, foresight, foreknowledge, and revelation, which his sect arrogantly pretended to; so that, if we will dispense with these supernatural qualifications in Ralpho, they, and they only, will solve the present difficulties."

V. 137. *To pawn his inward ears to marry her.*] His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger; but by *inward ears* is here meant his conscience.

V. 140. *Their party saints to represent.*] This is to set forth the wicked tricks of all parties of those pretended saints, who were as ready to supplant and betray one another, as they were to supplant their professed enemies. Butler, in his *Remains*, says of them:—

“ These saints in masquerade would have us
 Sit quietly while they enslave us;
 And what is worse, by lies and cant,
 Would trick us to believe them saints;
 And though by fines and sequestration,
 They’ve pillag’d and destroy’d the nation,
 Yet still they bawl for reformation.”

V. 162. *He strok’d his beard, and thus he said*] The Knight is very nice in regulating his dress, before he goes into the presence of his mistress; and, indeed, it behoved him to be so on this important occasion. It more particularly concerned him to accost her at this visit in a proper attitude, since at the last interview he

was placed in the most unbecoming situation. The poet will not let slip the Knight's action with his beard, probably, because to stroke the beard before a person spoke (as a preparative to win favor and attention) was the fashion near three thousand years ago. This we learn from Homer, in a passage in the tenth book of the Iliad, where Dolon is about to supplicate Diomed for mercy, who had threatened, and then stood ready to kill him.

“ Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishments to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two.”

Thus Patroclus is introduced by Shakespeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*, acting Nestor, at the instance of Achilles:—“ Now play me Nestor.—Hum! and stroke thy beard as he, being dressed to some oration.”

“ The conversation of this visit,” Dr. Grey remarks, “ is carried on in an extraordinary manner: a most notorious hypocrisy in the Knight, and artful dissimulation in the Widow, are beautifully represented.”

V. 209-10. *And to be summon'd to appear,*

In t' other world's illegal here.] And yet there are some such summonses on record. In Richer's Abridgment of the History of the Royal Genealogy of Spain, there is a remarkable account of Peter and John de Carvajal, who were condemned for murder, upon circumstantial evidence, and that very frivolous, to be thrown from the summit of a rock. Ferdinand IV. the then King of Spain, could by no means be prevailed upon to grant their pardon. As they were leading to execution, they invoked God to witness their innocence, and appealed to his tribunal, to which they summoned the king to appear in thirty days time. He laughed at the summons; nevertheless, some days after, he fell sick, and went to a place called Alcantet to divert himself, and recover his health, and shake off the remembrance of the summons if he could. Accordingly, the thirtieth day being come, he found himself much better, and after showing a great deal of mirth and cheerfulness on that occasion with his courtiers, and ridiculing the illusion, retired to his rest, but was found dead in his bed next morning. This happened in the year 1312.

V. 220. *They are but pris'ners on parole's.*] Prisoners on 'parole are persons who give their word of honor to comply with certain engagements. Anstis, in his Register of the Garter, gives the following account of the obligations such prisoners are under. "In the seventh of Henry V. (says he) Sir Simon de Felbrig was a witness of the promise made by Arthur of Bretagne, upon his release-ment, to return under the penalty of the reversal of his arms, which in that age was the mark of perpetual infamy. Now the clause commonly inserted in agreements made with prisoners upon their ransom was, that in case they did not perform the conditions, they consented to be accounted as felons, and infamous, and to have their arms reversed."

V. 252. *Loud as the Stentorphonic voice.*] Stentor, a famous crier in the Grecian army, who had a voice as loud as fifty men put together.

"Heaven's Empress mixes with the mortal crowd,
And shouts in Stentor's sounding voice aloud."—*Pope*.

"You storm and rage, and blasphemously loud,
As Stentor bellowing to the Grecian crowd."—*Dryden*.

Derham, in his Physico-Theology, makes mention of a Dutchman who could break rummer glasses with the strength of his voice.

V. 278. *And chaste contemplative bardashing.*] Flagellation, or a kind of Catholic discipline.

V. 280. — *and scout.*] A sneer, probably, upon Sir Samuel Luke, who, we have before had occasion to remark, was a scout-master.

V. 282. *And th' under witch, his Caliban.*] Caliban, a character in Shakespeare's Tempest, and son to the witch Sycorax. Prospero thus describes him—"A son that she did litter here, a freckled whelp, hag born, not honored with a human shape."

V. 289.—*Transform'd himself t' a bear.*] This is an allusion to the fable of Proteus' changes, in Ovid's Metamorphoses:

"As thou, blue Proteus, ranger of the seas,
Who now a youth confess'd, a lion now,
And now a boar with tusky head, dost show;
Now like a hateful gliding snake art seen,
A bull with horned head, a stone, or spreading green,

Or in a flood dost flow a wat'ry way,
Dissembling streams, or in bright fire dost play."

V. 301-2. *But bravely scorning to defile*

My sword with feeble blood and vile.] Don Quixote, upon a similar occasion, refuses to draw his sword upon some plebians who had offended him, because they had not received the honor of knighthood.

V. 319. *With cow-itch meazle like a leper.*] *Cowage*, vulgarly called *cow-itch*, is a species of kidney bean, a native of the East and West Indies. The pod, which is brought over to us for medicinal purposes, is thickly covered with short hairs, which, applied to the skin, occasions a troublesome itching for some time, and is often used by mischievous boys to play tricks with. Some modern practitioners recommend *cowage* as a safe and efficacious vermifuge.

V. 321-2. *Make lechers and their punks with dewtry*

Commit fantastical advowtry.] *Dewtry*, *dutroy*, or *dewtroa*, now called *datura*, is a plant which grows in the East Indies. Its flower and seed have a peculiar intoxicating quality; for, taken in a small quantity, they transport a man from the objects about him, and place before him imaginary scenes, with which his attention is wholly taken up, so that any thing may be done with him or before him, without his regarding it then or remembering it afterwards. Thieves are said to give it to those they have a mind to rob; and women to their husbands, in order to use them as here represented by our poet. Some are said to be so expert in the use of the drug, that they can proportion its dose so as to take away the senses for any certain number of hours. The *Nepenthe* in Homer (*Odyssey*, book iv. v. 301, *et seq.*) by the description seems to have been much like it.

" Mean time, with genial joy to warm the soul,

Bright Helen mixt a mirth inspiring bowl;

Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use to assuage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;

To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,

And dry the tearful sluices of despair;

Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind

All sense of woe delivers to the wind.

Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
 Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away ;
 Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
 Fell breathless at his feet a mangled corse ;
 From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
 The man, entranc'd, would view the dreadful scene.
 These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
 Bright Helen learnt from Thone's imperial wife,
 Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile
 With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil."— *Pope*.

V. 323. *Bewitch hermetic men, &c.*] Butler probably means nothing more here, than men so sophisticated with presumptuous notions of their own superior piety, that they looked upon themselves, like the followers of Hermes Trismegistus of old, as exempt from the follies and frailties of the ordinary race of men.

V. 324. *Stark staring mad with manicon.*] Manicon, an herb so called from its making people mad.

V. 325-6. *Believe mechanic virtuosi*

Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi.] A banter on those projectors who have pretended to find out the philosopher's stone, or powder for the transmutation of metals; of which Helmont gives the following account: "I have often seen it, and with my hands handled the same. I projected a quarter of one grain, wrapped up in paper, upon eight ounces of *argent vive* (quicksilver,) hot in a crucible, and immediately the whole hydrargyry, with some little noise, ceased to flow, and remained congealed like yellow wax ; after fusion thereof, by blowing the bellows, there were found eight ounces of gold, wanting eleven grains. Therefore one grain of this powder transmutes 19,186, equal parts of *argent vive* into the best gold."

V. 327-8. *And sillier than the antic fools,*

Take treasure for a heap of coals.] Dr. Grey imagines that our poet designed here to sneer at Martin Frobisher, and others, who in Queen Elizabeth's time went upon voyages of discovery, and brought home ore which they took for gold, but which in the end proved little better than coals.

V. 331-2. *With figures ground on panes of glass,*

Make people on their heads to pass.] Alluding to the

camera obscura, and other optical experiments, which were found out in Butler's time, and excited the astonishment of those who were unacquainted with the manner in which they were constructed.

V. 333-4. *And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece.*] Something of this kind of juggling, or sleight of hand, is ascribed by Heywood, in his *Hierarchy of Angels*, to Dr. Faustus and Cornelius Agrippa.

"Of Faustus and Agrippa it is told,
That, in their travels they bear seeming gold,
Which could abide the touch, and by the way,
In all their nost'ries they would freely pay:
But parted thence, mine host thinking to find
Those glorious pieces they had left behind
Safe in the bag, sees nothing, save together
Round soutes of horn, and pieces of old leather."

V. 339-40. *When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvil forg'd.*] It is an old and very just subject of complaint with philosophers as well as poets, that great crimes escape unpunished, while smaller offences are punished with merciless rigour. A song called the *Reformation*, in the collection of *Loyal old Songs*, says,

"Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they 're crimes,
But 'cause they 're low and little;
Mean men for mean faults in those times
Make satisfaction to a tittle,
Whilst those in office and in power,
Boldly the underlings devour."

Wooden anvil means the block on which hemp is beat in *Bridewell*, and other houses of correction.

V. 345-8. *And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honor for poltroons;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes.*] An imitation of Don Quixote, who gave the following advice to his Squire Sancho Panza. "Friend Sancho, for the future, whenever thou perceivest us to be any ways abused by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect that I should offer to draw my sword against them, for

I will not do it in the least; no, do thou then draw and chastise them as thou thinkest fit: but if any knight come and take their parts, then will I step in between thee and danger."

V. 351-2. *Their horses never give a blow,*

But when they make a leg, and bow.] Lewis, in his History of the Parthian Empire, observes, from Dion Cassius, "That in the Roman battalions, in form of a tortoise, their horses were taught to kneel;" and in another place he says, "that Trajan, in his Parthian expedition, was presented with a horse that was taught to adore, kneeling upon his fore-feet, and to bow his head to the ground, as Trajan stood before him."

V. 355-6. *Quoth he, for many years he drove*

A kind of broken trade in love.] Lilly confirms this, in one or two instances in his life, where he tells us, that "he grew weary of such employments, and burned his books, which instructed these curiosities."

V. 384. *At length found one in Lancashire.]* Dr. Grey says, "the reason why Sidrophel is said to find a witch in Lancashire, rather than any other county, is, because it has always been a tradition, that they have abounded there more than in all the kingdom. Hence came the vulgar expression of a Lancashire witch; and the tradition might probably take its rise from some reputed witches who were tried there in the reign of King James I. and I think cast for their lives; but it was probably with judges that ran in but too much with the court stream, and favored the monarch's opinion in his dæmonology; and fancied, because they had their nightly meetings, they could be nothing else but witches, though in reality (as I have been informed by one who read the narrative of them published in those times) they were neither better nor worse than sheep-stealers."

Burton (fellow-sufferer with Pryn and Bastwick, see Pryn's New Discovery of the Prelate's Tyranny) complained, that, "upon his being imprisoned in Lancaster Castle, he was put into a high chamber, ill floored, so that he was in danger of falling through it; and that to make it more grievous to him, they put into the room under it a company of witches, who were in that prison when he came thither."

V. 389-90. *Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes,*

Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes.] That excel-

lent work, the tales of A Thousand and One Nights, was not known in Europe at the time our author composed his Hudibras, or probably it would have furnished him with abundance of piquant and humorous allusions, suitable to the nature of his poem. In a prefatory discourse affixed to a recent edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the following curious account occurs of the belief of witchcraft, at the present day, in some of the provinces of the East-Indies. "When we consider (says the learned and intelligent author,) to how late a period a belief in magic prevailed in some, indeed we may say all the civilized states of Europe, and that our own law-books were formerly surcharged with statutes against witchcraft, the very idea of which superstition is most deservedly exploded from the minds of the most vulgar and illiterate among us, we need not wonder that the East produced its magicians and sorceresses, or that their fictions should abound in marvellous events effected by the incantations of these mysterious agents. But it is a singular fact, and so well authenticated, that no doubts can be entertained of its authenticity, that even to the present time a firm belief in witchcraft prevails in one of the provinces of British India, certainly not the least enlightened in Hindostan, we mean the province of Benares, in one of the districts of which they have reduced the modes of detection and trial of persons suspected of sorcery, to a regular system. The following are the methods and proceedings observed:—

"*First.* Branches of the *Saul* tree, marked with the names of all the females in the village, whether married or unmarried, who have attained the age of twelve years, are planted in the water, in the morning, for the space of four hours and a half, and the withering of any of these branches is deemed a proof of witchcraft against the person whose name is annexed to it.

"*Secondly.* Small portions of rice, enveloped in cloths, marked as above, are placed in a nest of white ants; the consumption of the rice in any of the bags establishes the charge of sorcery against the woman whose name it bears.

"*Thirdly.* Lamps are lighted at night: water is placed in cups

made of leaves and mustard-seed, and oil is poured drop by drop, into the water, whilst the name of each woman in the village is pronounced; the appearance of the shadow of any woman on the water, during the ceremony, proves her a witch.*

In the year 1792, five women were put to death according to the modes of ordeal above recited; and when the affair came under the cognizance of a British court of judicature, the prosecutors, who, agreeable to the forms of law, were the nearest relations of the deceased women, declared that they had no charge to produce against the murderers, being thoroughly satisfied that their relations had really been guilty of magical arts. It appeared in testimony (if we can lend credit to the testimony of persons manifestly labouring under such extravagant delusions of superstition and credulity), that all the proofs against the unfortunate women had been duly verified; that the branches of the tree marked with the names of the accused females had withered; that the rice in the bags, bearing their specific names, was consumed by the white ants, while that in the other bags remained untouched: and, lastly, that their shadows appeared on the water when the oil was poured upon it, whilst their names were pronounced. Farther they deposed, that they were seen something in the fashion of European witches, dancing naked at midnight, by the light of a lamp, with a broom tied to their waists. "It is difficult to conceive," observes the noble writer, from whose valuable paper in the *Asiatic Researches* these curious particulars have been taken, "that this concurrence of proof could have been made plausible even to the grossest ignorance, if experience did not show that prepossession will supersede the evidence of the senses; and we may add, that we have the evidence of history to prove, that the same delusion has had its victims even in communities enlightened by the truths of revealed religion, and found advocates among names eminent for learning, ability, and rank."

Wierus ridicules the opinion of witches having the power of transforming themselves; and after having exposed a fabulous instance from William of Malmsbury, of pranks of this kind played

* *Asiatic Researches*, Supplement to the Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 739, by Lord Teignmouth.

by two witches at Rome, who kept an inn, and now and then metamorphosed a guest into a horse, sow, or ass, he concludes, "these and such like stories are deserving of the same credit, and no more, as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and the *Fables of Apuleus*." Cleveland, who lashed the follies of our author's age, takes the following notice of a story of this kind, much spoken of in those times:

"Have you not heard the abominable sport
A Lancashire grand jury will report?
A soldier with his morgray watch'd the mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
Whips off great puss' leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old woman's arm."

It is hard to say whether the believers or oppugners of witchcraft in those times were guilty of the greatest absurdities. Scott, a firm opposer of witchcraft, and who wrote with a view to expose the incredibility of the then existing notions of supernatural agency, observes, "That the wonderful experiments of natural magic, which are only done in appearance, are very many. To set a horse's or ass's head upon a man's neck and shoulders, cut off the head of an horse or an ass (before they be dead, otherwise the virtue or strength thereof will be less effectual), and make an earthen vessel of fit capacity to contain the same, and let it be filled with the oil and fat thereof; cover it close, and dawb it over with loam: let it boil over a soft fire three days, that the flesh boiled may run into oil, so as the bare bones may be seen; beat the hair into powder, and mingle the same with the oil, and anoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horses' or asses' heads."

V. 411-2. *Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag.*] The notion of witches riding in the air on broom-sticks, is mentioned by almost all the writers who have treated on the subject.

Dr. Heywood, in his *Hierarchy of Angels* (Book iv. p. 257), relates a remarkable story, touching the transportation of witches. "There was (says he) a young maid, who lived with her mother in Bergamus, and was found in one and the same night in bed with a cousin-german of her's in Venice: who, being found there in the morning naked, without linen, or so much as a rag to cover her;

yet being nearly allied to them, they gently demanded of her how she came thither? where her clothes were? and the cause of her coming? The poor girl being much ashamed, and mixing her blushes with many tears, made answer to this purpose. This very night (said she) when I lay betwixt sleep and awake in bed, I perceived my mother to steal softly from my side, thinking I had not seen her; and stripping herself from all her linen, she took from her closet a box of ointment, which opening, she anointed herself therewith under the arm-pits, and some other parts of her body; which done, she took a staff which stood ready in a corner, and which she had no sooner bestrid, but in the instant she rid, or rather flew, out of the window, and I saw her no more. At which being much amazed, and the candle still burning by me, I thought in myself to try a childish conclusion, and, rising from my bed, took down the said box, and, anointing myself as I had before observed her, and making use of a bed-staff in the like manner, I was suddenly brought hither in a moment, where I was no sooner entered, than I espied my mother in the chamber with a knife in her hand, and coming towards the bed with purpose (as I thought) to kill this my young cousin (pointing to a child in the cradle), but she was hindered by seeing me here. No sooner did she see me, than she began grievously to threaten me, and came near to strike me. In which fear I began to call upon God to help me, whose name I had no sooner uttered, but she vanished instantly; and I am left here even as you found me^d. Whereupon her kinsman, the master of the house, writ down, and keeping the maid still, with him, sent to the father inquisitor of the place, where the mother of the girl lived in good reputation, and no way suspected; before whom she was called and questioned, and as the manner of that country is upon the like probability and suspicion, put to the mercy of the tormentor, and at length she confessed every particular before mentioned. To which she added, That she had no less than fifty sundry times been transported by the devil, only with a malicious intent to kill the young child; but she found him always at her arrival so protected by the blessings and prayers of his devout and religious parents, that she had no power at all over him."

Wierus exposes the folly of this opinion, and proves it to be a diabolical illusion, and to be acted only in dreams. Oldham likewise ridicules it in the following lines:—

“ As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,
 Fledg’d by a dream, believe they mount and fly!
 So witches some enchanted wand bestride,
 And think they through the airy region ride.”

V. 422. *And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.*] Proserpine, the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, was carried away by Pluto to the infernal regions. Milton alludes to her story, when he mentions

“ ————— That fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine, gath’ring flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gather’d.”

V. 432. *And stole his talismanic louse.*] There is a great deal of humour in this expression. The superstition of talismans is this, that in order to free any place from vermin, or noxious animals of any kind, the figure of the animal is made of consecrated metal, in a planetary hour, and is called the talisman. The joke, then, of this thought is this, that Sidrophel had made a talismanic louse to preserve himself from that vermin.

V. 437. ——— *morpion, and punaise.*] Our poet’s delicacy will not permit him to express the names of these insects in English, and therefore does it in French; they, however, mean nothing more than a crab-louse and a bug.

V. 480. *Turn’d th’ outside of his eyes to white.*] A thing much practised by the fanatics of those times, which is well bantered by Swift, under the character of Jack, in the ‘Tale of a Tub. He says, “ That he hired a tailor to stitch up his collar so close, that it was ready to choke him; and had squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, that one could see nothing but the white.”

Ben Jonson, in his Masque of the ‘Transformed Gipsies, has likewise a stroke at them :

“ Cock-Laurel would needs have the devil his guest,
 And had him once into the Peak to dinner,
 Where never the fiend had such a feast
 Provided him yet, at the charge of a sinner;
 His stomach was greasy, for coming there coach’d;
 The jogging had caus’d some crudities rise;
 To help it, he call’d for a Puritan poach’d,
 That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.”

Fenton, also, has satirised these precisians in the following lines:—

“ An age most odious and accurs’d ensu’d,
 Discolour’d with a pious monarch’s blood;
 Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw;
 She fled, and left her province to the law.
 Her merry sister still pursu’d the game,
 Her garb was alter’d, but her gifts the same:
 She first reform’d the muscles of her face,
 And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;
 Then circumcis’d her locks, and form’d her tone,
 By humming to a tabor and a drone;
 Her eye she disciplin’d precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white;
 Thus banish’d from the stage, she gravely next
 Assum’d the cloak, and quibbled o’er a text;
 But when by miracle of mercy shown,
 Much suffering Charles regain’d his father’s throne,
 When peace and plenty overflow’d the land,
 She straight pull’d of her satin cap and band.”

V. 485. *Held up his affidavit hand.*] In administering of oaths, the party to be sworn is to take the book in his right hand; the right hand therefore may be called the affidavit hand, and the holding of it up is a very natural expression of surprise, mixed with some degree of dread and apprehension.

V. 493-4. *May dreadful earthquakes swallow down*

This vessel, that is all your own.] Cælia observes, in Shakespeare’s *As you Like It*, “ That the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.” And Mirabel, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Wild Goose Chase*, thus speaks to Oriana. “ I have more to do with my honesty than foot or venture it in such leaky barks as women; I put them off, because I loved them not;—and not for thy sake, nor the contract’s sake, nor vows, nor oaths; I have made a thousand of them; they are things indifferent, whether kept or broken, mere venial slips, that come not near the conscience, nothing concerning those tender parts; they are trifles.” Baker, in

his *History of the Inquisition*, tells us, "That the Beguins of the Franciscan order were of opinion, that whatever lies a man told a woman to gain her consent to his desires was not heresy, so that he believed in his heart the carnal act was no sin." The following epigram on the validity of lovers' oaths is elegant and pointed:—

" I promis'd Julia to be true,
Nay, out of zeal, I swore it too;
And that she might believe me more,
Gave her in writing what I swore.
Nor vows, nor oaths, can lovers bind,
So long as pleas'd, so long they 're kind;
'T was writ on a leaf, the wind it blew,
Away both leaf and promise flew."

V. 499-500. *And shown your Presbyterian wits*

Jump punctual with the Jesuits.] The resemblance in many points between the Presbyterians and Jesuits, has been noticed by various authors. Long, in his *Epistolary Dedication to his History of the Popish and Fanatical Plots*, observes, "That the Jesuits and Dissenters have so long communicated politics, that it is hard to determine whether there be now more fanaticism in the Jesuits, or more Jesuitism among the fanatics." And Petyt, in his *Visions of the Reformation*, comparing the Papists and Presbyterians, says, "You will find, that though they have two faces that look different ways, yet they have both the same lineaments, the same principles, and the same practices, and both impudently deny it, like the two men that stole the piece of flesh from the butcher in the fable: he that took it swore he had it not; and he that had it swore he did not take it. Who took it, or who has it, (quoth the butcher,) I know not, but by Jove you are a couple of knaves. As in their Pharisaical disposition they symbolize with the Jew, so in some of their positions they jump pat with the Jesuit: for though they are both in the extremes, and as contrary one to the other as the scales of a diameter, yet their opinions and practices are concentric to depress regal power; both of them would bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron."

Cowley, in his *Puritan and Papist*, speaks thus of them.

“ The Roman Catholics advance the cause,
 Allow a lie, and call it *pia fraus*.
 The Puritan approves, and does the same,
 Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
 He flows with his devices, and dares lie
 In very deed, in truth, and verity:
 He whines and sighs, and lies with so much ruth,
 As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.”

V. 520. *Of able juries of old women.*] Alluding to the jury of matrons, who, when a female convict pleads pregnancy in delay of execution, are impanelled to try the truth of her plea.

V. 539-40. *Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word*

You pass'd in Heaven on record.] The merry author of *Le Diable Boiteux* makes mention of a couple of young ladies talking upon the subject of matrimony, after their father's death.—“ He is dead at last (said the eldest) our unnatural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage; he will now no more cross our designs. For my part (said the youngest) I am for a rich husband, and Don Bourvelas shall be my man. Hold sister (replied the eldest,) don't let us be so hasty in the choice of husbands; let us marry those the powers above have decreed for us, for our marriages are registered in heaven's books. So much the worse, dear sister, (returned the younger,) for I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf.”

V. 543-4. *And if 't is counted treason here*

To raze records, 't is much more there.] Butler makes a slight mistake here, it is felony, and not treason, to raze, embezzle, or withdraw any record of the court.

V. 545—8. *Quoth she, there are no bargains driv'n,*

Nor marriages clapp'd up in heaven;

And that's the reason, as some guess,

There is in heav'n no marriages.] An allusion to our Saviour's answer to the Sadducees, That in heaven there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage.—“ Marriage,” says an anonymous commentator, “ is ridiculed in an extraordinary manner in this whole speech of the widow. She begins very wittily and satirically. The comparisons of marriage to a double horse, and love to an ague, are finely imagined, and exceedingly well suited to the

nature of this poem, which is burlesqued in perfection. We are ready to pardon these reflections upon that happy state of life, because they proceed out of a lady's mouth. If we consider her present case, she could not avoid making such frightful representations of that state, not from any disaffection she had to it, but to deter the Knight from it, and consequently by that method to get quit of his addresses, which were very disagreeable to her."

In Swift's poems there is an allusion to marriages in heaven, similar to our author's:—

" Cries Cælia to a reverend Dean
 What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven?
 'There are no women there, he cried:
 She quick returns the jest,
 Women there are, but I 'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest."

V. 565-6. *Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,*

Chain'd to the prisoners they kept.] It was the custom of the Romans, when dangerous offenders were to be secured, for the prisoner to have a chain on his right hand, and the other end chained to the left hand of the soldier that kept him.

V. 595. *Though got b' implicit generation.*] That is, inferred generation of the husband.

V. 598. *Than all the island with four seas.*] By the common law of England, if the husband is within the four seas (the jurisdiction of the Kings of England,) so that by intendment of law he may come to his wife, and his wife hath issue, no proof is to be admitted to prove the child a bastard, unless there is an apparent impossibility that the husband should be the father of it. If the husband is but eight years old, then such issue is a bastard, though born within marriage; but if the issue is born within a day after marriage, between parties of full age, when the husband is under no apparent impossibility, the child is legitimate, and supposed to be the child of the husband.

V. 603. *More wretched than an ancient villain.*] Villanage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

V. 613. — *legal cuckold.*] One that has proved himself such upon a legal trial against the adulterer, in order to recover damages. Dr. Grey says, “ The story is well known of an old woman, who, hearing a young fellow call his dog cuckold, said to him, are you not ashamed to call a dog by a Christian’s name ?” In the Earl of Strafford’s Collection of Letters and Dispatches, we meet with the following story, told in a letter from the Reverend Mr. Garrard to the Earl. “ Sir Gervas Clifton was in town this last term, and will be again in candlemas term. His old friend and yours, Sir Edmund Bacon, meeting him here, asked him whether he should marry again, he said yes: A young one or an old? Sir Gervas said, he had traded with old flesh long enough, now he was for a *breach*; Sir Edmund replied, bidding him remember, that *horn* work stood ever nearest the breach.”

V. 615-6. *A law that most unjustly yokes*

All John of Stiles to Joans of Nokes.] Two fictitious names, only made use of by young lawyers in stating cases. These imaginary persons have been so long set at variance by the gentlemen of the long robe, that at length they grew weary of being involuntary opponents, and agreed to join in this humorous petition to the Spectator.

“ The humble Petition of John of Nokes and John of Stiles, sheweth,

“ That your petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster Hall above five hundred years; and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue; That your petitioners have not been involved in these law-suits by any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons: That the young lawyers in our inns of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee: That many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two: That when they have nothing else to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us: That they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputation and good names in the world. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray, that you will put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us, and that our enmity

may not endure from generation to generation, it being our resolution to live hereafter as becometh men of peaceable dispositions."

—Spectator, No. 577.

V. 627-8. *While nothing else but rem in re*

Can set the proudest wretches free.] Divorces, by the custom of the law of England, are never granted except in cases of absolute adultery. Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, says, "we have an instance to the contrary in the poor cavalier corporal, (see Tatler, No. 164,) who being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife, the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand the day after his execution.

' Dear Wife,

' Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing, this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

' Your's, till death,

' W. B.'

"It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, which would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced on occasion."

V. 631-2. *As spiders never seek the fly,*

But leave him of himself t' apply.] There is a great deal of humour in this simile. The spider, after he has spun his web, retires to his hole, or to some place where he is out of sight, and leaves the event to chance: and the fly that is entangled in the cobweb may be said to be so through its own inadvertence, since it is in its own choice whether it came there or not. This is exactly the case with marriage; it is a thing which people may either con-

sent to, or refuse; and if it proves unhappy, they have the more to reproach themselves with, in as much as it was a matter of their own election.

V. 637. — *whom death would not depart.*] Alluding to the several reviews of the Common Prayer before the last, where it stands, *till death us depart*; and then altered, *till death us do part*.

V. 639-40. *Like Indian widows, gone to bed*

In flaming curtains of the dead.] The practice of Indian widows burning themselves on the same funeral pile with their deceased husbands, is of the most remote antiquity, and so well authenticated, that there is not the slightest doubt of the fact. Mr. Hodges, who saw a woman commit herself to the pile, in the neighbourhood of Benares, in the year 1781, gives the following particulars of the dreadful ceremony, which very nearly agrees with what other writers have written on the same subject. “ Upon repairing to the spot, (says he, *Travels in India*, p. 81,) on the bank of the river where the ceremony was to take place, I found the body of a man on a bier, and covered over with linen, already brought down and laid at the edge of the river. At this time, about ten in the morning, only a few people were assembled, who appeared destitute of feeling at the catastrophe that was to take place; I may even say, that they displayed the most perfect apathy and indifference. After waiting a considerable time, the wife appeared, attended by the Brahmins, and music, with some few relations. The procession was slow and solemn; the victim moved with a steady and firm step; and apparently with a perfect composure of countenance, approached close to the body of her husband, where for some time they halted. She then addressed those who were near her with composure, and without the least trepidation of voice or change of colour. She held in her left hand a cocoa-nut, in which was a red colour mixed up, and dipping in it the fore-finger of her right hand, she marked those near her, to whom she wished to show the last act of attention. As at this time I happened to stand close to her, she observed me attentively, and with the colour marked me on the forehead. She might be about twenty-four or five years of age, a time of life when the bloom of beauty has generally fled the cheek in India: but she still preserved a sufficient share to prove, that she must have been

handsome : her figure was small but elegantly turned, and the form of her hands and arms was particularly beautiful. Her dress was a loose robe of white flowing drapery, which extended from her head to her feet. The place of sacrifice was higher up on the bank of the river, a hundred yards or more from the spot where we now stood. The pile was composed of dry branches, leaves, and rushes, with a door on one side, and arched and covered on the top : by the side of the door stood a man with a lighted brand. From the time the woman appeared to the taking up the body to convey it to the pile, might occupy a space of half-an-hour, which was employed in prayer with the Brahmins, in attentions to those who stood near her, and conversation with her relations. When the body was taken up she followed close to it, attended by the chief Brahmin ; and when it was deposited in the pile, she bowed to all around her, and entered it without speaking. The moment she entered, the door was closed ; the fire was put to the combustibles, which instantly flamed, and immense quantities of dried wood and other matters were thrown upon it. This last part of the ceremony was accompanied with the shouts of the multitude, who now became numerous, and the whole seemed a mass of confused rejoicing."

V. 647. *For as the Pythagorian soul.*] Alluding to the doctrine of transmigration, which Pythagoras learnt from the philosophers of India. According to Sir William Jones, and others, the Brahmins of the present day teach the doctrine of transmigration, and hold, that the soul of a man who has lived virtuously in this life, is admitted at his death to the regions of celestial happiness, and having there enjoyed for an immensity of years the reward of his good actions, he is born again, until after repeated births he becomes purified from all taints and corruptions contracted in a sublunary state of existence, and is at length absorbed in the Divine Essence. On the contrary, those who have provoked the Divine displeasure by their crimes, are delivered up at their deaths to a variety of punishments, according to the magnitude of their offences ; and afterwards are born again with the bodies of vegetables, insects, ravenous animals, or men of the lowest cast, in proportion to the nature of their several transgressions. Thus the slayer of a Brahmin, according to the heightening or palliating circumstances of his crime, must enter the body of a boar, a dog, an

ass, a camel, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a chandala, or Puccassa, (persons of the lowest casts): and a priest who has drunk spirituous liquors, migrates into the forms of a larger or smaller worm, or an insect; of a moth or a fly; feeding on odour; or of some ravenous animal. Many of their transmigrations have a fanciful and ludicrous relation to the crime which they are intended to punish. For example; if a man steal grain, they affirm, that at his next birth he will be born a rat; if flesh-meat, a vulture; if honey, a great stinging gnat; if perfumes, a musk rat. For certain crimes, such as accepting in alms the bed which a person died upon, or a buffalo, or whatever is bestowed in the temple of *Crishna*, the offender, at his next birth, from a man will become a woman; and in some instances, a female is supposed to become a man in her regenerate state, and a *Mileetch*, or infidel, a Brahmin.

Connected with the doctrine of transmigration, the superstitious Hindoos believe, that the various maladies that afflict the human frame, are punishments for crimes committed in a former state of existence, which must be expiated by acts of vigorous penance and devotion, before the sufferer can be restored to health. Dumbness is the punishment of an unauthorised reader of the *Vedas*; and blindness that of a stealer of lamps; an adulterer is punished with an infirmity in the generative organs; and a horse-stealer with lameness. The head-ache is a punishment for having spoken, in a former state of existence, irreverently to father and mother; madness for the crime of filial disobedience; and epilepsy for having administered poison to any one at the command of another. In short, there is scarce a disease to which the human body is subject, which the Brahmins do not believe to have proceeded from the sins of a former life; and which are only to be removed by a course of religious ceremonies and observances.

V. 650. *As iron in Greenland does the touch.*] Those persons (says Dr. Grey) who have been so unfortunate as to winter in Greenland, and survived it, tell us, that the cold is so intense, that if they touch a piece of iron, it will stick to their fingers, and even bring off the skin.

V. 672. *The foxes weigh the geese they carry.*] This is an allusion to a story in Sir Kenelm Digby's *Treatise of Bodies*, of a fox who had stolen a goose, and having a river to pass, did not choose to venture into the stream with his prey, until he had first tried his

strength with a log of wood about the weight of the goose; and having found that he was able to swim over the river with it, he returned and fetched his goose.

V. 687-8. *Still amorous, and fond, and billing,*

Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.] In Philip and Mary's shillings, coined in the year 1555, the faces are placed opposite to each other, and pretty close.

V. 693-4. *Tho' when the heroes 'spouse the dames,*

We hear no more of charms and flames.] Ray, in his collection of English Proverbs, produces some coarse proverbial sayings upon the subject. "When a couple (says he) are newly married, the first month is called honey-moon, or smick smack; the second is hither and thither; the third is thwick thwack; the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and I together."

V. 699-700. *Which th' ancients wisely signify'd,*

By th' yellow mantua of the bride.] In the nuptial ceremonies of the ancients, it was usual for the bride to wear a yellow veil; and in the poets Cupid is frequently described as the god with the yellow robe, *croceo velatus amictu*, to signify the cares and inconveniences of marriage.

V. 707-8. *For though Chinese go to bed,*

And lie-in in their ladies' stead.] We are told by some authors, that the Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and attended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services. This is also the custom of the Brasilians, if we may believe Maffeus, (see Purchase's Pilgrims, vol. v. book ix. chap. iv.) who observes, that women in travail are delivered without great difficulty, and presently go about their household business; but the husband keeps his bed in her stead, is visited by his neighbours, hath his broths made him, and junkets sent to comfort him."

V. 719-20. *And are not with their bodies bound,*

To worship only when they're sound.] Alluding to the words to be spoke by the man in the office of matrimony: "With my body I thee worship."

V. 745-6. *The conjugal petard, that tears*

Down all portcullises of ears.] A petard is a hollow engine of metal, in the form of a high crowned hat, charged with

fine powder, and fixed to a thick plank, called the *madrier*, in order to break down gates, portcullisses, &c.—Portcullis is a falling gate or door, like a harrow, hung over the gates of fortified places, let down to keep an enemy out of the city. Petruchio, in the Taming of the Shrew, seems not to have entertained so formidable an opinion of a woman's tongue.

“ Think you (says he) a little din can daunt my ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chased by sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?

That gives not half so great a blow to hear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.”

V. 751-2. *Transform'd 'em into rams and goats,*

Like Sirens with their charming notes.] The Sirens were sea-nymphs, who charmed so much with their melodious voices, that all forgot their employments to listen with more attention, and at last died for want of food. They were three in number, called Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia, and they usually lived in a small island near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily. Some authors suppose that they were monsters, who had the form of a woman above the waist, and the rest of the body like that of a bird; or rather, that the whole body was covered with feathers, and had the shape of a bird, except the head, which was that of a beautiful female. This monstrous form they had received from Ceres, who wished to punish them because they had not assisted her daughter when carried away by Pluto. But, according to Ovid, they were so disconsolate at the rape of Proserpine, that they prayed the Gods to give them wings, that they might seek her in the sea as well as by land. The Sirens were informed by the oracle, that as soon as any persons passed by them without suffering themselves to be charmed by their songs, they should perish; and their melody had prevailed in calling the attention of all passengers, till Ulysses,

informed of the power of their voice by Circe, stopped the ears of his companions with wax, and ordered himself to be tied to the mast of his ship, and no attention to be paid to his commands, should he wish to stay and listen to the song. This was a salutary precaution, Ulysses made signs for his companions to stop, but they were disregarded, and the fatal coast was passed with safety. Upon this artifice of Ulysses the Sirens were so disappointed, that they threw themselves into the sea and perished. Some authors say, that the Sirens challenged the Muses to a trial of skill in singing, and that the latter proved victorious, and plucked the feathers from the wings of their adversaries, with which they made themselves crowns. Some suppose that the Sirens were a number of lascivious women in Sicily, who prostituted themselves to strangers, and made them forget their pursuits while drowned in unlawful pleasures.

V. 754-5. *Or those enchanting murmurs made*

By th' husband mandrake and the wife.] Dr. Grey observes on this passage, that “Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise;” but Miller, in his Botanical Dictionary, says, “the reports of tying a dog to this plant, in order to root it up, and prevent the certain death of the person who dares to attempt such a deed, and of the groans emitted by it when the violence is offered, are equally fabulous.”

V. 757. *Quoth he, these reasons are but strains, &c.]* The Knight seems here to have too much courage and good sense to be baffled by the artful widow; for he defends matrimony with more wit, and a greater justness, than she had discovered in the ridicule of it.

V. 761-2. *Man was not man in Paradise*

Until he was created twice.] Butler seems to have borrowed this thought from Du Bartas, who, in his Divine Weeks, expresses himself in the following manner:

“ You that have seen this ample table,
 Among so many models admirable,
 The admir'd beauties of the king of creatures,
 Come, come, and see the woman's rapt'ring features,
 Without whom here man were but half a man,
 But a wild wolf, but a barbarian.

God, therefore, not to seem less liberal
 To man than else to every animal,
 For perfect pattern of a holy love,
 To Adam's half another half he gave,
 Ta'en from his side, to bind through ev'ry age
 With kinder bonds the sacred marriage."

V. 764. *Carv'd from the original, his side.*] Meibomius, in his work *De Rer. Germ.* says, "God extracted a rib from his side, out of which he formed a woman, whom he named Eve. And he did not form her out of his head, that she might not rule over man; nor out of his feet, that she might not be contemned by man; but he formed her out of his side, that they might be bound together in bonds of equal love."

V. 772. *Of all the world the anagram.*] A conceit arising from the letters of a name transposed. Donne, in his *Satires*, says,

"Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
 She hath yet the anagrams of a good face,
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In that lean dearth of words what could we say?"

V. 819-20. *Unless among the Amazons,*

Or cloister'd friars, or vestal nuns.] The Amazons were a nation of famous women, who lived near the river Thermodon, in Cappadocia. All their life was employed in wars and manly exercises. They had never any commerce with the other sex; but, only for the sake of propagation, they visited the inhabitants of the neighbouring country for a few days, and the male children which they brought forth were, according to Q. Curtius and Philostratus, given to the fathers. According to Justin, they were strangled as soon as born; and Diodorus says, that they maimed them, and distorted their limbs. The females were carefully educated by their mothers in the labours of the fields; their right breast was burnt off, that they might hurl a javelin with more force, and make a better use of the bow. They founded an extensive empire in Asia Minor, along the shores of the Euxine, and near the Thermodon. They were defeated in a battle near the Thermodon by the Greeks; and some of them migrated beyond the Tanais, and extended their territories as far as the Caspian sea. Temyscyra was the most capital of their towns.

Smyrna, Magnesia, Thyatira, and Ephesus, according to some authors, were built by them. Diodorus makes mention of a nation of Amazons in Africa, more ancient than those of Asia. Some authors, among whom is Strabo, deny the existence of the Amazons, and of a republic supported and governed by women, who banished or extirpated all their males; but Justin and Diodorus particularly support it; and the latter says, that Penthesilca, one of their queens, came to the Trojan war on the side of Priam, and that she was killed by Achilles; and from that time the glory and character of the Amazons gradually decayed, and was totally forgotten. The Amazons of Africa flourished long before the Trojan war, and many of their actions have been attributed to those of Asia. It is said, that after they had almost subdued all Asia, they invaded Attica, and were conquered by Theseus. Curtius says, that Thalestris, one of their queens, came to Alexander while he was pursuing his conquests in Asia, for the sake of raising children from a man of such military reputation; and that after she had remained thirteen days with him, she retired into her own country.

V. 821. *Or Stoics, &c.*] It was one of the maxims of the Stoics, that women ought to be in common, and not confined to one man. This doctrine has been attempted of late years to be revived by a contemptible visionary of the name of Godwin, who, in a treatise on Political Justice, calls marriage “a monopoly.”

V. 865. *The nymphs of chaste Diana's train.*] The nymphs of Diana all made vows of perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observance of their vow.

V. 866. *Lewkner's Lane.*] A street in the Borough, notorious in Butler's time for women of infamous and debauched character.

V. 868. *'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes.*] According to Warburton. meaning the stews, and alluding to the old romance of Sir Lancelot and the Lady of the Lake.

V. 869-70. *Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth.*] The passion for precedence among the ladies is too violent and visible to be disputed. Pope has satirised it in his Rape of the Lock, in the following lines:

“ First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore :

For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place."

V. 884. *Demand the clergy of her belly.*] Wood, in his *Institute of the Laws of England*, says, "If a woman is convicted, and attainted of high-treason, petty-treason, or felony, and is found by an inquest, or jury of matrons, impannelled by the sheriff, in a private room, quick with child, (for *privement enceinte*, or with child is not enough,) execution shall be respited till her delivery. But she shall take this favor but once, though she is again quick with child." In the East Indies, a woman with child is not permitted to burn herself upon the funeral pile with her dead husband. The English inquisitors in Queen Mary's reign were not so delicate, for they brought several pregnant women to the stake, and burnt them with circumstances of the most aggravating and diabolical cruelty.

V. 888. *Into the liturgy indenture.*] "The generality of the Presbyterians," says Dr Grey, "were then married in the manner enjoined by the Directory, and not by the Liturgy, though there were some few instances to the contrary; and, amongst these, Mr. Stephen Marshal (who was a zealot, and had a chief hand in compiling the Directory) did marry his own daughter by the form prescribed in the Common Prayer, being unwilling to have his daughter returned to him as a whore, for want of a legal marriage, the statute establishing the Liturgy not being repealed; and having so done, he paid down five pounds immediately to the churchwardens of the parish, as the fine or forfeiture for using any other form of marriage but that of the Directory."

By an ordinance of August 1653, it was enacted, "That all persons intending to be married shall come before some justice of the peace within, and of the said county, city, or town corporate, where publication shall be made as aforesaid, and shall bring a certificate of the said publication (in church or chapel, or if the parties so to be married shall desire it, in the market-place next to the said church or chapel, on three market-days, on three several weeks ensuing,) and shall make sufficient proof of the consent of their parents and guardians, if either of the said parties is under the age of one-and-twenty years; and the said justice shall examine, by witnesses upon oath, or otherwise, as he shall see."

cause, concerning the due performance of the premises; and if there appear no reasonable cause to the contrary, the marriage shall proceed in this manner: The man to be married, taking the woman to be married by the hand, shall plainly and distinctly pronounce these words: I, A. B. do, in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, take thee C. D. for my wedded wife, and do also, in the presence of God, and before these witnesses, promise to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband."

The woman promises, in the same form, to be a loving, faithful, and obedient wife.

"And it is further enacted, that the man and woman having made sufficient proof of the consent of their parents or guardians, and expressed their consent unto marriage, in the manner, and by the words aforesaid, before such justice of the peace, in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, the said justice of the peace may and shall declare the said man and woman to be thenceforth husband and wife; and the marriage shall be good and effectual in law; and no other marriage whatsoever, within the commonwealth of England, after the 29th of September, 1663, shall be held or accounted a marriage according to the laws of England."

V. 935. *And like an anchorite, &c.*] Bingham, in his *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, gives the following account of the origin of the monastic life. "In the Decian persecution," says he, "which was about the middle of the third century, many persons in Egypt, to avoid the fury of the storm, fled to the neighbouring deserts and mountains, where they not only found a safe retreat, but also more time and liberty to exercise themselves in acts of piety and divine contemplation; which sort of life, though at first forced upon them by necessity, became so agreeable to some of them, that when the persecution was over, they would not return to their ancient habitations again, but chose rather to continue in those cottages, or cells, which they had made themselves in the wilderness. The first and most noted of these were Paul and Antonius, two famous Egyptians, whom therefore St. Jerome calls the Fathers of the Christian Hermits."

V. 954. *As sucking children are by elves.*] It was the vulgar opinion formerly, that fairies (called *elves* by Chaucer, Spenser,

and other writers,) sometimes changed children in their cradles, and laid others in their stead. Spenser alludes to this opinion, in his *Fairy Queen*, when he says,

“ For well I wot thou spring’st from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mighty hand
And many bloody battles fought in place,
High rear’d their royal throne in Britain-land;
And vanquish’d them unable to withstand:
From thence a fairy thee unwilling left,
There as thou slept in tender swaddling band,
And her base elf in brood there for thee left;
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairy theft.”

And so in the 1st Part of Shakespeare’s *Henry IV.* Henry, speaking to the Earl of Northumberland of Prince Henry, his son, says;

“ ——— Oh! could it be prov’d
That some night-tripping fairy had exchange’d
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And call’d mine Percy, his Plantagenet,—
Then I would have his Harry, and he mine.”

V. 959-60. *For when the money’s on the book*

And, all my worldly goods, but spoke.] Alluding to the minister’s and clerk’s fees, which are ordered by the Rubric to be laid on the book (though now rarely practised) with the wedding-ring. “ Before the pontificate of Innocent III. (says Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*,) there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the man came to the house where the woman inhabited, and led her home to his own house, which was all the ceremony then used.”

V. 985-6. *Who takes it with a special grace,*

To be their cully for a space.] Alluding to the vulgar notion, that the devil sometimes makes contracts to serve persons for a certain space of time, on condition of their relinquishing all hopes of salvation. “ Sir Roger L’Estrange,” says Dr. Grey, “ makes mention of a notorious wicked malefactor, who had committed I know not how many villanies, and had run through the discipline of so many gaols, who made a friend of the devil to help him out in all his distresses. This friend of his brought him

off many and many a time, and still, as he was taken up again and again, he had recourse over and over to the same devil for succour; but upon his last summons, the devil came to him with a great bag of old shoes at his back, and told him plainly, 'Friend,' says he, 'I am at the end of my line, and can help you no longer; I have beat the hoof till I have worn out all these shoes in your service, and not one penny left to buy more; so that you must even excuse me if I drop you here.'

V. 1035. ——— *extent.*] Extent, in law, is used in a double sense; sometimes it signifies a writ or command to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; and sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ: but most commonly it denotes an estimate or valuation of lands; and hence come our extended or rack-rents.

V. 1036. ——— *exigent.*] Exigent, a writ which lies where the defendant in a personal action cannot be found, nor any effects of his within the county, by which he may be attached or distrained.

V. 1038. ——— *scire facias.*] Another of those cant terms in law, whereby knaves thrive, and honest men are cheated of their property and ruined. It means a judicial writ most commonly issued to call a person to show cause to the court whence it issues, why execution of a judgment passed should not be made out.

V. 1043-4. ——— *and swear*

As much t' an hostess dowager.] Sir Roger L'Estrange, in banter of such flights, observes, That a cavalier had a fine woman in his eye, and could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous pretty. Sir, says the lady, I thank you for your good opinion; and I wish, with all my heart, I could say so much of you too. Why, so you might, madam, (retorted the gentleman,) if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do!

V. 1053-4. *By this time 'twas grown dark and late,*

When th' heard a knocking at the gate.] It is deserving of the reader's attention here, that two days were but yet passed since the beginning of these adventures. We are now entering into the night wherein happened the most remarkable action in the whole poem. Butler, in this piece of management, imi-

tated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night adventures. But who are the persons that knock at the gate? Probably two of the widow's own servants, for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been discanting on the Knight's villanies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him. The servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fear and consternation so great, that we find him falling into a swoon.

V. 1076-7. *Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right*

Of hospitality, &c.] Some of the ancients, particularly in the East, paid great regard to the laws of hospitality. What is related of Peter the Great, in this respect, deserves to be mentioned. Being desired by the Turks, in order to make a peace, to deliver up Prince Cantemir, who was then under his protection, his answer was, "that he would resign all the country as far as Curska to the Turks, since there were hopes of recovering it again, but he would by no means violate his faith to a prince who had abandoned his principality for his sake; because it was impossible to repair honor once forfeited."

V. 1086. *As Ironside, or Hardic'nute.]* Two famous and valiant princes of this country; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

V. 1131. ——— *geomancy.]* Sorcery performed by means of circles and holes dug in the earth.

V. 1143-4. *B' a gen'ral of the Cavaliers*

Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears.] Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, says, "This was Sir Erasmus Packington, of Packington Castle, in Pembrokeshire, who was served so by Colonel Egerton. Mr. Walter Moyle alludes to it in his works published by himself 1695, and reprinted 1727, p. 241, &c. where, in a letter probably to Mr. Anthony Hammond, he wishes that Sir Erasmus' son, Sir J. P. a great reformer in King Charles II.'s time, might be served in the same manner. "Can you contrive no way in the earth to rid the house of his ghostly authority? Cannot you serve him as his father was served by a general of the cavaliers; if you never heard the story, Hudibras will tell it you,

And as another of the same

Degree and party, &c.

Betty Mackrell, or some other discreet bawd; should demand a conference with him in the lobby, lug him out by the ears, and send him upon a mission to the West Indies, to preach his morals to Father Hennepin's nations, who are not civilized into lewdness, nor wise enough to be wicked. On this side the globe he will make no converts, but such as his namesake in the Acts made eunuchs." The manner of doing it (as communicated to me) was as follows. The officer of the cavaliers sent against the castle, summoned Sir Erasmus to surrender it; he refused, but offered to parley from a window which was not very high from the ground. He was a little man, and the commanding officer of the cavaliers lusty and tall. The officer observing this, came just under the window, and pretending he was deaf, desired Sir Erasmus to lean as forward as he could out of the window. Upon doing so, the officer, who was on horseback, raised himself upon his stirrups, seized him by the shoulders, and pulled him out, upon which the castle surrendered."

V. 1147-8. *Soon as they had him at their mercy,*

They put him to the cudgel fiercely.] In Butler's poem called Dunstable Downs, or the Enchanted Cave, there is as humorous and droll a scene of the Knight, in one of his unfortunate exploits, as this we are now entering upon. But, alas! the poor Squire is also involved in that; and they are both severely handled and frightened; and the Squire opens and fully discovers the iniquitous actions and proceedings of the Knight in these and all his other adventures. One of which, as we learn from the said poem, was his procuring, or pretending to have, a grant from the then usurping powers to inclose Dunstable Downs, (where the neighbourhood had a right of commonage,) on pretence the same had been given to superstitious uses. The whole poem is worthy of perusal, and gives us a near insight into our hero's character and principles."

V. 1158. *To burning with hot irons, &c.]* An allusion to cauterizing, sometimes recommended in cases of apoplexy.

V. 1160-1. *But on his neck a sturdy elf*

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof.] Cleveland, in his *Hue and Cry* after Sir John Presbyter, says,

"The beast at one end branded, you may trace

The devil's footsteps in his cloven face."

"A conceit there is, (says Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Er-*

rors,) that the devil commonly appeareth with a eleven hoofs wherein, although it seem excessively ridiculous, there may be somewhat of truth, and the ground thereof at first might be his frequently appearing in the shape of a goat, which answers the description."

V. 1188. *First turn'd her up to alimony.*] Alimony signifies the maintenance sued for by a wife in case of a separation from her husband, when she is neither chargeable with elopement nor adultery.

V. 1263. *What makes a knave a child of God?*] Warburton says, "this is a ridicule of the numerous pamphlets published in those times under the name and form of catechisms: as Cheynat's Profane Catechism, Heylin's Rebel's Catechism, Watson's Cavalier's Catechism, Ram's Soldier's Catechism, Parker's Political Catechism," &c.

V. 1287-8. *And what could serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.*] "To prove (says Dr. Grey) by what arts and shifts this was done, give me leave to quote part of a smart satire, printed 1650, entitled, Peter's Pattern, or the Perfect Path to Worldly Happiness, as delivered at the funeral oration of Mr. Hugh Peters (though then living!) "The gifts of ignorance, lying, impudence, cozening, and hypocrisy, belong to such as seek preferment, whether civil or military; but all of them are required to make up a minister of the word (in those times.) First, that a preaching professor may make use of his time, it is required that he be stored with impudence. The uses of it are two: first, to encourage you to the most desperate enterprises; and, secondly, to make you scorn the reproaches of those who reprove ye. As for example, my beloved, if you see one of your enemies seated in a warm living, and that your hearts pant and thirst after the same, you ought then to put on your night-cap of devotion, and your garment of hypocrisy, and go to your superiors and say, yonder is a man who is not of the congregation of professors, who is planted in a rich living, he is a scandalous and disaffected person, and I am more worthy than he, pray you put me into his place. If men therefore rebuke you, and call you accuser and devil, then you ought to make use of your gift of impudence, and laugh at them all. Thus did holy Nye throw

out unrighteous Juxon out of his parsonage of Fulham; and thus did our brother Marshal become possessed of his fat living in the land of Essex. This emboldened our departed brother to hold forth in the pulpit of Whitehall, where so many learned (as the heathens call them) had been before him. What cared they for the reproaches of men? for their hearts were seared with the hot iron of impudence, finding themselves at ease, and filled with joy."

V. 1301-2. *But why the wicked should do so,*

We neither know, nor care to do.] A fine wipe upon the immorality of the cavaliers; and Warburton says, "I beg leave to add, that as fine a wipe was given by a cavalier upon the Roundheads to one of General Fairfax's officers, who was vaunting of the sanctity of their army, and the negligence of the cavaliers. "Faith, (says he,) you say true, for in our army we have the sins of men (drinking and wenching;) but in yours, you have those of devils, spiritual pride and rebellion." Cowley, in his Preface to the Cutter of Coleman-street, observes, "That the vices and extravagances imputed vulgarly to the cavaliers, were really committed by aliens, who only usurped that name, and endeavoured to cover the report of their indigency, and infamy of their actions, with so honorable a title."

V. 1307-8. *And Christian purity reduce*

To th' elder practice of the Jews.] Alluding to the frequent rebellions of the ancient Jews against the Lord and his vicegerents; whereas the modern Jews are quiet under all governments, which practice they found upon the prophet Jeremiah's exhortation to the captives of Babylon.

V. 1309-10. *For a large conscience is all one,*

And signifies the same with none.] It is related of the infamous Judge Jefferies, that, taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, he told him, "that if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one;" to which the countryman replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."

V. 1311-4. *Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,*

T'ho' he gives name to our Old Nick.] Warburton is of opinion that this is a blunder of the editors, to suppose that the

devil was called Old Nick, from Nick Machiavel, the Florentine; (but it was certainly the mistake of the author, who continued it in every edition during his life,) who lived in the sixteenth century: whereas they could not but know that our English writers, before Machiavel's time, used the word Old Nick very commonly to signify the devil; that it came from our Saxon ancestors, who called him Old Nicka, and some Nichen; and thinks that.

He gave name to our Old Nick,
which has a great deal of humour and satire in it, as supposing Machiavel to be so consummate a politician as to read lectures to the devil himself, would be an emendation.

Another poet of those times expresses himself in the following manner:

“ In this prodigal trick,
They have outdone Old Nick;
For what he did, he did show;
Their little is the same,
And so is their aim,
For aught any man doth know.”

V. 1321-2. *The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land.*] The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies: and persons distempered in mind, whom Butler humourously here supposes to be half the people in the world, are called lunatics.

V. 1325-6. *Was now declining to the West,
To go to bed, and take her rest.*] An anonymous commentator observes upon this passage, “that our poet stands alone in this description of the morning's approach. None that I know of besides himself (says he) has painted it by the moon's declension. He scorned to follow the old beaten custom of describing it by the sun-rising, which he had done once before, Part II. Canto II. V. 29, but he here finds a new way, and altogether just.”

V. 1337-8-9. *Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words, &c.*] This bears some resemblance to the scene between Don Quixote and the afflicted Altesidora. The personage who is now introduced to play another

trick on the Knight was the Squire, who, upon the Knight's visit, was conveyed out of sight by the widow. He had been in ambush, and within hearing, during the late correction of his master. No doubt his examination, confession, and punishment, had afforded the Squire abundance of diversion; and no sooner had the furies left the distressed Knight, but he takes him to task, rallies him, and makes him amply discover the secret principles of his sect. All this the Squire accomplishes by artfully counterfeiting a ghost, and telling the terrified Knight of all his late actions and designs. This gave credit to the imposture, and made it pass.

V. 1342. ——— *holy brotherhood.*] An allusion to the Santa Hermandad, or holy brotherhood, a fraternity for the apprehension of murderers, robbers, &c. often mentioned in Don Quixote.

V. 1388. *His oracles are ceas'd long since.*] Some of the ancient fathers of the church are of opinion that the Pagan oracles ceased at the coming of our Saviour.

V. 1395. *And now would pass for spirit Po.*] Tom Po, (says an anonymous commentator,) is an expression commonly used for an apparition; and it was usual to say, to one that seemed fearful of going into another room, in the dark, are you afraid to meet Tom Po? Dr. Grey is of opinion, that the rise of this might be from the Nayros, or soldiers of Malabar, in the Indies, of whom Linschoten gives the following account. "As these Nayros go in the streets, they used to cry Po, Po, which is to say, take heed, look to yourselves, or I come, stand out of the way: for that the other sort of people called Polyas, that are no Nayros, may not once touch or trouble one of them: and therefore they always cry, because they should make them room; and know that they come; for if any of the Polyas should chance to touch their bodies, he may freely thrust him through, and no man ask him why he did it?"

V. 1398. *These rallying devils do no hurt.*] "I have heard (says Dr. Grey,) of a gentleman's servant, in other respects very stout and courageous, who was so fully possessed with the vulgar notion of spirits and hobgoblins, that he was almost afraid to lie alone. A fellow-servant, in order to scare him, got under the bed one night, and when he was almost asleep, raised up the bed with his back, which put the poor man into a terrible panic: but the other, by overacting his part, and overstraining himself, chanced to break

wind backwards; upon which he immediately suspecting who it was, cried out, Nay, if thou art a f—t-ng devil, have at thee, I am not afraid of thee; and jumping out of bed, pulled the other from under it by the ears, and beat him heartily.

V. 1413. *To pinch the slatterns black and blue.*] In the old ballad of Robin Goodfellow, which Butler probably had in his eye, there occurs the following lines:—

“ When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maids both black and blue,
And from the bed the bed-clothes I
Pull off, and lay them nak’d to view.”

And Dr. King, in his *Orpheus and Erudice*, says,

“ She bids him then go to those caves,
Where conjurers keep fairy slaves,
Such sorts of creatures as will baste ye
A kitchen wench, for being nasty:
But if she neatly scour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t’ her.”

V. 1415. *This is your business, good Pug Robin.*] Another allusion to the old ballad of Robin Goodfellow:

“ From hag-bred Merlin’s time have I
Thus nightly revell’d to and fro,
And, for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.”

To those traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L’Allegro*:—

“ Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,—
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch’d and pull’d, she said,
And he by friar’s lantern led:
Tell how the drudging goblet sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh’d the corn
Which ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber-fiend.”

Butler, probably, had also in view the description given of Puck, by Drayton, in the *Nymphidia*."

"He meeteth Puck, whom most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.—
This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bed doth bolt,
On purpose to deceive us ;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

V. 1423. *Y' are no such Sophi.*] Alluding to the title commonly given to the Kings of Persia. Cantemir, in his *History of the Growth and Decay of the Othman Empire*, observes "that Ishmael Shah, contemporary with Bajazet, was the founder of the present royal family of Persia ; from whom, who had the name of Sophi, or Wise, they have retained the name of the Great Sophi to this day.

V. 1442. *He'll swing, like skippers in a rope.*] In Holland the master of a ship is called a skipper.

V. 1448. *By holding up your cloven paws.*] Walker, in his *History of Independency*, says, the manner of taking the covenant was by lifting up their hands to heaven, for the maintenance and observation of the ends and principles expressed in it. The Independents were at length for setting aside the covenant, though some of them, jointly with the Presbyterians, had been concerned in making it, and had actually taken it, as this Independent ghost acknowledges, which is the reason why our Presbyterian Knight urges the obligation of it to him ; for this was their practice.

V. 1450. *We made and took the covenant.*] "The author of the *Mercurius Publicus*," says Dr. Grey, "tells us of a wizard, who, upon his examination at Edinburgh, confessed, that the devil had bound him to renounce his creed and his christianity, but gave him leave to keep his covenant." Butler here gives the reason of it, that the devil had a principal hand in the making of it ; and in Canto II. V. 1255-6, are the following lines :

“ Until th’ had proved the devil author
O’ th’ covenant, and the cause his daughter.”

V. 1454. *Wear wooden peccadillos for ’t.*] Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round the shoulders, to pin in the band, wore by persons nice in dressing; but what Butler here alludes to is the pillory.

V. 1477-8. ————— *cannot sentence*

To stools, or poundage of repentance.] That is, doing penance, in the Scotch way, upon the stool of repentance, or commuting the penance for a sum of money. The author of a tract, entitled a Long-winded Lay Lecture, banters the Scotch penances in the following lines:

“ Brethren, forgive me, now I do confess,
Yet to confession I’ll not play the fool,
Nor bring mine a—— upon the Scottish stool.
No, I’ll not subject be to such an order,
Which will ere long invade our English border.
Then they that will be slav’d after the sentence,
Must sit upon the stool for their repentance;
But no such Scottish, Presbyterian trick,
Shall make my free-born heart with sorrow sick.
Let those that have a mind, the most commend on ’t,
On that and all the rest I’m independent.”

V. 1483-4. *Hence ’tis possessions do less evil*

Than mere temptations of the devil.] An allusion to the technical form of criminal indictments, in which the prisoner is charged with not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil.

V. 1492. ————— *and exorcists.*] Exorcists were an order of men, in the ancient church, whose employment it was to exorcise, or cast out devils. The ceremony was performed at the lower end of the church, towards the door. The exorcist first signed the possessed person with the sign of the cross, made him kneel, and sprinkled him with holy water. Then followed the litanies, psalms, and prayer; after which the exorcist asked the devil his name, and abjured him by the mysteries of the Christian religion, not to afflict the person any more. Then he laid his right hand on the demoniac’s head, and repeated the following form of

exorcism. "I exorcise thee, unclean spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ. Tremble, O Satan! thou enemy of the faith, thou foe of mankind, who hast brought death into the world, who hast deprived men of life, and hast rebelled against justice; thou seducer of mankind, thou root of evil, thou source of avarice, discord, and envy!"

The Catholics likewise exorcise houses and other places supposed to be haunted by unclean spirits; and the ceremony is much the same with that for persons possessed.

V. 1519-20. ————— as some demise

The same estate in mortgage twice.] There was in those days a remarkable case of this kind, that of Mr. Sherfield, the recorder, and famous breaker of glass-windows in a church at Sarum; of whom Mr. Garrard, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, gives the following account. "Sherfield," says he, "died some thousands in debt, and most wickedly cheated those that dealt with him for what little land he had, a manor near Marlborough. When, as your lordship knows, he was fined 500*l.* in the star-chamber, he then mortgaged his manor to Mr. Ayres, a bencher in Lincoln's Inn, who lent him upon it 2,500*l.* Upon his death, he challenging it, Audely, of the court of wards, shows a former mortgage to him; Sir Thomas Jarvis one more ancient than that; his wife before him challengeth it as her jointure; his eldest brother shows a conveyance before all these: in conclusion, on his death-bed, he commanded a servant to carry a letter with a key sealed up in it to Mr. Noy, where was assigned in what box of his study at Lincoln's Inn lay the conveyance of his estate; when it was found, that by a deed bearing date before all those formerly mentioned, he had given all his estate to pious uses."

V. 1521. *When to a legal utlegation.*] A writ of outlawry. Dr. Grey says, these saints proceeded in a more formidable and vigorous manner in their outlawries, than Mr. Selden did in the following instance, as he relates in his Table Talk. "The King of Spain," says he, "was outlawed in Westminster Hall, I being of counsel against him. A merchant had recovered costs against him in a suit, which, because he could not get, we advised him to have him outlawed for not appearing, and so he was. As soon as Gonsalves heard that, he presently sent the money; by reason,

if his master had been outlawed, he could not have had the benefit of the law, which would have been very prejudicial, there being many suits then depending between the King of Spain and our English merchants."

V. 1523-4. *And for a groat unpaid that's due,*

Distrains on soul and body too.] A sneer upon the abuse of excommunications by the Presbyterians, which were as rigorous as those in the Roman Catholic church.

(V. 1553. *The cock crows, and the morn draws on.]* An allusion to the vulgar notion that ghosts withdraw to their graves at the crowing of the cock, which is a sign of the approach of morn. In Hamlet, Laertes, describing the ghost, says,

" But even when the morning cock grew loud,
And at the sound it sunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight."——

And so the Ghost says,

" But soft, methinks I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be."——

Casaubon, in his Preface to Dee's Book of Spirits, says, "one tells us, that when the cock croweth, the solemn meetings of witches are dissolved; and he thinks a reason may be, because of the crowing of the cock in the gospel, when St. Peter denied Christ." To this opinion Prior, in his poem entitled Fontaine's Hans Carvel imitated, ~~alludes~~——

" All's well—But pray thee, honest Hans,
Says Satan, leave your complaisance.
The truth is this, I cannot stay,
Flaring in sun-shine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way,"

V. 1564. *Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels.]* Dr. Grey has the following explanation of this passage. "Mr. Ward, the learned professor of rhetoric in Gresham College, communicated the following note by the worthy Dr. Ducarel.—March 4, 1662-3. A scheme of a cart with legs that moved instead of wheels, was brought before the Royal Society, and referred to the consideration

of Mr. Hooke, who made a report of it at their next meeting; and, upon the 18th of the same month, that report, with some alterations, was ordered to be sent to the author of that invention, Mr. Potter; and Mr. Hooke was ordered to draw up a full description of this cart, which, together with the scheme, and animadversions upon it, were to be entered in their books." There is, however, no traces of the subject in the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions.

V. 1602. *Or padders.*] Highway robbers, who were as likely as jockies to use their utmost speed to avoid the gallows.

PART THIRD.

CANTO SECOND.

The Argument.

The saints engage in fierce contests,
About their carnal interests;
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of grace;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in the effigies of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm, on cows,
And stings the founders of his house;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout.

Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
Who were incapable to enjoy 15
That empire any other way :
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the good old cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same. 20
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Could, when the prophets interfer'd,
Get quarters for each other's beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25
But only by the ears engag'd ;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none,
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions plainly appears. 30
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;

The cause and covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to b' out of season :
 For now there was no more to purchase 35
 O' th' king's revenue and the church's ;
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the brethren on.
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd ;
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.
 For Presbyter and Independent 45
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;
 Laid out their apostolic functions,
 On carnal orders and injunctions :
 And all their precious gifts and graces
 On outlawries and *scire facias* ; 50
 At Michael's term had many a trial,
 Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss,
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
 They came to share their dividends,

And ev'ry partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases,
 In which the ablest saint and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest;
 To pay their money, and instead
 Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed,
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds and holy shifts;
 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his outward man and his heirs;
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of Providence;
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attainments
 Degraded from the right of saints.
 This b'ng reveal'd, they now begun,
 With law and conscience to fall on;
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick;
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old

That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctify'd trustees;
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow;
 Or both sides having had the worst,

They parted as they met at first,

Poor Presbyterian was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd;
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 From all affairs of church and state;
 Reform'd t' a reformed saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up, teach down,
 And make those uses serve again
 Against the new-enlighten'd men;
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
 Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,
 As pat as Popish and prelatic;
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation,
 The good old cause, which some believe
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve

With knowledge, and does still invite 105
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse ;
But was now grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once :
And in the saddle of one steed 115
The Saracen and Christian rid :
Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder),
No sooner got the start to lurch
Both disciplines, of war and church, 120
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemies o' th' saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far 125
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,
Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church and state, 135
And all things but their laws and hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government, 140
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145
As Dutch boors are to a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best,
To damn their public interest ;
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ; 150
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,
And all their dialects of jabberers,

And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game, 155
Are both defeated in their aim ;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone, 160
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

 This, when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly clear'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down 165
So dearly for, the church and crown,)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down ; 170
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;
For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun, 175
Although it be not shin'd upon.

But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day; 180
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvouses,
And with a pertinacy unmatched, 185
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started:
And, as if Nature too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast, 190
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and num'rous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increas'd 195
The more, the more they were suppress'd;
Whom neither chains nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments, 200

Nor wounds could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right ;
From staking life and fortune down 205
'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws :
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation ; 210
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'lty in possession ;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215
Did Oliver give up his reign ;
And was believ'd, as well by saints,
As moral men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry ;
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220
Who, in a false, erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem,
Profanely for the apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' the hall ;

Whither it was decreed by Fate **225**

The precious relics to translate.

So Romulus was seen before

B' as orthodox a senator,

From whose divine illumination

He stole the Pagan revelation. **230**

Next him his son and heir-apparent

Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;

Who first laid by the Parliament,

The only crutch on which he leant;

And then sunk underneath the state, **235**

That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,

For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,

And felt such bowel-hankerings,

To see an empire all of kings. **240**

Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe

Of justice, government, and law,

And free t' erect what spiritual cantons

Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,

To edify upon the ruins **245**

Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;

Who for a weather-cock hung up,

Upon their mother church's top,

Was made a type, by Providence,
Of all their revelations since;
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures:
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle:
But found their light and gifts more wide
From fadging than th' unsanctify'd;
While every individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the madest, and most crack'd,
Were found the busiest to transact;
For tho' most hands dispatch apace,
And make light work, (the proverb says,)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus; others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;
Some for the rump: and some, more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety;

Some for the gospel, and massacres
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence,
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of synods and provincial classes,
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:
 Some for fulfilling prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' excise;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage
 Of holy days, and paying poundage:
 Some for the cutting down of groves,
 And rectifying bakers' loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slav'ry of obedience;
 Some were for gospel-ministers,
 And some for red-coat seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword.
 Some were for carrying on the work
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk.

Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to the outward man the inward ; 300
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery, than gospel-light.
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
Is married only to a thumb ;
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig ;)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still. 310
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;
And some against all idolizing
The cross in shop-books, or baptizing ;
Others, to make all things recant 315
The Christian or surname of saint ;
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce ;
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals : 320

Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them root and branches:
While other were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then 325
The flesh of kings and mighty men:
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of ir'n by secret ones:
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers packs and bells; 330
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sat
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion 335
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law: 340
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;

Not for the sickly patient's sake, 845
Nor what to give, but what to take ;
To feel the pulses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries ;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain. 850

'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one,
Than all the whores of Babylon ;
So politic, as if one eye 855
Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink :
And in his dark, pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play, 860
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one ;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall ;
For by trepanning th' old to ruin, 865
He made his int'rest with the new one ;
Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.

For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd to a feeble state camelion, 370
By giving aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late:
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375
As many ways as in a lathe;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon 385
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game; 390
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose:

And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For art and subtilty his luck.

So right his judgment was cut fit, 395

And made a tally to his wit,

And both together most profound,

At deeds of darkness under ground :

As th' earth is easiest undermin'd

By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more,

H' had practis'd long and much before,

Our state artificer foresaw

Which way the world began to draw.

For as old sinners have all points 405

O' th' compass in their bones and joints ;

Can by their pangs and aches find

All turns and changes of the wind,

And better than by Napier's bones,

Feel in their own the age of moons : 410

So guilty sinners in a state

Can by their crimes prognosticate,

And in their consciences feel pain

Some days before a show'r of rain ;

He therefore wisely cast about 415

All ways he could t' insure his throat :

And hither came t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took;
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this saint, there was another,
 As busy and perverse a brother;
 A haberdasher of small wares,
 In politics and state affairs;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
 And better gifted to rebel;
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The cause aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went further; 430
 So suddenly addicted still
 To 's only principle, his will,
 That howso'er it chanc'd to prove,
 No force of argument could move;
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435
 Could render half a grain less stubborn.
 For he at any time would hang
 For th' opportunity to harangue;
 And rather on a goblet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle; 440

In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplus'd ;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight he bore, with greater ease ;
 And with its everlasting clack, 445
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy ; 450
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing ;
 With vollies of eternal babble,
 And clamour more unanswerable,
 For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,
 With greater heat and confidence, 460
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they 're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated ;

CANTO II. HUDIBRAS.**877**

For nothing but his interest

465

Could lay his devil of contest :

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,

T' espouse the cause for bett'r or worse,

And with his worldly goods and wit,

And soul, and body, worshipp'd it ;

470

But when he found the sullen traps,

Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps ;

The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,

Not half so full of jadish tricks :

Tho' squeamish in her outward woman,

475

As loose and rampant as Doll Common ;

He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,

T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :

And still the skittisher and looser

Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.

480

For fools are stubborn in their way,

As coins are harden'd by th' allay ;

And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,

As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

These two, with others, being met,

485

And close in consultation set,

After a discontented pause,

And not without sufficient cause,

The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state, 490
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoings brought about, 496
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears ;
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state turns,
And revolutions in their corns ;
And since our workings-out are cross'd, 505
Throw up the cause before 't is lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
When taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers,
Took oaths to run before all others ; 510
But in their own sense only swore
To strive to run away before ;

And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch, **515**
Between a right and mongrel church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on 't,
As 't was made out to us the last
Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's fast); **520**
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd.
Else why would tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame, **525**
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child, **530**
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our scourging of religion
Began with tumult and sedition,
When hurricanes of fierce commotion **535**
Became strong motives to devotion;

(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform,)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee ;
When zeal with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,
And made the church, and state, and laws, 545
Submit t' old iron, and the cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need ; 550
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignants are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555
For pledges to secure their own,
And freely sacrifice their ears,
T' appease our jealousies and fears.
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560

We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565
Who ere the blow, became mere dolts :
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away ; 570
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;
No mean or trivial solaces,
To partners in extreme distress ;
Who use to lessen their despairs, 575
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among. 580
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit ;
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;

Have time to rally, and prepare 685
Our last and best defence, despair;
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd; 590
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd:
And so they might be now again,
If we were, what we should be, men;
And not so dully desperate, 595
To side against ourselves with fate:
As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And setting up exauns of saints, 600
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace.
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks, for independent,
To hang like Mahomet in th' air, 605
Or St. Ignatius at his pray'r,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state:

Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And since obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord-may'rs of New Jerusalem.
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
Like charity on those that want;
And learn'd the apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes:
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.

For who first bred them up to pray;
And teach, the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
But from our Calamys and Cases?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield. 640
And had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are.
For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrilege.
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
That in a while grow out again;
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refin'd of saints,
As nat'rally grow miscreants,
As barnacles turn Soland geese 655
I' th' islands of the Orcades.

Their dispensation's but a ticket,
For their conforming to the wicked;
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense. 660
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell;
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:
And, if the world has any troth, 663
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards, are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated sots
In fevers still, like other goats: 670
For though the whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks;
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter th'are, th' grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods, 673
With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of dependencies; 680

Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones:
 And not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked, and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The brethren, and the men of sin;
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's brotherhood; 690
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Of zealous suffering for the cause,
 To gain one groat's worth of applause:
 For though endur'd with resolution, 695
 'T will ne'er amount to persecution.
 Shall precious saints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of brethren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men? 700
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves?
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dragon;

When savage bears agree with bears, 705
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls let go their hold? 710
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities awhile?
At least until th' had a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage 720
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies.

 This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings-out;
And knew 'em both in soul and conscience, 725
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.

We, whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only of plunder, 730
Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform and undermine ;
Took all our interests and commands 735
Perfidiously out of our hands ;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive gains allow'd :
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of father Belial, 740
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun :
But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of gaols,
To find us pill'ries and cart-tails ; 750
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;

That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accounts,
And burn our vessels like a new 755
Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held. 760
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men ;
Our inward man, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same.
And till they first began to cant, 765
And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace ;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy. 770
Although 't was our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon ;
And yet for all this gospel-union,
And outward show of church-communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares, 775
Of ruling church or state-affairs ;

Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance ;
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
We had so painfully preach'd down ; 780
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again ;
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
And when 't was held forth in our way, 785
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way
Once more to come again in play. 790
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about ;
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King :
What would our actions not have done, 795
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend to a share,
At least in carrying on th' affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought, 800

And that's as good as if w' had done 't,

And easier pass'd upon account:

For if it be but half deny'd,

'Tis half as good as justify'd.

The world is nat'rally averse

805

To all the truth it sees or hears,

But swallows nonsense, and a lie,

With greediness and gluttony :

And though it have the pique, and long,

'Tis still for something in the wrong :

810

As women long, when they're with child,

For things extravagant and wild ;

For meats ridiculous and fulsome,

But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;

And, like the world, men's jobbernoles

815

Turn round about their ears, the poles ;

And what they're confidently told,

By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means

Once more to hedge in Providence.

820

For as relapses make diseases

More desp'rate than their first accesses ;

If we but get again in pow'r,

Our work is easier than before ;

And we more ready and expert 825

I' th' mystery to do our part.

We, who did rather undertake

The first war to create, than make ;

And when of nothing 'twas begun,

Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on : 830

Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,

With plots and projects of our own :

And if we did such feats at first,

What can we now we're better vers'd ;

Who have a freer latitude 835

Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ?

And therefore likeliest to bring in,

On fairest terms, our discipline ;

To which it was reveal'd long since,

We were ordain'd by Providence : 840

When three saints' ears, our predecessors,

The cause's primitive confessors,

B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood

In just so many years of blood,

That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845

The perfect number of the beast,

And prov'd that we must be the men

To bring this work about again ;

And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation ; 850
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone ;
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters ?
Possess'd with absolute dominions 855
O'er brethren's purses and opinions ?
And trusted with the double keys
Of Heaven, and their warehouses ;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please, 860
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands ;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury :
Can fetch in parties (as in war 865
All other heads of cattle are,)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions ;
And share them,) from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the town ; 870
From ladies hurried in caleches,
With cor'uets at their footman's breeches,

To bawds as fat as mother Nab ;

All guts and belly, like a crab.

Our party's great, and better tied 875

With oaths, and trade, than any side :

Has one considerable improvement,

To double fortify the cov'nant :

I mean our covenants to purchase

Delinquents' titles and the churches : 880

That pass in sale from hand to hand,

Among ourselves, for current land ;

And rise or fall, like Indian actions,

According to the rate of factions ;

Our best reserve for reformation, 885

When new outgoings give occasion :

That keeps the loins of brethren girt,

The covenant (their creed) t' assert :

And when th' have pack'd a parliament,

Will once more try the expedient : 890

Who can already muster friends,

To serve for members to our ends,

That represent no part o' th' nation,

But Fisher's Folly-congregation ;

Are only tools to our intrigues, 895

And sit, like geese, to hatch our eggs :

Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand : 900
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make 'em one another drive out :
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the nation represent 905
And serve for us in parliament ;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none ;
Unless it be the pulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy ;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges ;
And rather than compound the quarrel, 915
Engage to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins ; th' only scope
And consolation of our hope :
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim. 920

Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
Know what a leading voice is worth
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;
How much a casting voice comes to, 925
That turns up trump of Ay or No ;
And by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend,
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost, 930
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook :
And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
Until they turn'd us out of door ;
Besides the herds of *boutefeus*,
We set on work without the house ;
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Keeps legislative journeymen, 940
To bring them in intelligence
From all points of the rabble's sense ;
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes :

CANTO II. HUDIBRAS.**297**

Set up committees of cabals,

945

To pack designs without the walls ;

Examine, and draw up all news

And fit it to our present use.

Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,

And ev'ry one his part rehearse.

950

Make q.'s of answers, to waylay

What th' other party 's like to say ;

What repartees, and smart reflections,

Shall be return'd to all objections ;

And who shall break the master jest,

955

And what, and how, upon the rest :

Help pamphlets out, with false editions,

Of proper slanders and seditions ;

And treason for a token send

By letter to a country-friend ;

960

Disperse lampoons, the only wit

That men, like burglary, commit ;

Wit falser than a padder's face,

That all its owner does, betrays ;

Who therefore dares not trust it, when

965

He's in his calling to be seen.

Disperse the dung on barren earth,

To bring new weeds of discord forth ;

Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations, 970
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd.
And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't:
As long as confessors are sure 975
Of double pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution.
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring tubs their richest trade; 980
And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen,
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood w' have let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to our principles,
In time wear out all things else: 990
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses;

While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths :
Prevail'd a while, but 't was not long **995**
Before from world to world they swung :
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd they died.

Thus said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer ; **1000**
Who had not spar'd to show his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had minister'd a dose **1005**
Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernole,
He shook it, with a scornful look,
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : **1010**

In dressing a calf's-head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
For who did ever play his gambols, **1015**
With such insufferable rambles ;

To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore : 1020
That to defend, was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid :
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt,)
No power is able to restore 1025
And bring him in, but on your score :
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'T is true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made ; 1030
And weapons, drest with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
Those who have tried them can determine.
Indeed, 't is pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040

Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further ;
And setting all the land on fire, 1045
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ;
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and statè ;
And not b' allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both again, 1050
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying, gifted face ;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd ; 1060
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet ;

(For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
And nick'd them on the self-same score ;)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us, at foul play ;
And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the by ; 1070
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles ;
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up like alligators ;
For which ingeniously y' have show'd 1075
Your Presbyterian gratitude ;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple on the other side, 1080
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse :
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again :
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
Than maggots when they turn to flies :
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal, and false,

To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences ; 1090
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and gospel neck and heels :
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent :
T' amend its errors and defects, 1095
With murther and rebellion-texts ;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon ;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth in use ; 1100
As Mahomet, your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran ;
Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion ;
Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
And gifted mortifying groans ;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind :
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination : 1110
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't
As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford :

While women great with child miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd :
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
Whose husbands were not for the cause ;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle ;
Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ; 1120
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not t' espouse the saints' adventures ;
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts like Orpheus ;
Enchant the king's and church's lands, 1125
T' obey and follow their commands ;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marclay-hill had done of old ;
Could turn th' cov'nant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricate places ;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox ;
Until the cause became a Damon, 1135
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms;
And raise more devils in the rout
Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140
Y' have been reduc'd, and by these fools,
Bred up, you say, in your own schools;
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit;
By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on:
Of all your dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd; 1150
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate:
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
Like better bowlers, in your places;
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution:
And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd; 1160

And never humm'd and hau'd sedition,
Nor snuffled treason nor misprision :
That is, because you never durst :
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas ! you were no longer able 1165
To raise your *posse* of the rabble :
One single red-coat sentinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the spell ;
And with his squirt fire, could disperse
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse. 1170
We know too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your pow'rs ;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of out-goings ;
Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175
One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man ; 1180
There 's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means ;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out :

CANTO II. HUDIBRAS. 307

Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.

'T is true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin.

For 't was your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle, 1195

That forc'd our rulers to new model;
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,

T' your great Croysado general, 1200
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 't was in your clutches' pow'r.

That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net.

Your spite to see the church's lands 1205
Divided into others' hands,

And all your sacrilegious ventures

Laid out in tickets and debentures:

Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town ; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the Independent's spreading growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you ;
Who have prevail'd beyond the plots ; 1215
The midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, loose ;
And flies and mange, that set them free
From task-masters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
In an indiff'rent man's conceit :
For who e'er heard of restoration,
Until your thorough reformation ?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands ; 1230
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore ;

And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?
As by a world of hints appears, 1236
All plain and extant, as your ears.

But first o' th' first: The isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny 't;
Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases; 1240
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools;
Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245
O' th' cov'nant, and the cause his daughter.
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt;
Th' did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person like Sir Pride, or Hewson: 1250
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on;
And who could those be but the saints,
Those reformation-termagants?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1256
Spent so much time, it grew too late:

For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round ;
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260
Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness ;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law, 1265
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application,
So when the Scots, your constant cronies
Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends ;
You basely left them, and the church 1275
They train'd you up to, in the lurch ;
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concernments in ; 1280

Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just ;
Such as will punctually repay 1285
With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think these pantomimes,
Who vary actions with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part ; 1290
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
That statesmen use in breaking leagues :
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion cloths ;
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes :
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means : 1310

And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams ;
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give ;
Set up the covenant on crutches 1315

'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own :
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of breeding : 1320
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that 's left us now, 1325
But all th' difficulty's, how ?

'T is true w' have money, the only power
That all mankind falls down before :

CANTO II. HUDIBRAS.**313**

Money, that, like the sword of kings,
Is the last reason of all things ;

1330

And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way ;

As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well ;

Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,

1335

One church and state will not suffice,

T' expose to sale, beside the wages

Of storing plagues to after-ages.

Nor is our money less our own,

Than 't was before we laid it down ;

1340

For 't will return, and turn t' account,

If we are brought in play upon 't :

Or but, by casting knaves, get in,

What pow'r can hinder us to win ?

We know the arts we us'd before,

1345

In peace and war, and something more ;

And by th' unfortunate events,

Can mend our next experiments,

For when we are taken into trust,

How easy are the wisest chous'd ?

1350

Who see but th' outside of our feats,

And not their secret springs and weights :

And while the 're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please :
How easy is 't to serve for agents, 1355
To prosecute our old engagements ?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And prevent pow'r from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms ; 1360
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side ;
Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns.
The only way t' improve our own, 1365
By dealing faithfully with none ;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)
For if we should be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together : 1370
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty ;
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375
Our brethren, tho' by other venters ;

Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots :
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began to 'spouse ; 1380
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes, in church and state ;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind, 1385
Make enemies to all mankind ;
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle :
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being, 1390
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense :
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary :
And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
All contradictions of the spirit :
Protect their emissaries, empow'r'd
To preach sedition and the word :
And when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'ers for the cause ; 1400

And turn the persecution^d back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining law ;
And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
Before the full tides of the moon ;
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in, and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from baiting on their perches : 1410
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.

 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For if success could make us saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants : 1420
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

 These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone :

CANTO II. HUDIBRAS.**317**

And not to stand on terms and freaks, **1425**

Before we have secur'd our necks ;

But do our work, as out of sight,

As stars by day, and suns by night :

All license of the people own,

In opposition to the crown : **1430**

And for the crown as fiercely side,

The head and body to divide :

The end of all we first design'd,

And all that yet remains behind :

Be sure to spare no public rapine, **1435**

On all emergencies that happen ;

For 't is as easy to supplant

Authority, as men in want :

As some of us, in trusts, have made

The one hand with the other trade : **1440**

Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,

The right a thief, the left receiver ;

And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,

The other, by as sly, retail'd.

For gain has wonderful effects **1445**

T' improve the factory of sects ;

The rule of faith in all professions,

And great Diana of th' Ephesians :

Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade. 1450

And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course;
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together, 1455

Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 't is hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal; 1460
As execution or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow;
For things in order are put out 1465
So easy, ease itself will do 't:
But when the fate 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 't is more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;

Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import, **1475**
That neither do us good nor hurt ;
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust ; **1480**
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, tho' our own ;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state ;
Express the horrid'st detestation, **1485**
And pity the distracted nation.
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtile statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face ; **1490**
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues,
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :).
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers, **1495**
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out,
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste : 1500
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And, for awhile, as out of breath ;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:—

That beastly rabble that came down 1505
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls and shop-boards,—in vast swarms,
With new chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door ; 1510
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grantees—of our members,
Are carbonading—on the embers
Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages :
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roast—and scorch, and broil, 1520

And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive ;
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate,
For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
W' are grill'd all at Temple-bar ;
Some on the sign-post of an ale-house
Hang, in effigy, on the gallows.
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state ; 1530
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed ;
And while the work was carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows 1535
And tinder-box of all his fellows ;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again ; 1540
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he 's listed in 't ;)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way ;

For, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropt, malignant baker gave him :
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in. 1550
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;
Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
Like vermin in effigy slain.

But what's more dreadful than the rest,
Those rumps are but the tail of the beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whores, 1565
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,

And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels ; 1570
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;
More like to ruin and confound, 1575
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss ;
For symbols of state-mysteries ;
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;
Who, cause they're wasted to the stumps, 1581
Are represented best by rumps,
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches ;
And from their coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolemies,
And by their stings the swords they wore,
Held for authority and power ; 1590
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interest in their tails ;

And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state ;
They thought all governments were best 1595
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For, as in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the *helm*; 1600
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail,
The tail which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with, through sea and air :
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shows how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in nature jump,
For as a fly that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head ; 1610
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,
That hors'd us on their backs to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,

I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to ;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetables proceed ;
From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part.

Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That, after sev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and like a cat, revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd ;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which the other fires put out ;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
And paltry, private wretchedness ;
Worse than the devil, to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration ;

And parted like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control. 1640

We, who could lately with a look
Enact, establish, or revoke ;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645

All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet :
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats ; 1650

Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall ;
For some of us have scores more large 1655

Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay all down at last : 1660

And to be but undone, entail

Their vessels on perpetual jail ;

And bless the dev'l to make them farms

Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665

Put all th' assembly to the rout :

Who now began to outrun their fear,

As horses do from those they bear ;

But crowded on with so much haste,

Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670

And barricado'd it with haunches

Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,

And with their shoulders strove to squeeze

And rather save a crippled piece

Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675

Than have them grill'd on the embers ;

Still pressing on with heavy packs

Of one another on their backs ;

The vanguard could no longer bear

The charges of the forlorn rear ; 1680

But borne down headlong by the rout,

Were trampled sorely under foot ;

Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble :
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running horse,
Whose jockey rider is all spurs. 1690

NOTES

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART III. CANTO II.

Argument.—V. 1-2. *THE saints engage in fierce contests*

About their carnal interests.] The whole of this Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance, but others are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The poet steps for a little while out of his road, and jumps from the time when these adventures happened, to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity of action, time, or place; though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorums. But now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors. He purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the restoration. He sets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declension of their tyrannical power and government.

V. 1-2. *The learned write, an insect breeze*

Is but a mongrel prince of bees.] Breezes often bring with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion

are generated from viscous exhalations in the air ; but our author makes them to proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original. He probably alludes to the method of repairing the bee kind, mentioned by Virgil, and thus translated by Dryden :—

“ ’Tis time to touch the precepts of an art
Th’ Arcadian master did of old impart ;
And how he stock’d his empty hives again,
Renew’d with putrid gore of oxen slain :—
First, in a place by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter’d, wall’d, and til’d.
In this four windows are contriv’d, that strike
To the four winds oppos’d their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish’d horns begins to spread ;
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock’d down he dies, his bowels bruis’d within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin :
Extended thus on his obscene abode,
They leave the beast, but first fresh flowers are strew’d,
Beneath his body broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew’d in prime.
This must be done ere Spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play,
Ere painted meads produce their flow’ry crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment :
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs ;
Till, shooting out with legs, and imp’d with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees, with pointed stings
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly ;
At length, like Summer’s storms from spreading clouds,
They burst at once, and pour impetuous floods :

Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When from afar they gall embattl'd foes;
 With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear."

V. 8. *Religion spawn'd a various rout.*] Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, probably alludes to this, where, speaking of Jack, or the Calvinist, he observes, "That he was a person of great design and improvement in devotion, having introduced a new divinity, who has since met with a great number of worshippers, by some called Babel, by others Chaos, who had an ancient temple, of Gothic structure, upon Salisbury Plain." And in the Collection of Loyal Songs, there are the following lines:—

"Take —— and his club, and Smec and his tub,
 Or any sect old or new;
 The devil's in the pack, if choice you can lack,
 We are fourscore religions strong now."

V. 10. *The maggots of corrupted texts.*] The Independents, (says Dr. Grey) were literally so, having corrupted that text, Acts vi. 3. to give the people a right to choose their own pastors: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye (instead of we) may appoint over this business." Dr. Grey adds, "I have been informed that the first printer of this forgery had 1,500*l.* for it." Cowley, in his Puritan and Papist, says,

"They a bold power o'er sacred Scriptures take,
 Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make."

And they are described by Dryden, in his *Religio Laici*, in the following lines:—

"Study and pains were now no more their care,
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought,
 Occasioned by great zeal and little thought:
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die,
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply;

So all the use we make of heaven's discover'd will
Is not to have it, but to use it ill.

The danger's much the same, on several shelves,
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves."

V. 13-4. *For, as the Persian Magi once*

Upon their mothers got their sons.] The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, entrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastical, and much addicted to the observation of the stars. Some writers have reported of them, that it was their custom to have incestuous commerce with their mothers, in order to preserve and continue their families; but this seems to have been advanced without any sufficient foundation.

V. 17-8. *So Presbyter begot the other,*

Upon the good old cause, his mother.] The author of the Dialogue between Mr. Guthry and Mr. Giffan, 1661, sets forth their relation in the following manner:—

Giff. "They say they're of a near relation to you,
Your younger brothers, and the wiser too.

Gu. "I confess they did follow our pattern a long time, but it was with a design to spoil our copy, and they supplanted us by the same artifice we used, a greater seeming austerity of life and conversation."

V. 24. *Get quarter for each other's beards.*] The Presbyterians, when they were at the head of affairs, were very unwilling to grant a toleration to the Independents and other sectaries. When the famous preacher Calamy demanded of them what they would do with the Anabaptists, Antinomians, &c. said, they would not meddle with their consciences, but with their bodies and estates.

V. 77-8. *And laid about as hot and brain sick*

As th' utter barrister of Swanswick.] William Prynne, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq. born at Swanswick, who styled himself utter barrister, a very warm person, and voluminous writer, and after the restoration keeper of the records in the Tower.

V. 80. *As men with sand-bags did of old.*] Warburton says, "When the combat was demanded in a legal way by knights and gentlemen, it was fought with sword and lance; and when by yeomen, with sand-bags fastened to the end. To this custom Ben Jonson alludes, in his Underwood, in the King's Entertainment.

“ Go, Captain Stub, lead on and show
 What house you come on, by the blow
 You give Sir Quintin, and the cuff
 You 'scape o' th' sand-bag's counter buff.”

V. 87. *Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd.*] When Oliver Cromwell and the Independents had obtained the supreme authority, they deprived the Presbyterians of all the power which the Lords and Commons had previously bestowed on them. Fry, a member of parliament at this period, speaking of them, says, “ That rigid Sir John Presbyter was desperately sick, and that he would as soon put a sword into the hands of a madman as into the hands of a high-flying Presbyterian.” And in a humorous publication of the same period (1647-8), entitled the Last Will and Testament of Sir John Presbyter, are the following lines.

“ Here lies Jack Presbyter, void of all pity,
 Who ruin'd the country, and fooled the city;
 He turn'd preaching to prating and telling of lies,
 Caus'd jars and dissensions in all families.
 He invented new oaths rebellion to raise,
 Deceiving the Commons, whilst on them he preys:
 He made a new creed, despised the old;
 King, state, and religion, by him bought and sold.
 He four years consulted, and yet could not tell
 The Parliament the way Christ went into hell:
 Resolved therein he never would be,
 Therefore in great haste he 's gone thither to see.”

V. 88. *Secluded and cashier'd, and chous'd.*] Alluding to the seclusion of the Presbyterian faction by the army, preparatory to the trial of the king.

V. 92. *And glad to turn itinerant.*] Walker, in his History of Independency, informs us, “ that April 12, 1649, it was referred to a committee to consider of a way how to raise pensions and allowances out of dean and chapter lands, to maintain supernumerary ministers, who should be authorised to go up and down, compassing the earth, and adulterating other men's pulpits and congregations.” The famous Hugh Peters advises, in one of his tracts, that two or three itinerary preachers may be sent by the state into every county; and a committee of godly men, to send out men of he-

nesty, holiness, and parts, to all counties recommended from their test."

V. 94. *And those he had taught up, teach down.*] The Independents urged the very same doctrines against the Presbyterians which the Presbyterians had before used against the bishops, such as the uselessness of ordination by the hands of the Presbytery, and that church government was committed to the community of the faithful; which doctrines, and others of the like nature, the Presbyterians had preached up, in order to pull down the bishops; but, when the Independents used those arguments against the government they would have set up, they preached them down again.

V. 115-6. *And in the saddle of one steed*

The Saracen and Christian rid.] Walker, in his History of Independency, calls the "Independents a composition of Jew, Christian, and Turk;" and Echard, in his History of England, speaking of them, says, "Cromwell's great design was, by his new army, to attempt to change the whole discipline of the Parliament's forces; for having observed that the King's horse, who were his greatest strength, consisted of gentlemen, and such as were led on by a sense of honor, and were accordingly successful, he believed if the Parliament horse could be formed out of the most zealous of their party, such as were persuaded by their ministers' sermons, *that they were fighting God's cause, and those that were killed died in the favor of God*, they might set this impulse of conscience against the others' sense of honor, and arrive at a greater probability of success than before. And this method he put in practice, as far as possible, in his new raised forces, of whom most of the officers were very great zealots, and the soldiers gradually became of the same leaven; for they had all either actually the fanatic humour, or soon imbibed it. A herd of this sort of people being drawn together by his interest, he himself, like a Mahomet, having transports of fancy, and withal a crafty understanding, and knowing the strength of natural principles, made use of the zeal and credulity of those persons, and by his own preaching taught them, as they too readily taught themselves, that they engaged for God, when he led them against thinking. And where this opinion met with a natural courage, it made them more bold, and often more cruel; and these men being more used to spiritual

pride than carnal intemperance, where natural courage was wanting, zeal supplied its place; so that at first they chose rather to die than fly, and custom removed the fear of danger. And, afterwards, finding the sweet of good pay, of opulent plunder, and of preferments suitable to their activity and merit, the lucrative part made gain seem to them a natural concomitant of godliness. Here was the main root of *Independency*, which in time ruined both the King and his friends, and the very heads of the rebellion."

V. 117. *Were free of ev'ry spiritual order.*] The Romish orders here alluded to (says Warburton) are the Jesuits, the Knights of Malta, the Fathers of the Oratory, and the Dominicans, who are at the head of the Inquisition.

V. 146. *As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin.*] A kind of false birth, fabled to be produced by the Dutch women from sitting over their stoves. Swift, in one of his humorous pieces, says,

" When Jove was, from his teeming head,
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying in,
For after-birth, a *sooterkin*."

V. 151-2. *T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
And all their dialects of jabberers.*] Dubartas, in his *Divine Weeks*, thus describes the confusion at Babel:

" This said, as soon confusedly did bound,
Through all the work, I wot not what strange sound,
A jangling noise, not much unlike the rumours
Of Bacchus' swains amidst their drunken humours:
Some speak between their teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words to ill dispose:
Some howl, some hollo, some do strut and strain,
Each hath his gibberish, and all strive in vain
To find again their known beloved tongue,
That with their milk they suck'd in cradle young."

V. 163. *This, when the Royalists perceiv'd.*] Our poet, in this place, takes occasion to pay many handsome compliments to the Royalists for the constancy, loyalty, and firmness, with which they endured the misfortunes of their party.

V. 197. *Who neither chains, nor transportation, &c.*] All the me-

thods here mentioned were made use of to dispirit the Cavaliers, but to no purpose.

V. 215-6. *Toss'd in a furious hurricane,*

Did Oliver give up his reign.] Most of our historians have noticed, that a violent storm happened on the day of Cromwell's death. Echard, speaking of it, says, "but as if all the elements, as well as mankind, had waited for this important day, it was ushered in with the most prodigious storm of wind that ever had been known, which overthrew great numbers of trees and houses, made dreadful wrecks at sea; and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were very terrible in France, the Netherlands, and foreign countries, where all people trembled at it: for besides the wrecks all along the sea-coasts, many boats were cast away in the very rivers."

V. 219. *To founder in the Stygian ferry.*] In the Collection of Loyal Songs, published soon after the restoration, the following lines occur:—

Old Oliver's gone to the dogs,
Oh! no, I do mistake,
He's gone in a wherry,
Over the ferry,
That's called the Stygian lake.
But Cerberus, that great porter,
Did read him such a lecture,
That made him to roar
When he came on shore,
For being Lord Protector."

V. 220. *Until he was retriev'd by Sterry.*] Sterry was one of Oliver's chaplains; and Echard informs us, "that the news of his death being brought to those who were met together to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled: *For*, said he, *this is good news; because, if he was of great use to the people of God when he was among us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us on all occasions.*"—Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God re-

vealed to him, that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time; but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said divine, publicly in his prayers, expostulated with God the defeat of his prophecy in these words: Thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us."

V. 224. *False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall.*] After the restoration, the body of Cromwell was dug up by order of the two houses of Parliament, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster Hall, near which place there was a house of entertainment, commonly known by the name of the Heaven Tavern.

V. 227. *So Romulus, &c.*] A Roman senator, much beloved by Romulus, and who was named Proculus, made oath before the Senate, that that prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of the city, promising to be protector of it: and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the name of Quirinus; and accordingly a temple was erected in honor of him on the Quirinal Mount.

V. 231-2. *Next him his son and heir-apparent*

Succeeded, though a lame vice-gerent.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and by order of the privy-council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector: but Fleetwood, Lambert, Desborough, Vane, and their partizans managed affairs so, that after an insignificant reign of seven months and about twenty days, Richard resigned his authority. Butler, in his tale of the Cocker and Vicar of Bray, speaking of Oliver's successor, expresses himself to the same purpose.

What's worse, old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir-apparent,
Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vice-gerent:

He 'll reign but little time, poor tool,
But sink beneath the state,
'That will not fail to ride the fool
'Rove common horseman's weight.

Lord Clarendon relates an anecdote concerning Richard, which, though it is pretty well known, deserves to be preserved here. " Shortly after the King's happy restoration (says the noble historian) this despised man found it necessary to transport himself into France, more through fear of his debts than of the king, who thought it unnecessary to inquire after a person so long forgotten. After he had remained some years in Paris unobserved, and indeed unknown, living in obscurity and disguise, without owning his name, and with but one servant to attend him, upon the first rumour of a war like to break out between England and France, he thought it proper to quit that kingdom, and to remove to some place of neutrality, and particularly Geneva. Making his way thither by Bourdeaux, and through the province of Languedoc, he passed through Pezenas, a town belonging to the Prince of Conti, who resided there in a fair palace of his own. Here making some stay, he accidentally met with an old acquaintance of his father's and his party; and both were sufficiently pleased thus to find themselves together. His friend told him, that all strangers who came to that town, used to wait upon the Prince of Conti, the governor of the province, who expected it, and always treated strangers, and particularly the English, with great civility: that he need not be known, but that he himself would go to the prince, and inform him that another English gentleman was passing through that town towards Italy, who would be glad to have the honor to kiss his hands. The prince received him with great civility, according to his natural custom; and after a few words began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and obediently submitted to him; which the other answered briefly and according to the truth. Well, said the prince, that Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave man, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb and poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive;

what is become of that fool? How was it possible he could be such a sot? He answered, that he was betrayed by those he most trusted; and who had been the most obliged by his father. So, being weary of his visit, he soon took his leave, and the next morning left the town, for fear the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had so freely mentioned. And within two days the prince came to know who it was that he had treated so justly, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had suspected not well affected to the King's restoration."

V. 233-4. *Who first laid by the Parliament*

The only crutch on which he leant.] Previous to his abdication Richard dissolved the Parliament, and this step is thought by many to have hastened his downfall.

V. 237. *And now the saints began their reign.]* On the deposition of Richard Cromwell, the government devolved on a committee of safety; amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and, without doubt, did believe himself inspired, which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

V. 241-2. *Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe*

Of justice, government, and law.] Dr. Grey observes, that two jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, ann. 1652, were so confident of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that, in their scurrilous prognostications, they predicted the downfall of both; and in 1654 they foretold that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the great charter, and all our liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times: that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now why we should be governed by them."

V. 244. ——— *gospel Hans towns.]* The Germans bordering upon the sea being anciently infested by barbarians, for their better defence entered into a mutual league, and gave themselves the name of Hans-towns, either from the sea on which they bordered, or from their faith, which they had plighted to one another with

their own hands (*hansae*), or from the same word, which in their language signified a league, society, or association.

V. 215-8. *To edify upon the ruins*

Of John of Leyden's old out-goings ;

Who for a weather-cock hung up

Upon their mother church's top.] John of Leyden, so

called from the place of his birth, and whose real name was Bocold, is known chiefly on account of his extraordinary fanaticism. He was a tailor, and chief of the sect of Anabaptists. Being banished from the city of Munster, he returned thither privately, and collected so strong a force that he made himself master of the town. Circular letters were then dispersed through the neighbouring provinces to this effect, "that a prophet sent by God was come to Munster, and being illuminated by the Holy Spirit, foretold wonderful events, and instructed men in the true way of salvation ; if, therefore, they would come over to them, they should want nothing ; whatever they lost should be made good to them tenfold ; for which reason, leaving wives and children and every thing besides, they had nothing to do but to repair forthwith to Munster." Upon this invitation the concourse of people was so great, especially of those who had nothing to lose, that in a little time they found themselves stronger than the inhabitants, and so raised another tumult, crying, as they passed along ; Depart hence ye wicked wretches, if you would avoid a total destruction, for all such as refuse to be baptized, shall be forthwith knocked on the head. Upon this declaration, the clergy and burghers that would not join and submit to them, left the town, and the Anabaptists remained the masters. This happened about the beginning of Lent, 1534. One of the leaders of the conspiracy, John Matthison, a baker, of Harlem, who gave himself out for Enoch, being slain in a sortie, John Bocold became chief of the Anabaptists, and changed their government. He pretended a trance for three days, after which he declared, that God had commanded him to appoint twelve judges, in the room of those who composed his council. He appointed those who were most attached to him, and by their means was rendered absolute master of the government. He soon established polygamy, after he had decided by pretended revelations

that it was not contrary to the word of God. The government of the twelve judges did not last long, for in about two months Beccell caused himself to be proclaimed king, and was solemnly crowned the 24th of June, 1534. He assumed thereupon the ensigns of royalty, and caused money to be struck. He dressed magnificently, went abroad attended by guards and officers, having a crown and bible carried on his right hand, and a sword on his left. Some of his followers finding they had been imposed upon, formed a conspiracy against him, but being discovered, they were, to the number of fifty persons, put to death. The town was at length besieged by the Bishop of Munster's army, and after an obstinate resistance, taken by storm. John of Leyden was taken alive, and after having his body pinched with red-hot irons, was hung with some of his associates, upon the highest tower in the city.

V. 267-8. *Some were for setting up a King,*

But all the rest for no such thing.] The perplexity of the different factions at this period is well described, and that mixture of cant, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm for which the saints were so distinguished, forcibly ridiculed. Butler, in his tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray, has these lines on the same subject:

“Some for a king, and some for none,
And some have hankerings
To mend the commonwealth, and make
An empire all of kings.”

Walker, in his History of Independency, informs us, that Harry Martin, one of the regicide judges, in his speech on the debate, whether they should have a king or no, said, “That, if they must have a king, they had rather have the last than any gentleman in England; he found no fault in his person, but office.”

V. 269. *Unless King Jesus.]* An allusion to the fifth monarchy men, who were for no king but King Jesus.

“Cæsar, not Christ, the ancient Jews
Paid tribute of their treasure;
Our Jews no king but Christ, will choose,
And rob and cry down Cæsar.”

V. 270. ——— *Fleetwood.]* Fleetwood was the protector's lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Cromwell's eldest daughter, and was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Hume says

of him, "that his hand was found too weak and unable to support this ill-founded fabric, which, every where around him, was falling into ruins. When he received intelligence of any murmurs among the soldiers, he would fall upon his knees in prayer, and could hardly be prevailed with to join the troops. Even when among them in the midst of any discourse, he would invite them all to prayer, and put himself on his knees before them. If any of his friends exhorted him to more vigour, they could get no other answer, than that God had spit in his face, and would not hear him."

V. 270. ——— *Desborough.*] Desborough married Cromwell's sister, was first a colonel in the army, and afterwards major-general. Hume calls him a man of a brutal and clownish nature, and our author, in his Parable of the Lion and Fox, stigmatises him in the following lines:

"Says Desborough, for that his name was,
Who afterwards grew very famous,
And as his neighbours all can tell,
I' th' civil wars was colonel:
Nay, some there be that will not stick
To say, he was so politic,
Or, if you will, so great a rogue,
That when rebellion was in vogue,
That he among the rest was one
That doom'd the king to martyrdom."

V. 270. ——— *Lambert.*] Lambert was one of the Rump-generals, and a principal opposer of Monk, in the restoration of Charles II. Having gathered some forces together, he was defeated at Daventry, and committed a prisoner to the Tower. After the restoration he was tried and condemned, but reprieved, and survived his condemnation near thirty years. He was confined to the Isle of Guernsey, where he lived contented, forgetting all his past schemes of greatness, and entirely forgot by the nation.

V. 272. *For agitators, &c.*] These were the private men and inferior officers in the army, who pretended they had a right to be consulted in the administration of the commonwealth. The following instance of the extravagance of this class of men is given by Walker, in his History of Independency. "About this time there came six soldiers into the parish-church of Walton-upon-

Thames, near twilight; Mr. Faucet, the preacher there, not having till then ended his sermon. One of the soldiers had a lantern in his hand, and a candle burning in it, and in the other hand four candles, not lighted. He desired the parishioners to stay a while, saying, he had a message from God unto them; and, thereupon, offered to go into the pulpit. But the people refusing to give him leave so to do, or to stay in the church, he went into the churchyard, and there told them that he had a vision, wherein he had received a command from God to deliver his will unto them, which he was to deliver, and they to receive, upon pain of damnation; consisting of five lights. 1. That the sabbath was abolished as unnecessary, Jewish, and merely ceremonial. And here (quoth he) I should put out the first light, but the wind is so high, I cannot kindle it. 2. The tithes are abolished as Jewish and ceremonial, a great burthen to the saints of God, and a discouragement of industry and tillage. And here I should put out my second light, &c. 3. That ministers are abolished as antichristian, and of no longer use, now that Christ himself descends into the hearts of his saints, and his spirit enlighteneth them with revelations and inspirations. And here I should put out my third light, &c. 4. Magistrates are abolished as useless, now that Christ himself is in purity among us, and hath erected the kingdom of the saints upon earth; besides, they are tyrants, and oppressors of the liberty of the saints, and tie them to laws and ordinances, mere human inventions. And here I should put out my fourth light, &c. 5. Then putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little bible, he showed it open to the people, and said it must be burnt, as there was no further occasion for it. And here I should have put out my fifth light."

Butler, in a ludicrous speech, which he makes for the Earl of Pembroke, has the following words:—"I perceive your lordships think better of me, and would acquit me, if I was not charged by the agitators.—'S death, what's that! who ever heard the word before? I understand classical, provincial, congregational, national, but for agitator, it may be, for aught I know, a knave not worth three-pence. If agitators cut noblemen's throats, you will find the devil has been an agitator."

Some of the positions of the agitators here follows:—That all

inns of court and chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, and statute laws formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honor, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snares, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among free men, and opposite to the communion of the saints.

“That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, citics, corporations, ministers, glebes, and so much of the land of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens, as exceeds the sum of six hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the crown, belonging to the king or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers of the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services.”

V. 272. ——— *the safety.*] The committee of safety, Echard tells us, was a set of men who took upon them the government upon displacing the rump a second time. Their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties, (royalists excepted,) yet so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction. In the collection of Loyal Songs, they are thus described :

“So here’s a committee of safety, compounded
Of knave, and of fool, of papist and roundhead ;
Of basis of treason, and tyranny grounded.”

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They are bantered by the author of a tract, entitled, “A Parley between the Ghosts of the Protector, and the King of Sweden in Hell. “Fanatic committee of safety, (saith the protector) there’s a word that requires another Calvin’s industry to make a comment on it. And then naming them again, he fell into such a laughter, that he waked the great devil, who was lying upon a bench hard by, something drunkish. What’s the matter, cries Beelzebub? What’s the matter, cries the Protector? Can you lie sleeping there and hear us talk of a fanatic committee of safety? Cudshoda, quoth the devil, this England is a plaguy country; Africa itself

never bred such monsters ; and upon that he began to call for his guard ; but the King of Sweden soon prevented his fear, by the relation he made of their being turned out of commission."

V. 283. *Some for fulfilling prophecies.*] To such lengths did the spirit of fanaticism run at this period, that some of them were for carrying their arms against the Pope, whom they styled the Whore of Babylon, hoping thereby to have the merit of being the instruments to fulfil some of the dark prophecies of the Revelations.

V. 285-6. *And some against th' Egyptian bondage*

Of holy days, &c.] We have already shown, in a former note, that some of the saints wished to lay aside the observance of the sabbath, but in this they were not so successful as in their proscription of holidays. Dr. Grey says, "There was an ordinance to abolish festivals, die Martis, and Junii, 1647, throughout England and Wales ; and every second Tuesday in the month to be allowed to scholars, apprentices, and other servants, for their recreation. This was confirmed by another ordinance of lords and commons, die Veneris, 11 Junii, and die Lunæ, 28 Junii, 1647. An additional ordinance was made concerning days of recreation allowed unto scholars, apprentices, and other servants, occasioned by the apprentices' petition, and propositions presented unto the honorable house of commons, June 22, 1647."

V. 287. ——— *cutting down of groves.*] By this is implied, the demolishing of churches ; alluding to the old superstition of consecrating groves to idols.

V. 297-8. *Some for engaging to suppress*

The camisado of surplices.] The word camisado is taken from the Latin *camisia*, which signifies a priest's white garment, or what we now call a surplice. The antipathy of the fanatics of those times to the surplice, is thus expressed by a contemporary writer. "Have they not" (says he) "so long persecuted the poor surplice in most churches, that they have scarce left any man a shirt in the whole parish?" Warburton gives another interpretation to the text. He observes, "that when the soldiers, in a night expedition, put on their shirts over their armour, in order to be distinguished, it is called a camisade. These sectaries were for sup-

pressing the episcopal meetings, then held secretly, which the author, with high humour, calls a camisade."

V. 303-4. *Others were for abolishing*

That tool of matrimony, a ring.] This is an allusion probably to the Quakers, who reject the use of the ring in their marriage-forms. In a tract, entitled, "a Long-winded Lay-Lecture," the following lines occur on the same subject:—

"Because the wedding ring's a fashion old,
And signifies by the purity of gold,
The purity requir'd i' th' married pair,
And by the rotundity the union fair,
Which ought to be between them endless, for
No other reason, we that use abhor."

In another humorous squib of the same kind, entitled a *Curtain Lecture*, the subject is further handled:

"They will not hear of wedding rings,
For to be used in their marriage;
But say they 're superstitious things,
And do religion much disparage:
They are but vain, and things profane,
Wherefore now no wit bespeaks them,
So to be tied unto the bride,
But do it as the spirit moves them."

V. 306. *Is married only to a thumb.*] Thumb is here put, for the rhyme's sake, for the fourth finger of the left hand, the ring being always put upon that finger by the bridegroom. The reason assigned by Aulus Gellius for this practice is, that there is a small nerve in that finger which communicates directly with the heart, and upon that account, both Greeks and Romans wore the ring upon that finger.

V. 309. *The bride to nothing but her will.*] This is a quibble upon the first response which the bride makes in the marriage ceremony, namely, *I will*. Shakespeare alludes probably to the same thing, in Boiet's words to Biron (*Love's Labour Lost*) when he inquired after Rosaline:—

"*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

Boiet. To her will, Sir, or so."

V. 311-2. *Some were for th' utter extirpation*

Of linsey-woolsey in the nation.] Some were for juda-ising, or observing some of the laws peculiar to that people. In a fast sermon, by Thomas Hall, one of the fanatic preachers, we have the following expressions:—"That we may have an incorrupt religion, without guileful mixture; not a linsey-woolsey religion; all new-born babes will desire yword milk, sermon milk, without guile, without adulteration."

V. 313-4. *And some against all idolising*

The cross in shop-books, &c.] The Puritans had a most rooted antipathy to the sign of the cross: but a double stroke of wit is here intended. Some were for using a sponge to the public debts; and Walker, in his *History of Independency*, informs us, "That scriveners were commanded to show their shop-books, that notice might be taken of those who were guilty of having money in their purses, that the fattest and fullest might be sequestered for delinquents." The conduct of the French in the early stages of the revolution was exactly the same. They compelled all the rich bankers and merchants to lay their accounts before the National Convention, and took all the cash of foreigners and other persons that was in their hands, giving them assignats in exchange, which the event has proved to be worth nothing.

V. 317-8. *And force all churches, streets, and towns*

The holy title to renounce.] Churches, parishes, and even the apostles, were unsainted in the mayoralty of the famous Alderman Pennington, and continued so to the year 1660. The malice and rage of both Roundheads and Cavaliers ran high upon this particular, of which we have a merry instance in the case of Sir Roger de Coverly, as recorded in the *Spectator*, which we cannot forbear here transcribing: "That worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire the way to St. Anne's-lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's-lane? but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains; and, instead of being shown the way, was told, that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon which (says Sir Roger) I did

not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane in the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane: by which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party."

The Quakers of the present day refuse to call churches churches, but style them steeple-houses, and when they speak of streets that are called after saints, always omit the word saint in the mention of them. It is related in some account of the late Dr. Fothergill, the celebrated quaker and physician, who lived in Grace church-street, that whenever he had occasion to use the name of his place of residence, he named and wrote it *Gracious Street*.

V. 319. *Some 'gainst a third estate of souls.*] Butler here means that place in the New Testament which is called Hades, and is there plainly distinguished from Gehenna, though both are translated by the English word Hell. Some persons in our author's time began to write of this place as different both from heaven and hell; and as the receptacle of all souls, good and bad, until the resurrection.

V. 320. *And bringing down the price of coals.*] Dr. Grey supposes this passage was designed as a sneer upon Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, who, when governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, without any public authority, presumed to lay a tax of four shillings a chaldron on coals, which was estimated to amount to 50,000*l.* a year.

V. 322. *And eating nothing with the blood in.*] An allusion to the Mosaic law, which prohibits the eating of blood.

V. 323. *And abrogate them roots and branches.*] This was in the spirit of the times. "There was a proposal," Walker informs us, in his History of Independency, "to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the army; and one Gourdon, a member of the Committee of Safety at Derby House, moved, that the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the general with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged, that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the general for a man-midwife." In another part he says, "Their endeavour was how to diminish the number of their opposites, Royalists and Presbyteri-

ans, by a massacre, for which purpose many dark lanterns and poignards were provided last winter (1649). But fame prevented this plot, which coming to be the common rumour of the town, put them in mind of the danger, infamy, and hatred, that would overwhelm them; and so this was laid aside."

V. 327-8. *And some for breaking of their bones*

With rods of iron, &c.] A sneer upon their canting abuse of the 2d Psalm, where, in the 9th verse, are these words: "Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron; and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

V. 329. *For thrashing mountains, &c.]* A sneer upon the cant of the fifth monarchy men, for their misapplication of that text, Isaiah xii. 15. "Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." Thurloe observes of them, in his State Papers, "That they encouraged one another with this, that though they were but worms, that yet they should be made instruments to thresh mountains."

V. 333. *The quacks of government, &c.]* These were the politicians of those times; namely, Mr. Hollis, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Grimstone, Annesley, Manchester, Roberts, and some others, who had been pretty deeply engaged in the affairs of those times, and were apprehensive of a revolution. They saw the necessity of a restoration, that matters might fall again into their right channel, after the strange disorders and convulsions that followed upon Cromwell's death; and therefore, they wisely held their cabals, to consult how to secure themselves.

V. 351. *'Mong these there was a politician.]* This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury, who complied with every change in those times. Dryden draws his character in his Poem of Absalom and Achitophel, with great strength and force of colouring:—

"Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst,
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principle and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;

A fiery soul, which, working out its way, }
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay: }
 And o'er inform'd the tencment of clay. }
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves ran high
 He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit."

V. 355-6. *So politic, as if one eye*

Upon the other were a spy.] In a poem, entitled the Progress of Honesty; or the View of Court and City, he is thus described:—

“ Some call him Hophni, some Achitophel,
 Others chief advocate for hell;
 Some cry, he sure a second Janus is,
 And all things past and future sees;
 Another, rapt in satire, swear his eyes
 Upon himself are spies;
 And slily do their optics inward roll,
 To watch the subtle motions of his soul;
 That they with sharp perspective sight, }
 And help of intellectual light, }
 May guide the helm of state aright. }
 Nay, view what will hereafter be,
 By their all-seeing quality.”

V. 363. *Was for 'em and against 'em all.*] Burnet, who was well acquainted with the Earl of Shaftsbury, draws the following character of him in his History of his own Time. “ He began (says the bishop) to make a considerable figure very early. Before he was twenty he came into the House of Commons, and was on the King's side; and undertook to get Wiltshire and Dorsetshire to declare for him; but he was not able to effect it. Yet Prince Maurice breaking articles to a town that he had got to receive him, furnished him with an excuse to forsake that side, and to turn to the Parliament. He had a wonderful faculty in speaking to a popular assembly, and could mix both the facetious and the serious way of arguing very agreeably. He had a peculiar talent to make others trust to his judgment, and depend on it: and he brought

ana, by a massacre, for which purpose many dark lanterns and poignards were provided last winter (1649). But fame prevented this plot, which coming to be the common rumour of the town, put them in mind of the danger, infamy, and hatred, that would overwhelm them; and so this was laid aside."

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Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principle and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;

at Francastle, in Athol. Bishop Guthry, in his *Memoirs*, relates, "That the Committee (probably of Sequestration) resolved to raise his bones, and make a forefaulture thereupon; and, for that end, letters were ordained to be executed at the pier of Leith against Archibald, Lord Napier, his son, then in exile for his loyalty, to appear upon sixty days warning, to see the same done. And when his friends were startled at this, and inquired what was meant by it, they found it was only to draw money from the new Lord Napier, for the use of some sycophants that expected it; and so they advanced five hundred marks for that end, and thereupon the intended forefaulture was discharged."

V. 420. *To save himself and hang the rest.*] Mrs. Hutchinson, in her excellent *Memoirs of her Husband*, a work beyond all exception, treating of the transactions of this period, says, "Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper at that time insinuated himself into a particular friendship with the colonel, and made him all the honorable pretences that can be imagined; called him his dear friend, and caressed him with such embraces as none but a traitor as vile as himself could have suspected; yet he was the most intimate of Monk's confidants: whereupon, some days before the rising of that House, when it began to be too apparent which way Monk inclined, the colonel, upon the confidence of his friend, entreated him to tell him what were Monk's intentions, that he and others might consider their safety, who were likely to be given up as a public sacrifice. Cooper denied to the death any intention besides a commonwealth; "but," said he, with the greatest semblance of reality that can be put on, "if the violence of the people should bring the King upon us, let me be damned, body and soul, if ever I see a hair of any man's head touched for a penny of any man's estate upon this quarrel." This he backed with so many and deep protestations of that kind, as made the colonel, after his treachery was apparent, detest him of all mankind, and think himself obliged, if ever he had opportunity, to procure exemplary justice on him, who was so vile a wretch as himself to sit and sentence some of those that died. And although this man joined with those who laboured the colonel's particular deliverance, yet the colonel, to his dying day, abhorred the mention of his name, and held him for a more execrable traitor than Monk himself. At this time the

colonel, as before, was by many of his friends attempted every way to fall in with the King's interest, and often offered both pardon and preferment if he could be wrought off from his party, whose danger was now laid before him; but they could no way move him. A gentleman that had been employed to tamper with him, told me, that he found him so immoveable, that one time he and a certain lord being in the colonel's company, and having begun their vain insinuations, he, to decline them, seeing Cooper, went away with him; upon which this lord, that had some tenderness for the colonel: "Well," said he to this gentleman, "the colonel is a ruined man, he believes that traitor, which will ruin him." When they could not work into him one way, some, that were most kindly concerned in him, persuaded him to absent himself, and not act for the Parliament, and undertook with their lives to secure him, but he would not. He foresaw the mischief, and resolved to stay in his duty, waiting upon God, who accordingly was good to him. Some, when they saw that Monk had betrayed them, would have fallen in with Lambert, but the colonel thought any destruction was to be chosen before the sin of joining with such a wretch."*

* The reverend Julius Hutchinson, the worthy and respectable editor of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs, has the following note upon this passage:—"This was the point whereupon the heads of the republican party divided, but probably at this day the warmest friends of the liberties of the people will think, that it was better to return to a monarchy, though not sufficiently limited and defined, than to fall under a stratocracy, or government of the army, which this would have been more completely than even that which existed under Cromwell: indeed, it is not easy to say which way it would have differed from that of Algiers. Accordingly, we do not find Mrs. Hutchinson ever to have repined that the King had been restored in preference to the establishing such a power; but there were many other modes which might have been adopted, without flying to either of these extremes, had not their passions overpowered the reason of some of the great men of that day. The most obvious method of obtaining a better settlement, was that pro-

Dr. Grey compares the conduct of Sir A. Ashley Cooper, on this emergency, to that of a miller who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558. He apprehended that Sir William Kingston, provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentleman would come a fishing to the mill, and if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, "I am not the miller, but the miller's man." The provost told him that he would take him at his word. "If (says he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel: and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him;" and without more ceremony he was executed.

Ralpho, in our author's posthumous poem of Dunstable Downs, seems to have proceeded on the same principle:—

"As for betraying of my master,
A broken head must have a plaister;
A man who is not a stark ass,
Will hang a man to save his carcass;
And if the man is such an elf,
'To save his master, hang himself,
The matter as 't appears to me,
Renders the man *felo de se*."

V. 421. *To match this saint, there was another.*] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, of whom it was said by Judge Jenkins, when living, "that if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn; which

posed by Whitelock to Fleetwood, of an offer of their services to the King upon reasonable conditions: this opportunity was lost by hesitation, and an easy triumph left to Monk, whose determined conduct gave efficacy to the small force he possessed."

part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:—

“ Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be;
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
For, if they both should meet they would fall out.”

V. 435. — *nor cavalcade of Ho'born.*] Alluding to the procession of the sheriff and his officers through Holborn, upon an execution at Tyburn.

V. 469-70. *And with his wordly goods and wit,
And soul and body, worshipp'd it.*] An allusion to the words in the office of matrimony, “ with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.”

V. 473. *The Trojan mare in foul with Greeks.*] After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy, without the least prospect of success, they bethought themselves of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse, capable of containing a considerable number of armed men; this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder; but when it was brought in, the enclosed heroes soon appeared, and surprising the city, the rest entered at the breach.

V. 476. *As loose and rampant as Dcill Common.*] A lewd character in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*.

V. 482. *As coins are harden'd by th' allay.*] The more copper a silver coin contains, the harder it is.

V. 485-6. *These two, with others, being met
And close in consultation set.*] An anonymous commentator says, “ This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wish (adds he) the poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand assembly: his presence would have continued an uniformity in this poem, and had been very pleasing to the spectator. His natural propensity to loquacity would certainly have exerted itself on so important an occasion; and his rhetoric

and jargon would not have been less politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characterised."

V. 520. — *I mean Marg'ret's fast.*] It has before been observed, that whenever the sectaries spoke of saints, they were careful only to call them by their names, omitting the epithet of saint. These fasts, to which our author here alludes, grew less frequent towards the end of the usurpation. It is observed by Mr. Foulis, in his History of the Wicked Plots of the pretended Saints, that, at the beginning of the wars, a public monthly fast was appointed for the last Wednesday of every month; but no sooner had they got the King upon the scaffold, and the nation fully secured to the Rump interest, than they thought it needless to abuse and gull the people with a multitude of prayers and sermons, and so, by a particular act of their worship, (April 23, 1649) nulled the proclamation for the observation of the former; all which verifieth the old verses,

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;

When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

George Fox, the father of the Quakers, observes upon their fasts in general, "That both in the time of the Long Parliament, and of the Protector so called, and of the Committee of Safety, when they proclaimed fasts, they were commonly like Jezebel's, and there was some mischief to be done." Their fasting was mere outside show and mockery, and in some respects like the holy maid mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, and others, "Who enjoined herself to abstain four days from any meat whatsoever; and being locked up close in a room, she had nothing but her two books to feed upon; but the two books were two painted boxes made in the form of great bibles, with clasps and bosses, the insides not having one word of God in them; but the one was filled with sweat-meats, and the other with wine; upon which this devout votary did fast with zealous meditation, eating up the contents of one book, and drinking as contentedly the other."

V. 521. *When Providence had been suborn'd.*] An allusion to the blasphemous impudence of some of those pretended saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers.

V. 522. *When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges.*] To fight with

rusty or poisoned weapons was against the law of arms; so when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edges.

V. 544. *Gave chace to rockets and white sleeves.*] An allusion to the insults of the mob against the bishops.

V. 565-6. *Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts,*

Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts.] Soldiers condemned to be shot and led to the place of execution, and there reprieved, have been known to have lost their senses.

V. 591. *As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd.*] Gun-shot wounds are frequently enlarged by the surgeons, in order to bring on a speedier and easier cure.

V. 592. *And poisons by themselves expell'd.*] One poison is sometimes found useful for counteracting the effects of another.

V. 601. *That fine, like aldermen, for grace.*] Formerly, when a man fined for alderman, he commonly had the title, and was called Mr. Alderman, though he had not a seat on the bench. These fanatics, if they were generous to the holders-forth, and duly paid him a good fine, received grace, and became saints by that means, though their lives were ever so profligate.

V. 605. *To hang, like Mahomet, in the air.*] An allusion to the fiction of some travellers, of two magnets that are placed, one of them in the roof, and the other on the floor, of Mahomet's burying place at Mecca; and by that means (they say) pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them.

V. 606. *Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer.*] The legend of St. Ignatius, Loyola says, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for a considerable time together.

V. 620. *As Whittington explain'd the bells.*] Referring to the old ballad, in which are the following lines:—

“ So from the merchant-man
Whittington secretly,
Toward the country ran,
To purchase liberty,
But as he went along,
In a summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rung,
Whittington back return:

Ever more sounding so,
 Turn again Whittington;
 For thou in time shalt grow
 Lord Mayor of London:
 And to the city's praise,
 Sir Richard Whittington
 Came to be, in his days,
 Thrice mayor of London."

V. 629. *And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots.*] Dr. Grey says, "Their bigotry against the Apocrypha was so remarkable, that even the most learned among them, when an opportunity offered, had a fling at it; and, among the rest, the learned Dr. Lightfoot (then member of the Assembly of Divines;) 'Thus sweetly and nearly (says he) stand the two Testaments joined together, and thus divinely would they kiss each other, but that the wretched Apocrypha does thrust in between; like the two cherubims, betwixt the temple oracle, they would touch each other, the end of the law with the beginning of the gospel, did not this patchery of human inventions divorce them asunder.'" This prejudice of theirs is likewise humorously bantered by Sir Roger L'Estrange. In his fable entitled a Wonderful Antipathy, he tells us of a lady, that would have undoubtedly been choked with a piece of an apple-tart, if her next neighbour at the table had not dexterously got it out of her throat. She was a tender-conscienced creature, and the tart, it seems, was bottomed with a piece of Apocrypha; and her antipathy to that kind of trade would have been as much as her life was worth, if she had not been seasonably relieved.

V. 630. *T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes.*] In a song entitled the Reformation, the custom of taking notes at sermons is thus ridiculed:—

"And his way to get all this
 Is mere dissimulation;
 No faction's lecture does he miss,
 And 'scapes no scism that's in fashion;
 But, with short hair, and shining shoes,
 He with two pens and note-book goes,
 And winks and writes at random;
 Then with short meal and tedious grace,
 In a loud tone, and public place,

Sings Wisdom's hymns, that trot and pace
As if Goliath scan'd 'em."

This practice is likewise bantered by the author of a Satire against hypocrites:—

"There Will. writes short-hand with a pen of brass;
O, how he's wonder'd at by many an ass!
That see him shake so fast his warty fist,
As if he'd write the sermon 'fore the priest
Has spoke it ———

Stand up, good middle-aisle folks, and give room,
See where the mothers and the daughters come:
Behind the servants, looking all like martyrs,
With Bibles, in plush jerkins, and blue garters;
The silver ink-horn and the writing book,
'To which I wish no friend of mine to look;
Lest he be cross'd, and blest with all the charms
That can procure him aid from conj'rer's harms,"

In another place, he says,

"But they that did not mind the doleful passion,
Follow'd their business on another fashion:
For all did write, the elders, and the novice;
Methought the church look'd like the Six Clerks' Office."

V. 636. *But from our Calamys and Cases.*] Calamy and Case were the chief men among the Presbyterians, as Nye and Owen were among the Independents.

V. 640. *But for our Adoniram Byfield.*] Dr. Grey says, "he was a broken apothecary, a zealous covenanter, and one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and painstaking in his office, he had the profit of printing the Directory, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l.* though, when printed, the price was but three-pence."

V. 648. *Without the pow'r of sacrilege.*] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoided speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

V. 650. *As easy as serpents do their skins.*] Virgil alludes to serpents casting their skins, in the second book of the *Æneid*, where he says;—

“ So shines, renew’d in youth, the crested snake,
 Who slept the winter in a thorny brake ;
 And casting off his skin when spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns.”

And so does Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen* ;

“ Like as a snake, when weary winter’s teen [sorrow]
 Hath worn to naught, now feeling summer’s might,
 Casts off his skin, and freshly doth him dight.”

V. 655. *As barnacles turn Soland geese.*] It was asserted by some writers in Butler’s time, that in the Orcades of Scotland, there are trees which bear these barnacles, which, dropping into the water, become Soland geese. To this opinion Dubartas alludes in his *Divine Weeks*, when he says:—

“ So slow Bootes underneath him sees,
 In the icy isles, those goslings hatch’d of trees ;
 Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
 Are turn’d, they say, to living fowls soon after :
 As rotten sides of broken ships do change
 To barnacles ; O transformation strange !
 ’Twas first a green tree, then a gallant hull ;
 Lately a mushroom, then a flying gull.”

Sir Robert Moray, in the ninth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, gives the following account of these wonderful barnacles. “ These shells (says he) hang at the tree by a neck longer than the shell, of a kind of filmy substance, round the hollow, and creased not unlike the wind-pipe of a chicken ; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter, which serves for the growth and vegetation of the shell, and the little bird within it.

“ This bird, in every shell that I opened, as well the least as the biggest, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there appeared nothing wanting, as to the external parts, for making up a perfect sea-fowl ; every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large bird seen through a concave or diminishing glass, the colour and feature being every where so clean and neat. The little bill like that of a goose ; the eyes marked ; the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet, formed ; the feathers every where perfectly shaped, and blackish coloured ; the feet

like those of other water-fowl, to the best of my remembrance : all of them being dead and dry, I did not look after the inward parts of them ; but having nipped off and broken a great many of them, I carried about twenty or twenty-four away with me."

The reverend Mr. Smith observes, in this place, "That it is a fact well-known in all fens, that the wild geese and ducks forsake them in laying time, going away to the uninhabited (or little frequented) isles in Scotland, in order to propagate their several kinds in greater safety : their young ones, as soon as hatched, are naturally led by them into creeks and ponds, and this, he imagines, gave rise to the old vulgar error, that geese spring from barnacles."

V. 661-2. *For as the Pope, that keeps the gate*

Of heaven, &c.] The Catholics believe the Pope has a power over the gates of heaven, in his quality of successor to St. Peter, to whom the keys of heaven were entrusted."

V. 663-4. *So he that keeps the gute of hell,*

Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well.] Cerberus, the watch-dog of hell, was feigned by the ancient poets to have three heads, with snakes instead of hair. Spencer thus describes the monster in his *Fairy Queen*:—

"Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus

His three deformed heads did lay along,

Cur'd with a thousand adders venomous,

And lolling forth his bloody flaming tongue :

At them he 'gan to rear his bristles strong,

And felly 'gnare.——"

V. 680. *The doctrine of dependencies.]* Dr. Grey explains this passage thus: "I have heard of an Independent preacher, (says he,) who came to subscribe at the sessions, and being asked by the gentleman on the bench of what sect he was? he told them he was an Independent. Why an Independent? (says one of the justices.) I am called an Independent (says he) because I depend upon my Bible."

V. 685. *The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs.]* These were two opposite factions in Italy, that engaged against each other, in the thirteenth century, one in behalf of the Emperor, and the other in behalf of the Pope.

V. 705. *When savage bears agree with bears.*] Juvenal has a similar thought:—

“Tyger with tyger, bear with bear, you’ll find,
In leagues offensive and defensive join’d.”

V. 733. *That rook’d upon us with design.*] These pretended saints at length, by their quarrels, fairly played the game into the hands of the cavaliers; and the Presbyterians, who had been the first to revolt against Charles I., were now the first to call for the restoration.

V. 781-2. *And forc’d us, tho’ against the grain,
I” have calls to teach it up again.*] An allusion to the Presbyterian plots that were entered into at different times for the revival of the covenant. In the poem entitled *Sir John Birkenhead revived*, the following lines occur on the same subject:—

“Now for the King the zealous kirk
’Gainst the Independents bleats,
When as, alas! their only work
Is to renew old cheats:
If they can sit, vote what they list,
And crush the new states down;
Then up they go, but neither Christ
Nor king shall have his own.”

V. 811-12. *As women long, when they’re with child,
For things extravagant and wild.*] Dr. Turner, in his book *De Morbis Cutaneis*, has given some very remarkable instances of this kind; and, among the rest, one from Languis, (upon the credit of that author.) of a woman longing to bite the naked shoulder of a baker passing by her; which, rather than she should lose, the good-natured husband hires the baker, at a certain price: accordingly, when the big-bellied woman had taken two morsels, the poor man, unable to hold a third, would not suffer her to bite again; for want of which she bore (as the story goes) one dead child, with two living.”

V. 841. *When three saints’ ears, &c.*] Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, are the saints here alluded to by our author, who, just at the beginning of the troubles, stood in the pillory, and had their ears cut off.

V. 869-70. *And share them, from blue ribbons, down*

To all blue aprons in the town.] An allusion to the number of mechanics in blue aprons, who were preachers in those times. This we learn from the following passages in Cleveland. In the first of these he represents a fanatic within Christ Church, Oxford, disliking every thing there, before it was reformed by plunder and sequestrations:

“ ——— Shaking his head
To see no ruins from the floor to th’ lead ;
To whose pure nose our cedar gave offence,
Crying it smelt of Papist’s frankincense :
Counting our tapers works of darkness, and
Choosing to see priests in blue aprons stand,
Rather than with cosses. ——— ”

In the other passage, the scene is of himself, in a very different place :—

“ And first, to tell you, must not be forgot.
————— how I did trot,
With a great zealot to a lecture ;
Where I a tub did view
Hung with an apron blue,
’Twas the preacher’s I conjecture :
His use and doctrine too
Was of no better hue,
Though he spoke in a tone most mickle.”

From hence we may illustrate our poet’s meaning, couched in that part of the character of his hero’s religion, “ ’Twas Presbyterian true-blue.” The blue and buff of the Whigs of the present day probably derive their origin from the Presbyterian blue, and the orange favors which were worn at the time of the revolution, to commemorate the deliverance of the nation by the wisdom and valour of the Prince of Orange. The Presbyterian blue was called true-blue, probably, to distinguish it from the blue of the order of the Garter, which, before the revolution, was sky-coloured blue, but, after that glorious epoch, was changed to its present colour.

V. 783-4. *To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,*

All guts and belly, like a crab.] An allusion probably

to some notorious procuress in those times, whose real name and history have very properly fallen into oblivion.

V. 888. *The covenant (their creed) t' assert.*] The author of *Lex Talionis*, published in the year 1647, mentions the covenant in the following humorous terms:—"Give me leave to tell you what your covenant was at first, and what it is now: it was first, by virtue of enchantment, a lousy thread-bare Scotch chaplain, who, growing weary of the slender stipend of a bare Scots' mark per annum, came over to England to seek its farther advancement, where it became a tub-preacher, and so rendering itself capable of holy orders, did take upon it to teach and preach up on its own accord.

"The first attempt by which this covenant sought to ingratiate itself into the people was, by consummating a marriage betwixt the committees. The match was privately contracted in the close committee, and afterwards solemnly published by legislative power, which marriage being thus accomplished, without the approbation of his Majesty, without the license of our church, and without the consent of our laws, I doubt not but it may be made null by a bill of divorce. And, for the further punishment of your covenant, let it be banished out of the kingdom for ever, and let it be confined to the utmost part of Scotland, there to pine and waste itself away on its own dunghill."

V. 894. *But Fisher's Folly congregation.*] Sir Roger L'Es-trange, in his Key to Hudibras, observes, that a meeting-house was built by one Fisher, a shoe-maker, which, at the Restoration, was pulled down by some of the Loyalists; and then lying useless, was called Fisher's Folly.

V. 898. *To out-fast, &c.*] Dr. South, in his Sermons, observes, "That their fasts usually lasted from seven in the morning till seven at night; that the pulpit was always the emptiest thing in the church; and there was never such a fast kept by them, but their hearers had cause to begin a thanksgiving as soon as they had done."

V. 908. *In Plato's year, &c.*] Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the entire system of the universe, was accounted 4000 years.

V. 909. ——— *the bulls of Lenthal.*] The celebrated speaker of the House of Commons during the whole of that turbulent period. As his name was set to the ordinances of the House, they are here called the bulls of Lenthal, in allusion to the Pope's decretals, which are commonly called *bulls*, from the leaden seal hanging to them.

V. 923. *Know what a leading voice is worth.*] There are at all times in the House of Commons particular individuals not belonging to any great party, who have yet an influence over other members like themselves, and whose vote each party are desirous to secure, because they do not look upon it as a solitary vote, but know that many will follow it. Bishop Burnet, in his admirable sketch of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper's character, touches upon the dexterity with which he managed this class of men; and Butler here enters still more fully upon it.

V. 945. *Set up committees of cabals.*] A sneer probably upon Clifford, Ashley, Burlington, Arlington, and Lauderdale, who were called the *cabal* in King Charles II.'s time, from the initial letters of their names.

V. 961. *Disperse lampoons, the only wit*

That men, like burglary commit.] Lampoon, in French, signifies a drunken song: and to lampoon one is to treat him with ridicule in a libel or satire, which is compared here to a burglary, as being published clandestinely, and without a name.

V. 1020-1. *That to defend, was to invade,*

And to assassinate, to aid.] Dr. Grey says, that this was designed as a sneer upon Serjeant Wild, who was sent to Winchester to try Rolf, a shoe-maker, against whom Osborne and Doucet swore positively to his design of assassinating the King. The Serjeant being bribed to favor and bring him off, observed upon their evidence to the jury, "That it was a business of great importance that was before them; and that they should take heed what they did in it: that there was a time, indeed, when intentions and words were made treason; but God forbid it should be so now. How did any body know, but that those men, Osborne and Doucet, would have made away with the king, and that Rolf charged his pistol to preserve him."

V. 1029-30. ——— *a scorpion's oil is said*

To cure the wound the vermin made.] A scorpion bruised in sweet oil, is said by some writers to be a cure for the bite of that reptile, but this opinion did not seem to rest on any more plausible foundation than Sir Kenelm Digby's Theory of the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, which Butler ridicules in the succeeding lines.

V. 1045-6. *And setting all the land on fire,*

To burn t' a scantling, and no higher.] Those who have stirred up civil convulsions in a state, and live to see the miseries and mischiefs produced by them, usually alleged in their excuse, that at their setting out they had no design of going further than to the correction of a few grievances; that their intentions were innocent and laudable; but that in the end, having embarked in the business of resistance, it was impossible for them to retrace their steps, and they could not do otherwise than join in the excesses of the times. This was doubtless the case with many of the leaders of the great rebellion; they took up arms with an honest zeal to protect their country against the encroachments of arbitrary power, and afterwards they abetted the violent proceedings against the King and his party, because the dilemma into which they had brought themselves admitted of no other alternative, than either that the King should suffer, or that the whole republican party should be crushed.

V. 1056. *And sprinkled in at second-hand.]* An allusion to their manner of baptising or admitting members into their churches, in opposition to the practice of the Anabaptists. Dr. Plot, in his History of Oxfordshire, says, "That at Watlington, in that county, there was a sect called Anointers, from their anointing people before they admitted them into their communion."

V. 1065-6. *For he had drawn your ears before,*

And nick'd them on the self-same score.] An allusion to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears twice cropped for his seditious writings.

V. 1074. *From hanging up like alligators.]* In former times alligators, and other monsters of that kind, were frequently hung up in the shops of druggists and apothecaries. In the fourth plate

of Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, an alligator is represented hanging from the ceiling of the quack's shop.

V. 1093. *Corrupted the Old Testament.*] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment, who printed it, "Thou shalt commit adultery," and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or high-commission court.

V. 1101-2. *As Mahomet, your chief, began*

To mix them in the Alcoran.] "Mahomet," says Dr. Grey, "was so ignorant, that he could neither write nor read. In drawing up the Koran, he associated to himself a learned Jew, called Aballah Ebn Salein; but the greatest assistance he received was by a Nestorian monk, called by the western historians Sergius, and by the eastern Bahira, an apostate, who had been expelled his monastery for his disorderly life. Such were the architects whom Mahomet employed for the erecting the new system which he projected. The Jew furnished him with various histories from the Old Testament, blended with the chimeras and dreams of the Talmud, out of which Mahomet, in order to heighten the marvellous, picked out some fabulous circumstances of his own inventing, which are still to be seen in the Koran. The Nestorian monk at the same time brought him acquainted with the New Testament, and the discipline of the church. All this he changed and corrupted with fables, which he borrowed from the psuedo gospels and apochryphal books. The Cavaliers were extremely fond of comparing the Presbyterian government to Mahometanism, of which the following lines may serve as a sample:—

“ Come, Mahomet, thy turn is next,
 New gospel's out of date;
 The Alcoran may prove good text
 In our new Turkish state:
 Thou dost unto thy priests allow
 The sin of full four wives,
 Ours scarce will be content with now
 Five livings, and nine lives.
 Thy saints and ours are all alike,
 Their virtues flow from vice:
 No bliss they do believe, and seek
 But an earthly paradise.

A heaven on earth they hope to gain,
 But we do know full well,
 Could they their glorious end attain,
 This kingdom must be hell."

V. 1112. ——— or *Lunsford*.] Lunsford was a Cavalier officer, much detested by the republicans, who accused him of having perpetrated the most atrocious barbarities. But it was one of the artifices of the malcontents in the civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. "In particular," says Dr. Grey, "they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford." Lilburn glories upon his trial for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent colonel as a meritorious action. "I was once arraigned," says he, "before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster Hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates. At that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." To render Lunsford still more odious, they reported of him that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children, which abominable insinuation is deservedly ridiculed in the following lines:—

" From Fielding and from Vavasour,
 Both ill-affected men;
 From Lunsford eke deliver us,
 That eateth up children."

And Cleveland banters them upon the same head:—

" The post that came from Banbury
 Riding in a blue rochet,
 He swore he saw, when Lunsford fell,
 A child's arm in his pocket."

And, to make him still more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him, as we learn from the following lines of Cleveland:—

" They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
 Even his dog, that four-legg'd Cavalier;

He that devours the scraps which Lunsford makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in steaks."

Dr. Echard gives a very contrary account of him, and says that he was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and that he was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

V. 1120. ——— *transform'd to Meroz.*] An allusion to Judges, v. 28. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." This was a text frequently in the mouth of the fanatical preachers of those times, and which they were wont to sound often in the ears of the people, to make them imagine they should fall under a grievous curse, if they, as many at least as were fit to make soldiers, did not list into the Parliament army, to fight, what these hypocritical rebels called, the Lord's battles against the mighty, by which they meant the King and his partisans. In a tract entitled a Century of eminent Presbyterian Preachers, the following lines occur on the same subject:—

"Then curse ye Meroz, in each pulpit did thunder,
To perplex the poor people and keep them in wonder,
Till the reins of government were quite broke asunder."

The Scots, in their Declaration concerning their Expedition into England, say, "The Lord save us from the curse of Meroz, who came not to help the Lord against the mighty."—"How careful they and their English brethren were to keep all others from that curse," says Dr. Grey, "appears from the declaration of both kingdoms, 1643."—"We give," say they, "public warning to such persons to rest no longer upon their neutrality, but to take the covenant, and join with all their power; otherwise we do declare them to be public enemies to their religion and country, and that they are to be censured and punished as professed adversaries and malignants." "

V. 1127-8. *And settle on a new freehold*

As Marclay-hill had done of old.] Camden, in his Britannia, says, "That near the conflux of the Lug and Wye (Herefordshire) eastward, a hill which they call Marclay-hill, did, in the year 1575, as it were, rouse itself out of sleep, and for three

days together shoving its prodigious body forward, with a horrible roaring noise, and overturning every thing out of its way, raised itself, to the great astonishment of the beholders, to a higher place, by that kind of earthquake, I suppose, which naturalists call *breccia matia*."

V. 1135-6. *Until the cause became a Damon,*

And Pythias the Wicked Mammon.] Damon and Pythias were followers of the philosopher Pythagoras. When Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, had condemned one of them to die, he begged a few days to set his house in order, and the other willingly offered himself, in the meanwhile, to stay as a pledge, and to die instead of his friend, if he returned not at the time appointed. But he came according to appointment to suffer death himself, and thereby release his friend, who had engaged for his return. When the tyrant saw this faithfulness of their friendship, he pardoned him that was condemned to die, and desired that he might be admitted as a third person in their friendship.

V. 1162. *Nor snuffled treason, &c.]* An allusion to the nasal pronunciation of the seditious preachers of those times. In another poem by our author, entitled a Geneva Ballad, he thus speaks of them:—

“To draw in proselytes, like bees,
With pleasing twang, he tones his prose,
He gives his handkerchief a squeeze,
And draws John Calvin through his nose.”

And in his poem entitled Oliver's Court;

“If he be one of the eating tribe,
Both a Pharisee and Scribe,
And hath learn'd th' sniv'ling tone
Of a flux'd devotion,
Cursing, from his swearing tub,
The Cavaliers to Beelzebub;
Let him repair,” &c.——

V. 1185. *Brave undertakers to restore,*

That could not keep yourselves in power.] When the King was restored, the Presbyterians wanted to take upon themselves the merit of that transaction, and till the army was disbanded, the King thought it convenient in some measure to cap-

that party; and therefore Mr. Richard Baxter, and Mr. Edmund Calamy were appointed to be his chaplains in ordinary. "But he could not forbear, on some occasions," we are told by Ludlow, "to discover his contempt for men of that description, particularly when Mr. Case, who thought he had deserved highly of the King, would have pressed, with his usual freedom, into his presence; and, being denied entrance, had sent in his name, though in answer to his importunity he was admitted; yet, by the carriage of those who were present, who derided his habit, and unmanly way of approaching the King, he might easily perceive how disagreeable his company was in that place. Yet the King having demanded what he had to say, he told him he had a word of advice to his Majesty, and going on to persuade him to a care of his party, he was interrupted by the King, who said he did not remember that he had made him one of his council."

V. 1199. *To reformedo, one and all.*] It was demanded in the army's remonstrances and printed papers, 1647, "That all reformedo officers, soldiers, and forces, in and about London or elsewhere, not actually in the army's power, may be immediately dispersed, the old city and Parliament guards removed, and a new strong guard of horse and foot presently sent from the army to secure the city and Tower of London, and the Common's House."

V. 1200. — *great Croysado general.*] Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who first commanded the Parliament forces, is here meant by the Croysado general, because religion was the first pretence to rebellion; and in allusion to the expedition of the Christians in the year 1196, to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens, at the instance of Pope Urban II. which was called the Croysade.

V. 1237—40. — *The Isle of Wight*

Will rise up, if you should deny 't;

Where Henderson and the other Masses

Were sent to cap texts and put cases.] Butler

having very justly exposed how ill-founded were the pretensions of the Presbyterians to the merit of the restoration, and shown that in that business they were solely actuated by motives of disappointed ambition and resentment, retorts upon them their injurious treatment of Charles I. when he was in their power. In

the year 1646, when the King was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions; one of which was the abolition of episcopacy, and the setting up of presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition; it being what his Majesty principally objected to. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose. The controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference; and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published. From them it appears, that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the kirk; and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare before God and the world, whether in relation to the kirk or state, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with, as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondering how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great a knowledge, and must confess, that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was taken well. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

V. 1241-2. *To pass for deep and learned scholars, Although but paltry Obs and Sollers.*] “Whoever considers the context,” says a former commentator, “will find, that Obs and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called Masses, (as Mas is an abridgement of Master,) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books of systems (of the Dutch or Geneva cut,) where the authors represent their adversaries arguments by small *objections*, and subjoin their own pitiful *solutions*. In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Obs and Sollers.” In a ballad, entitled the Rota, the following lines, to the same purpose, occur:—

“ Next comes in gold that brazen face,
If blust’ring be a sign of grace,
The youth is in a woeful case;
Whilst he should give us Sols and Obs,
He brings us in some simple bobs,
And fathers them on Mr. Hobs.”

V. 1250. *Like Sir Pride, &c.*] Colonel Thomas Pride, one of the King’s judges. Noble, in his *Lives of the Regicides*, says, “He was found a deserted infant in a church porch; was a drayman, a brewer, an officer, and at last a colonel in the army. He treated the Parliament with the most insolent contempt and violence, garbling it to prepare the Rump, as it was termed, and enacting that ordinance by which the high-court of justice was to be established for the trial of his sovereign, and they could do no less than appoint him one of the pretended judges; he sat every day in both the Painted Chamber and in Westminster Hall, the 19th of January only excepted, and he signed and sealed the warrant for the King’s execution. The King’s death left him at liberty to go to the camp, and he followed whithersoever he was ordered; he was a useful man to Cromwell, and acted, as it is said, also as a buffoon to him.” He was knighted by Cromwell, with a faggot-stick, as Ludlow tells us, and also made one of the Pro-

tector's lords. He died before the restoration. The loyal poets of the day seem to have held him in great contempt, if we may judge from the following lines:

“ He, by Fortune's design, should have been a divine,
A pillar no doubt of the church,
Whom a sexton (god wot) in the belfry begot,
And his mother did pig in the porch.”

And he farther says ;

“ But observe the device of this nobleman's rise,
How he hurried from trade to trade ;
From the grains he'd aspire to the yest, and then higher,
Till at length he a drayman was made.”

V. 1250. ——— or *Hewson*.] John Hewson, another of the King's judges, sprung from the dregs of the people. He was first a cobbler, then a shoemaker, which he quitted for the camp. He soon rose to be a colonel in the Parliament army, to whose interest he was extremely attached. After the decapitation of the King, whose death-warrant he signed, he went with a party of horse from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, proclaiming, as he went, that whosoever should say, that Charles Stuart died wrongfully, should suffer present death. He received the degree of master of arts at Oxford, 1649 ; became governor of Dublin ; was of the council of state ; and was one of the six members for Ireland. Cromwell, to bind him still further to his interest, knighted him, and called him up to his upper House. He was one of the Second, or Army Committee, at Wallingford House, and took every method he could to prevent the capital from returning to their allegiance, marching for that purpose into the city with an armed force ; but not being able to effect his purpose, he abandoned his project, retired from the kingdom, and died at Amsterdam, in 1662. He is sneered at by Butler, and another loyal poet, in the following lines:—

“ A one-ey'd cobbler then was one
Of that rebellious crew,
That in Charles the Martyr's blood
Their wicked hands imbrue.”

Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray.

" Make room for one-ey'd Hewson,
 A lord of such account,
 'Twas a petty jest
 That such a beast
 Should to such honors mount.
 When cobblers were in fashion,
 And niggards in such grace,
 'Twas sport to see
 How Pride and he
 Did jostle for the place."

V. 1257. *For, Oliver had gotten ground.*] Cromwell was in Scotland when the treaty of Newport began, but it went on with a fatal slowness, chiefly by the means of Sir Harry Vane, Pierpoint, and some others, who went to it on purpose to delay matters; and partly by the diffidence of Charles, who could not come to a resolution so soon as his friends desired earnestly of him; so that by the time it was come to any maturity, Cromwell came with his army from Scotland to London, and overturned all.

V. 1261-2. *Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less*

Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness.] Dr. Grey, in his very judicious note upon this passage, says, " that the Parliament's commissioners were tied up to rigid rules, and seemed to have no power of receding from the very letter of the propositions they brought along with them. This is confirmed by the King's letter to his Queen, of the 5th of March after. ' Now is it come to pass,' says he, ' what I foresaw, the fruitless end (as to a present peace) of this treaty; but I am still very confident that I shall find the good effect of it. For besides that my commissioners have offered (to say no more) full-measured reason, and the rebels have stucken rigidly to their demands, which, I dare say, had been too much, though they had taken me prisoner; so that assuredly the breach will light foully upon them.' This sentiment is just and rational, since the Parliament's commissioners were inflexible, and made not the least concession. As to what has been pretended in some memoirs, that the King abruptly broke up this treaty upon the Marquis of Montrose's letter to him upon his victory in Scotland, I think it may be refuted by the King's letter to his Queen of the 19th of February, wherein he tells her,

‘He even then received certain intelligence of a great defeat given to Argyle by Montrose, who, upon surprise, totally routed those rebels, and killed 1,500 of them upon the place.’ This is all he says of it; and, if he had received such a letter as is pretended, or this victory had such an extraordinary effect upon him, no doubt he would, in the height of his joy, have told the Queen of it, to whom he opened his bosom, and frankly communicated all his secret intentions. Nay, does he not, in his letter of the 5th of March, when the treaty was broke up, absolutely lay the fruitless issue of it to the rigidity of the Parliament’s commissioners? If it had been rendered ineffectual by his means, or if he had receded upon this intelligence from any proposition he had before agreed to, certainly the Queen must have been acquainted with so extraordinary a motive. On the contrary, he was desirous the treaty might be prolonged, in hopes of an accommodation; for, on the 19th of February, he tells her, ‘He had set an enlargement of days, for the limited days for treating were then almost expired.’ These are authorities drawn out of the King’s own letters, which fell into the power of the Parliament at Naseby fight, and were soon after published to the world by special order of Parliament, under the title of the ‘King’s Cabinet opened,’ with severe annotations upon them. And can we think, that if the least hint of this piece of secret history had been found, the strict and partial examiners of those letters and papers would not have triumphed at the discovery, and blazoned it to the good people of England, in their plausible annotations?”

V. 1263. ——— *a scoundrel holder-forth.*] Dr. Grey says, “This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King’s commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1664, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, ‘that no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King’s commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood.’”

V. 1269-70. *So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th’ espousers of your cause and monies.*] A ballad, entitled a Review of the Rebellion, has the following lines on this score;

“ For of late the treacherous Scots and we
 On a national covenant did agree ;
 And bound ourselves, by solemn oath,
 Ne’er after to keep faith and troth ;
 And well may we swear,
 They’re our brethren dear,
 For they have cost us many thousand pounds :
 And for all that we have got,
 But this advantage from the Scot,
 We are turn’d rebellious and round.”

The expenses occasioned by the Scots, in money and free-quarters, amounted to nearly a million and a half. Lilly observes of them, in his preface to his *Astrological Predictions of the Occurrences of England, 1648, 1649, 1650*, “ That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us.”

V. 1329-30. *Money, that, like the sword of kings,*

Is the last reason of all things.] These lines are often quoted, and there is a great deal of wit and truth in them. “ A man,” says the *Spectator*, No. 240, “ who is furnished with arguments from the Mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding, it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant, accommodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.”

V. 1419-20. *For, if success could make us saints,*

Our ruin turn’d us miscreants.] A poet of those times banters them upon this head, in the following lines:—

“ That side is always right that’s strong,
 And that that’s beaten must be wrong ;
 And he that thinks that ’t is not so,
 Unless he ’s sure to beat ’em too,
 Is but a fool t’ oppose ’em.”

V. 1504. *He thus began his tale by fits.*] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal, was Sir Martyn Noel, whom he calls a discreet citizen: he

came about nine at night, and told them the surprising news of the citizens burning the Parliament (which they then called the Rump) in effigy and emblem. Lilly says, "This council of state (the very cabal before us) could not believe it until they had sent some ministers of their own, who affirmed the verity of it." Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it; and then proceeds fluridly and without impediment. This is a beauty in the poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself in Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

V. 1505. *That beastly rabble that came down.*] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

V. 1534. *Be ready listed under Dun.*] Dr. Grey says, Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Cotton, in his *Virgil Travestie*, alludes to him in the following lines:—

" Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
And presently a halter got,
Made of the best string hempen teer,
And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art,
As Dun himself could do for 's heart."

V. 1535. *That worthy patriot, once the bellows.*] Sir Arthur Hazlerig is here alluded to. He had acted a most conspicuous part in the transactions of those times, and was a steady republican in principle; but Ludlow says he fell an easy prey to the cunning and insincerity of Monk, who flattered him in every way, and made him one of the five commissioners of the Parliament forces, with himself, (which he wished to decline,) conducted him into the Parliament as one of the secluded members, and at length he became so well satisfied with the general's good intentions to the Parliament, that when he pulled down the city gates, he exclaimed, "Now, George Monk, we have thee for our own, body and soul;" and then running to the Parliament, said, "all is our own, he will

be honest." Monk having deceived him as long as necessary, first ordered his regiment to be removed from London, and then took off the mask; and, as he told Slinsby Bethel, (who came to him upon business, and found him lost in a profound reverie,) that he had that morning been with Monk, who had refused to give any satisfaction about the commonwealth, and had even treated him with rudeness and contempt; adding, "We are undone, we are undone!" His courage now, for the first time, left him, and his subsequent behaviour by no means was equal to his former conduct, nor with that declaration that he had published, protesting his intention to live and die with the commonwealth. In 1660, he was sent to the Tower, by order of the King, for endeavouring to gain some of the old officers to attempt making a diversion in favour of his dear lost commonwealth. He died in the Tower, of a fever, occasioned by grief, in 1660 or 1661.

V. 1541-2. ————— a quint

Of generals, &c.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered, that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners; Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum.

V. 1547. *He's mounted on a hazel-bavin.]* A pun, we suppose, of Hazlerig's name. Bavin signifies a brush faggot.

V. 1550. *They've roasted Cook, &c.]* Cook was the lawyer who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up the charge of high-treason against him. After the restoration, he was executed as a regicide at Tyburn. In the Collection of Loyal Songs, published soon after the restoration, he is satirised in the following lines:—

" When Pluto keeps his feast,
The rogues must all appear,
And Mr. Scott, I had forgot,
Must taste of this good cheer:
Find out the man, quoth Pluto,
'That is the greatest sinner;
If Cook be he, then Cook shall be
The cook to cook my dinner."

V. 1564. *Their founder was a blown up soldier.*] Ignatius Loyola; the founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was bred to the profession of arms. He served at the siege of Pampelune, when it was besieged by the French in 1521, and being wounded there; was afterwards confined to his chamber for a long time, which caused him to apply himself to theological meditations for his amusement, and at length begot such an enthusiasm in him, that he became the institutor of the celebrated religious order here alluded to.

V. 1568. ————— *by springing mines.*] An allusion to the gunpowder-plot in the reign of James I. of which the Jesuits were the contrivers.

V. 1574. *Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites.*] A sambenito is a coat of coarse cloth, in which the prisoners of the Inquisition are clad when they go to execution.

V. 1585. *And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus.*] Athanasius Kircher, a learned Jesuit, who wrote largely on Egyptian and Coptic mystical learning.

V. 1587. *For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees.*] The Egyptians represented their kings under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

V. 1591—4. *Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails;
And, when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state.*] The emblems in which the Rump Parliament was usually executed in effigy, was the rump of a goose or turkey, which the populace burnt with great derision in most of the considerable towns in the kingdom. Butler's comparing the interest the commonwealth-men had in the Rump to that of bees in their tails, seems to have been derived from the following passage in the fourth Georgic of Virgil:—

“ Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault the aggressor's face:
And through the purple veins a passage find,
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.”

V. 1615—8. *The learned rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a bone, which they call luez,*

I th' rump of man, of such a virtue,

No force in nature can do hurt to.] Buxtorf, in his Lexicon, says *luz* is the name of a certain bone in the human body, which some Hebrew writers maintain is incorruptible. Dr. Grey gives the following explanatory passage, translated from a Hebrew rabbinical writer. "When Adrianus was bruising of bones, he asked R. Jehoshuang, the son of Hhaninah, and said to him, from what will God at the latter end revive man? He said, from *luz* of the back bone. (*Luz* is a little bone, in the shape of an almond, or hazle-nut, standing at the bottom of the back bone. —R. Solomon.) He said to him, whence dost thou know it? He answered, get it me, and I will inform you. Adrianus procured one, and he (R. Johoshuang) endeavoured to grind it in a mill, but it would not grind. He endeavoured to burn it in a fire, but it would not burn. He put it into water, and it was not dissolved. He put it upon a garment, and struck it with a hammer, but the garment was rent, and the hammer split, and it (the bone) was not diminished."

V. 1619—22. *And therefore, at the last great day,*

All th' other members shall, they say,

Spring out of this, as from a seed

All sorts of vegetables proceed.] Dr. Grey, in a curious note on this passage, says, "The learned Mr. John Gregory, of Oxford, in his sermon upon the Resurrection, (Notes and Observations upon some Passages of Scripture, 1684,) where he is proving the resurrection of the same body, informs us, "that a learned chemist, who spent much time in the contemplation of tinctures, and the impression of vegetables, to prove the great principle of salt, made this experiment: he took several herbs and plants, and calcined them to ashes; he put up the ashes into several glasses sealed hermetically, and written upon with the several names of the calcined herbs. When he would show the experiment, he applied a soft flame to the glasses, where forthwith he might perceive the self-same herbs rising up by little and little out of the ashes, every one in its proper form: and the flame subtracted, they would return to their chaos again."

V. 1627—30. *That after sev'ral rude ejections,*

And as prodigious resurrections,

With new reversions of nine lives,

Starts up, and like a cat, survives.] The Rump was ejected by Oliver Cromwell and his officers, April, 1653, restored the 6th May, 1659, turned out again the 13th of October, and restored the 26th of December. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her excellent Memoirs of her Husband, speaking of the last Restoration of the Rump, says, "it was the 26th of December, 1659, that the Parliament met again. The manner of it, and the contest and treaty in the north between Monk and Lambert, are too well known to be repeated; the dissimulations and false protestations that Monk made are too public: yet did the colonel and others suspect him, but knew not how to hinder him; for this insolent usurpation of Lambert's had so turned the hearts of all men, that the whole nation began to set their eyes upon the King beyond the sea, and think a bad settlement under him better than none at all, but still to be under the arbitrary power of such proud rebels as Lambert. The whole House was divided into miserable factions, among whom some of them would then violently have set up an oath of renunciation of the King and his family. The colonel thinking it a ridiculous thing to *swear out* a man when they had no power to defend themselves against him, vehemently opposed that oath, and carried it against Sir Arthur Hazlerig and others, who had as violently pressed it; urging very truly that those oaths that had been formerly imposed had but multiplied the sins of the nation by perjuries; instancing how Sir Arthur and others, in Oliver's time, coming into the House, swore at their entrance they would attempt nothing in the change of that government, which, as soon as ever they were entered, they laboured to throw down. Many other arguments he used, whereupon many honest men, who thought till then he had followed a faction in all things, and not his own judgment, began to meet often with him, and to consult what to do in these difficulties; out of which their honesty and prudence had found a way to extricate themselves; but that period of our prosperity was come, hastened on partly by the mad, rash violence of some, that, without strength, opposed the tide of the discontented tumultuous people, partly by the detestable treachery of those who had sold themselves to do mischief; but chiefly by the general stream of the people, who were as eager for their own destruction as the Israelites of old for their quails."

V. 1655-6. *For some of us have scores more large*

Than heads and quarters can discharge.] Alluding to those who, having set on the trial of the King, or been otherwise personally instrumental in bringing him to execution, could not hope to have their lives saved should the old order of government be restored.

V. 1661-2. *And to be but undone, entail*

Their vessels in perpetual jail.] That is, the regicides, in general, would have consented to the confiscation of their estates, and to have suffered perpetual imprisonment, provided their lives might be spared. But this was not deemed expedient; seven of the regicides, who had been most active in the murder of the King, were executed after the restoration, and the remainder, with very few exceptions, sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and the forfeiture of their estates.

V. 1665-6. *This said, a near and louder shout*

Put all th' assembly to the rout.] Various writers have treated of the general joy which overspread the nation at the restoration of the monarchy, insomuch, that that event occasioned an almost total change of manners, and from a grave, serious, and austere people, gloomy and fanatic in their principles, and pressing the doctrines of morals to the nicest and most ridiculous point, they became licentious, dissolute, and regardless, in too many cases, of the common decencies of life. What Butler alludes to here is, that when the tide of public opinion showed itself to run clearly in favor of the restoration of the royal family, the members of the factious cabal, whose disputes he has so well satirised in this Canto, dispersed, and each took the best measures he could to provide for his own safety. Ludlow and some others escaped by flying to Geneva; and some went to America, where they suffered great hardships.

V. 1689-90. *And beat a Tuscan running-horse,*

Whose jockey rider is all spurs.] Dr. Grey's edition of our author has the following note upon these lines, which appears very satisfactorily to explain the poet's meaning.

"The anniversary of the Pope's coronation is celebrated at Rome with universal festivity, and concludes at night with a costly and extraordinary firework, which is played off from the top

of the castle of St. Angelo, and distributes rockets in the air, &c. &c. Amongst the other diversions of the day, is a horse-race in one of the longest streets in the city, which is performed in the following manner:—

“The horses, without being saddled, are placed exactly altogether abreast, and so held by the bridle. There is a girth goes round each of their bodies, to which, upon the top of their backs, is fastened a thin plate of polished steel, about two inches in breadth, and a foot long, in the shape of an arch, which is so pliable as to rise up and fall down again towards the hinder part of the horse at his least motion, at the extremity whereof hangs a bunch of very sharp spurs: these spurs are held up from touching the horse by a groom, who, upon the signal for starting, lets them fall down and prick his back, upon which all the horses immediately start, and the faster they run, the faster do the spurs prick them.”

Butler uses the phrase Tuscan running-horse, because the best race-horses in Italy are supposed to be those bred in Tuscany.

PART THIRD.
CANTO THIRD.

The Argument.

The Knight and 'Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night:
He plots to turn his am'rous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute;
Repairs to counsel to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination!
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves. 10
For fear does things so like a witch,
'T is hard t' unriddle which is which :
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences ;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos 15
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear ;
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions ; 20
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best :
Do things, not contrary alone,
To th' course of nature, but its own ;
The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
And turn poltros onas valiant :
For men as resolute appear,
With too much as too little fear ;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying ; 30
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies left perdue,
And haunted, with detachments sent 35
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat ;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer ; 40
As, by th' rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesy.

Disguis'd in all the mask of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blind-man's buff, to grope his way, 45
In equal fear of night and day ;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse ;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled. 50
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed ;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away his best :
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55
From equal falling on his rear.

And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side :
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse; 60
And when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a drift;)
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste ;
For fear, tho' fleetier than the wind, 65
Believes 't is always left behind.
But when th' morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear ;
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid, 70
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'T was hard to interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight ;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80

And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her ;
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid :
But when the ceremony was done, 85
The lights put out, and furies gone ;
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd ;
The wretched caitiff all alone
(As he believ'd) began to moan, 90
And tell his story to himself ;
The Knight mistook him for an elf ;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man :
And thought, because they oft agreed 95
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes ; 100
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cried out,
What art? my Squire, or that bold spright
That took his place and shape last night ;

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155
With any motives of my own :
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit :
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye : 160
Else we might still have been disputing
And they with weighty drubs confuting,
The Knight, who now began to find
Th' hed left th' enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain, 165
But feeble weariness and pain :
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good ; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That 's parting's wont to rent and tear,
And gave the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind his back.
For having paus'd to recollect, 175
And on his past success reflect,

T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ; 180
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185
That made me from this leaguer rise ;
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew : 190
To slight my new acquests, and run
Victoriously from battles won :
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;
To make me put myself to flight, 195
And conq'ring, run away by night :
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do :
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200

Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms, and equipage ;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew :
And to preserve thy outward man, 205
Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 't is true,
Not to preserve myself, but you ;
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse :
Dragg'd out thro' straighter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain ;
But since it prosper'd, 't is unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable batons. 220

The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,

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Which tho' 't was desp'rate in th' attempt, 225
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.

But were your bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'T is unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again : 230

No martial project to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards :
Besides, our bangs of man and beast 235

Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove serviceable ;
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem, t' amuse our foes, 240

To make an honorable retreat,
And wave a total, sure defeat ;
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.

Hence timely running 's no mean part 245
Of conduct in th' martial art :
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive ;

And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil. 250
'T is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest,
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;
And in the end prevails as certain 255
As those that never trust to fortune ;
To make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution :
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolv'd to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won
The war 's as far from being done :
For those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
And sometimes, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all :

Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes:
And when, for furious haste to run, 273
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame; 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;
And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 284
By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie;
And for their beating giving thanks,
They 've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their ranks:
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly; 291
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day, that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feats with easy flights,
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne:

Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine and aqua vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With barcack, hoccamore,`and mum; 300
Whom th' uncontroll'd degrees of Fate
To victory necessiate;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return ;
Or else their sultan populaces 305
Still strangle all their routed bassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day: 310
Although the rabble sous'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold, 315
Nor tied to honor, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' th' expedition; 320

And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:

As fighting in all beasts of prey,
And eating are perform'd one way;

To give defiance to their teeth, 325

And fight their stubborn guts to death;

And those achieve the high'st renown,

That bring the other's stomach down.

There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,

All dangers are reduc'd to famine; 330

And feats of arms, to plot, design,

Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;

But have no need nor use of courage,

Unless it be for glory, or forage:

For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335

When one side, vent'ring to advance,

And come uncivilly too near,

Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;

And forc'd with terrible resistance,

To keep hereafter at a distance, 340

To pick out ground t' encamp upon

Where store of largest rivers run,

That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,

To part th' engagements of their warriors:

Where both from side to side may skip 345
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs; 350
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,
But, who bears hunger best, and cold;
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
Who longest can hold out at starving:
And he that routs most pigs and cows
The formidablest man at prowess.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers:
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles:
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
To charge whole regiments of scallops:
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;

But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse,
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
 Or waging battle, to subdue her;
 Tho' some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
 As those who win the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
 By courting of her back and side,
 But since those times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover;
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd;
 And if they were, would have it out,
 With many other kind of bout.
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
 As this of force to win the Jezebel;

To storm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies-errant, force of arms ;
But rather strive by law to win her, 395
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord ;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found, 405
That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after :
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war, 410
In which the law does execution
With less disorder and confusion ;
Has more of honor in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old ;
When those the pen had drawn together, 415
Decided quarrels with the feather,

And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 Nay, more than bullets now of lead:
 So all the combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
 That does the feat, with braver vigour,
 In words at length, as well as figures;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms;
 And whoso'er 's achiev'd in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right:
 For whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close:
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.

The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo;
 That makes the most perfidious lover
 A lady, that 's as false, recover:
 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride;
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or, which you like best, int' your hands.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages;

Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons;
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;
 They never manage the contest
 T' impair their public interest;
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession;
 Not like us brethren, who divide
 Our commonwealth, the cause, and side;
 And tho' we' are all as near of kindred,
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle;
 While lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss:
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day,

And though th' abounded in all ages, **465**
 With sundry learned clerks and sages,
 Though all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit;
 Th' have no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert: **470**
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound;
 Divines of all sorts; and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians;
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, **475**
 Condemn the way each other deals in:
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleep talk of schemes; **480**
 And heralds stickle who got who.
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation,
 T' expose their trade to disputation;
 Or make the busy rabble judges
 Of all their secret piques and grudges;
 In which whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession's sure to pay.

Besides, no mountebanks, no cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats; 490

When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
An answer to a declaration?

For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies; 500
They 'll write a love-letter in chancery
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cried him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse,) 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But keep it from him by disguise:

And after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And by transition fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,
Is of all others the unwisest;
For if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing sillier nor vainer; 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expense:
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favors:
And if she should, which Heaven forbid, 525
O'erthrow me as the fiddler did;
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to squander more in vain.

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play.
For to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse: 540
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other course 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still;
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known; 550
But 't is not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him:
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains:
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560

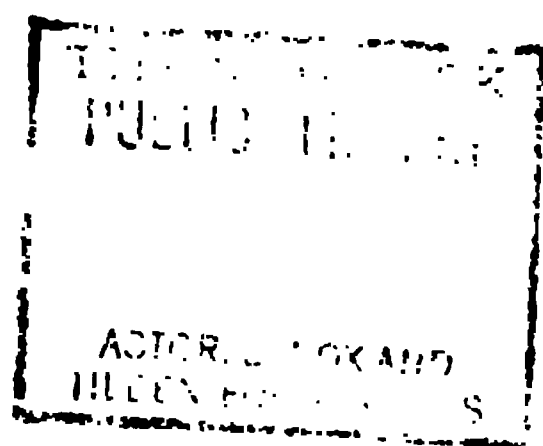
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favor by his place;
And for his bringing custom in, 565
Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprise, 570
And after long consideration,
Have found out one to fill th' occasion:
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster and Hicks' Hall,
And *hiccius doccius* play'd in all; 580
Where in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd to equal ways of gaining
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:

To many a whore gave privilege, 586
And whipt for want of quarteridge;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent:
And many a trusty pimp and croney
To Puddle-dock for want of money: 590
Engag'd the constable to seize.
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Tho' sometimes commoners or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
For being sober at ill hours,
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over for his fee:
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practice in their ways; 600
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway 605
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most:

Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And for false weights, on chandlers; 610
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend:
As residentiary bawds, 615
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees:
But was implacable and awkward,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the Knight repairs,
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As the other courteously strain'd; 630
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd.—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me.— 635
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where-e'er he meets me.—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him.—Well done, in troth. 640
When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand 645
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion,
And trover for my goods.—Ah ! whoreson.
Or if 't is better to indite,
And bring him to his trial.—Right. 650
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him.—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
'In this case has the better end on't ;
Who putting in a new cross bill, 655
May traverse th' action.—Better still.





HUDIBRAS.

Part 3. Canto 3. Line 675.

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Then there's a lady too.—Ay, marry.
That's easily prov'd accessory ;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660;
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.—Good Lord !
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;
Who put me into a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body.—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night ; 670
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy : 680.

I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you 'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony and hanging here, 685
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose :
And if I durst I would advance
As much in ready maintenance, 690
As upon any case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own.
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
'T is common barratry, that bears 695
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either ;
For which some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault, 700
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state ;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,

But make oath ; that is, in plain terms, 705
To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 't is to my purpose pat)——
For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd 710
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right,
From Stile's pocket into Nokes's, 715
As easily as *hocus pocus* ;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *niceius doccius*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife, 720
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass ;
The bus'ness to the law's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnesses 725
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences.

Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers, 730
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jury-men or tales,
Altho' retained in the hardest matters,
Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone; 735
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up, and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That 's well, quoth he: but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages, 740
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch;
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her,
I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans 745
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quilllets.
With trains to inveigle, and surprise 750
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other bye-designs;

And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal and hand ;
Or find void places in the paper 755
To steal in something to entrap her :
Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees ; 760
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls, 770
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind and manage it at will :

To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws ;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces, 780
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 't is) your fee ;
I long to practice your advice,
And try the subtile artifice,
To bait a letter as you bid ; 785
As not long after, thus he did ;
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

NOTES

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PART III. CANTO III.

OUR poet in this Canto resumes the thread of his narrative ; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of them for the space of the longest Canto in the whole poem. This respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended ; it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be rendered clear and intelligible to the reader.

V. 3-4. *That spring like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally without seed.*] The ancients were of opinion that fern was propagated without seed ; but the moderns, by help of the microscope, have discovered this to be a mistake.

V. 8. *Than hags with all their imps and teats.*] An allusion to the vulgar and ridiculous opinion, that witches have their imps, or familiar spirits, who are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them. When the belief of witchcraft prevailed, the cicatrices of scorfulous wounds, and other scars of a similar kind, were taken for teats, which the familiars of witches were accustomed to suck.

V. 11. *For fear does things so like a witch.*] Butler here argues the strange effects of fear in a very philosophical manner. It is highly probable that the first notion of witchcraft proceeded from fear working upon ignorance. In a rude state of society, where natural causes are not well understood, a belief of supernatural

agency has almost always obtained; and hence it happens, that those parts where a belief of witchcraft is still entertained, are the most barbarised and uncivilized in the globe.

V. 36. *From Martial Legion's regiment.*] An allusion to Stephen Marshal, a furious fanatic preacher, who bellowed out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the rebels. Cleveland calls him the Geneva bull:

“ Or roar, like Marshal, that Geneva bull,
Hell and damnation, a pulpit full.”

V. 59-60. *As seamen ride with all their force,*

And tug as if they row'd the horse.] Sailors are noted, almost to a proverb, for their bad horsemanship, and near as many ludicrous anecdotes are told of them in this particular, as there are bulls and blunders of Irishmen. Taylor, the water poet, in his tract, entitled a Navy of Land Ships, banters them on this head. “Mariners,” he observes, “are commonly the worst horsemen. As one of them being upon a tired hackney, his companions prayed him to ride faster, he said, he was becalmed. Another mounted upon a foundered jade that stumbled three or four times headlong: the sailor imagined that his horse was too much laden a-head, or forward on, (as the sea phrase is,) and therefore to ballast him, that he might go or sail with an even keel, he alighted, and filled his jerkin sleeves full of stones, and tied them fast to his horse's crupper, supposing thereby to make his stern as deep laden as his head, to avoid stumbling.”

V. 67. *But when the morn began t' appear.*] It has before been observed, that we may trace our hero's morning and night. This particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid confusion and mistakes among the critics. “How,” says an anonymous annotator on our author, “would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous discovery? Butler is as clear in this point as any of them; for, from the opening of these adventures, every morning and night have been poetically described; and now we are arrived at the third day.”

V. 102—4. *He star'd upon him, and cried out,*

What art? my Squire, or that bold sprite

That took his place and shape last night.] “Here,”

says one of Dr. Grey's annotators, "is an amazing discovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with the night: no sooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his mistake; he finds Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or ghost. Upon this he is agreeably surprised, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about; since the day before they had mutually resolved to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciously formed this incident: for it is plain the Knight and Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, the other by his treachery and gross imposition. But very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs, and consequently each thought himself the offender. It is therefore natural and probable, that they should easily come to a good understanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but from the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted. Thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader and applause of the poet."

V. 145-6. ——— *than the rev'rend writer*

That to our churches veil'd his mitre.] Dr. Grey says, that "though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable, that Mr. George Grahame, Bishop of Orkney, was the person sneered at by Butler in this place." He renounced episcopacy, and signed the abjuration, with his own hand, at Breckness, in Stronsa, February 11, 1639. Bishop Hall, treating of this incident, exclaims with the fervour of one of the primitive fathers of the church, "Good God, what is this that I have lived to hear? That a bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his episcopal functions, and cry mercy for his now-abandoned calling!"

V. 186. ——— *leaguer rise.*] Siege. To beleaguer a place signifies to besiege it.

V. 211. *To mount two-wheel'd carroches, &c.*] The cart in which malefactors were drawn from Newgate to Tyburn for execution.

V. 245-6-7. *Hence timely running's no mean part*

Of conduct in the martial art;

By which some glorious feats achieve.] It is observed somewhere of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he knew every part of the art of war, but how to make a retreat. A well-conducted retreat is esteemed one of the most difficult points of generalship. That of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon, will live for ever in the annals of history; and, in our own times, that of General Moreau through the defiles of the Black Forest, conferred as much honor on that commander as the victory of Hohenlinden.

V. 261-2. *If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,*

That only sav'd a citizen.] The *corona civica* was given to any soldier, who, in battle, had saved the life of a Roman citizen, killing, at the same time, an enemy; and though it was composed of no better materials than oak boughs, yet it was esteemed more honorable than any other crown.

V. 284. *They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum.*] The Puritans frequently sung *Te Deum*, and made rejoicings for imaginary victories. It was their custom likewise to sing a psalm before an engagement, to which Cotton, in his *Virgil Travestie*, compares the dismal howlings of Queen Dido's domestics, when they discovered that she had hanged herself:—

“ Even like unto the dismal yowl
When tristful dogs at midnight howl;
Or, like the dirges that, through nose
Hum'd out to damp their Pagan foes,
When holy Roundheads go to battle
With such a yell did Carthage rattle.”

The author of the *Turkish Spy* ridicules the custom of singing *Te Deum* for victories with considerable humour, and a certain degree of justness, peculiarly as applicable to the wars of his times. “I have been,” says he, “to a ceremony which I am willing to see

often, to give an account of it in my letters: it is the *Te Deum* which Christian princes cause to be sung in their churches, on the gaining any considerable advantage over their enemies; which *Te Deum* is a hymn composed by two of their saints, to wit, Ambrose and Austin. When the French beat the Spaniards, they sing the *Te Deum*; and when these vanquish their enemies, they do the like. These nations do the duty of the Mussulmen, in destroying one another; and when it is done, they give God thanks for the evil they had committed."

V. 286. *By flattering heaven with a lie.*] It was not unusual for the Puritans to appoint a public thanksgiving, when it was notorious their forces had been defeated. Walker, in his History of Independency, gives a remarkable instance of this kind. "Popham," says he, "was the man who, on the 4th of June, 1649, gave a dismal relation to the high and mighty states at Whitehall, of his ill success in tampering with the governor of Kinsale, in Ireland, who, being honestest than the saints suspected, took a sum of money of him to betray the town and fort, and ships in the road; but when Popham came into the road, to take possession of his new purchase, gave him such a gunpowder welcome, that he lost most of his men, landed to take livery and seisin, and divers ships. He was commanded to conceal the ill news, and make a different report to the plebians of the Commons House of his success; which occasioned an order, the 15th of June, That, for this remarkable additional mercy bestowed upon them, in the prosperous success given to their fleet at sea, upon Thursday next, the day set apart for thanksgiving, their ministers should praise God."

Cowley, in his Puritan and Papist, lashes them on the same score:

"Nay, to the Almighty's self, they have been bold
To lie, and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God, for, if they were
Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
Rewards them straight with another victory.
Just such a one as Brainsford, and sans doubt,
'Twill weary, er't be long, their gratitude out."

V. 300. *With bacrack, &c.*] Dr. Grey says, "bacrack, or bac-

charack, is a wine from Bachiaera, a town on the Rhine, upon the Palatinate, whence it has its name. Might not our poet mean arrack, which in his time was imported from the East Indies in much larger quantities than it is at present?

V. 300. ——— *hoccamore.*] Old hock, a sort of Rhenish wine, so called from the village of Hockheim on the Maine, opposite to Mentz.

V. 305-6. *Or else their sultan populaces*

Still strangle all their routed bassas.] The unruly passions of the mob are here very justly compared with the arbitrary proceedings of the Turkish government. Wherever the mob, or a despot, like the grand signior, holds the reins of government, want of success in a commander is a sufficient justification for his punishment.

V. 309-10. *And who those were that run away,*

And gave out th' had won the day,] This is an allusion, Dr. Grey thinks, to Sir William Waller's defeat at Roundway Downe, which the soldiers ever afterwards called Runaway Downe. Whitelock makes the rout to be occasioned by a panic fear in the Parliament horse; but Hollis charges it upon the unskillfulness and cowardice of Sir Arthur Hazlerig. It gave occasion for much rejoicing and pleasant raillery among the Cavaliers; and Cleveland, in his Character of a London Diurnal, thus plays upon both those commanders. "This is the William who is the city's champion, and the diurnal's delight; yet, in all this triumph, translate the scene but to Roundway Downe, there Hazlerig's lobsters were changed into crabs, and crawled backwards. There Poor Sir William ran to his lady for consolation:

" Sir William at Runaway Down had a bout,
Which him and his lobsters did totally rout,
And his lady the conqueror could not help him out.
Which nobody can deny."

V. 347-8. *For men are found the stouter-hearted,*

The certainer they're to be parted.] There is a great deal of truth and just observation of human nature in this remark. Let two men quarrel, and be restrained from actually coming to blows, and they will show infinitely more courage than if there were no restraint put upon their valour.

V. 351-2. *And made their mortal enemy,*

The water rat, their strict ally.] The Dutch are here meant, who favoured the Parliamentary cause at the commencement of the troubles; but after the fall of the King were engaged in hostilities with the new government. "The Dutch ambassadors," Hume says, "endeavoured to enter into negotiation with Barebone's Parliament; but though Protestants, and even Presbyterians, they met with a bad reception from those who pretended to a sanctity so much superior. The Hollanders were regarded as worldly-minded men, intent only on commerce and industry; whom it was fitting the saints should first extirpate, ere they undertook that great work, to which they believed themselves destined by Providence, of subduing Antichrist, the man of sin, and extending to the uttermost bounds of the earth the kingdom of the Redeemer. The ambassadors finding themselves proscribed, not as enemies of England, but of Christ, remained in astonishment, and knew not which was most to be admired, the implacable spirit, or egregious folly, of these pretended saints."

V. 355-6. *And he's approv'd the most deserving*

Who longest can hold out at starving.] "Some Quakers," Hume says, "attempted to fast forty days in imitation of Christ; and one of them bravely perished in the attempt."

V. 359. *So th' Emperor Caligula, &c.* Caligula, after marching to the sea-shore with an intent to invade Britain, ordered his soldiers to fill their helmets with cockle-shells and such like marine productions, which he afterwards ludicrously exhibited in triumph, styling them the spoils of the ocean.

V. 369-70. *But when he went to dine or sup,*

More bravely eat his captives up.] The courage of many of the heroes of those times consisted in their teeth. Cleveland, speaking of Sir William Brereton, a Cheshire Knight, thus characterises him. "Was Brereton," says he, "to fight with his teeth, as he in all other things resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at this weapon. O! he's a terrible slaughter-man at a thanksgiving dinner. Had he been Cannibal enough to have eaten those he vanquished, his guts would have made him valiant."

“ Will. Brereton ’s a sinner,
 And Croydon knows a winner ;
 But O take heed lest he do eat
 The rump all at one dinner.”

V. 383-4. *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,*

By courting of her back and side.] Rinaldo was one of the principal heroes engaged in the siege of Jerusalem, against the Saracens. Armida, a beautiful queen, was in love with him, and had by magic engaged his affections. But when, by the assistance of his friends, he broke loose from her snares, and left her, she vowed revenge, and offered to marry any one of those Pagan princes who came to Saladin's assistance, provided they could take off Rinaldo in battle, though she still entertained a secret affection for him. But when he had slain, with his own hand, all those princes who had rashly undertaken his death, she fled from him with a design of taking away her own life ; but he pursued and prevented it ; and his love re-kindled by her heavy complaints against him. And when she had given them vent, in the most moving complaints and passionate terms, he convinced her that his affection for her was as strong as ever, which brought about a reconciliation.

V. 395. *But rather strive by law to win her.]* Ralph's advice to the Knight in this dilemma is conceived with much humour. He dissuades him from having recourse to force of arms to win the widow, as a hopeless project, and then recommends a suit at law, as likely to bring him heavy damages, which he probably desires more than the possession of her person.

V. 401-2. *More probable, and like to hold,*

Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold.] Breaking of gold was formerly much practised, and is often alluded to by our old writers. When done, it was commonly believed, that such a man and woman were made sure to one another, and could marry no other persons.

V. 405-6. *And bills upon record been found,*

That forc'd the ladies to compound.] On promise of marriage, damages may be recovered, if either party refuse to marry. In modern times it has been more usual for the ladies to

complain to the courts for breach of promise of marriage than the gentlemen; yet there are not wanting some recent cases of slighted swains, who, being deserted by their mistresses, have brought their actions for redress, yet with no very flattering encouragement.

V. 439. *For law's the wisdom of all ages.*] A parody on the words of Sir Edward Coke, who calls law the concentrated wisdom of all ages. The character of the legal profession, in the succeeding lines, is drawn with great strength and force of colouring. Butler seems to have held lawyers in nearly the same abhorrence as he did republicans, and probably with equal reason. In his posthumous works drawing the character of a lawyer, he says, "A client is fain to hire a lawyer to keep him from the injuries of other lawyers, as the Christians that travel in Turkey are forced to hire Janizaries to protect them from the insolencies of other Turks."

V. 441-2. *Who, though their bus'ness at the bar,
Be but a kind of civil war.*] The Spectator observes, (No. 13,) "That nothing is more usual in Westminster Hall, than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing one another to pieces in court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it." The satire upon the profession throughout the whole of this passage is extremely fine and just; particularly where the Squire compliments the gentlemen of the long robe for their discretion in preserving a good understanding among themselves, by which means their profession is not exposed to the censure and judgment of the vulgar (as other professions are) by the indiscreet writings of their professors.

V. 458. *Of other's quarrels, like the Swiss.*] Previous to the eventful era of that destructive scourge of the human race, the French revolution, the Swiss Cantons allowed foreign princes to levy troops in their territories, who stipulated to serve for a certain term of years; and as they were bold, well disciplined, and faithful, they usually formed the body-guards of their employers, and were looked upon as the flower of their forces. The Swiss guards remained faithful to Louis XVI. to the last extremity; and, at the attack of the Thuilleries, suffered themselves to be butchered rather than desert their post. There are, at present, two, if not

more, Swiss regiments in the pay of the British government, and on more occasions than one they have greatly distinguished themselves.

V. 475. *The Galenist and Paracelsian.*] The Galenists were those medical professors who favoured the multiplying of herbs and roots in the same composition: the Paracelsians those who trusted chiefly to the virtue of a single herb or mineral.

V. 573-4. *Most apt for what I have to do,*

As counsellor and justice too.] “Who this lawyer was,” Dr. Grey says, “I am really at a loss to understand. The author of the printed notes has pointed out E. P. esq. as the person intended by Butler; but I cannot give into his opinion, though his character was not wholly unexceptionable, as appears from several passages in Walker’s History of Independency: His great business in his profession, and the posts that he filled, must have taken up too much of his time, to suffer him to engage in the proper business of a pettifogger. He had been commissioner of the great seal, worth 1500*l.* a year, and then, by an ordinance, practised within the bar, as one of the King’s council, worth 500*l.* per annum. He was afterwards postmaster for all inland letters, worth 100*l.* every Tuesday-night; and attorney-general to the commonwealth of England. Whitelock observes of him, ‘that he was a generous person, faithful to the Parliament interest, and a good chancery lawyer.’ Bishop Tillotson, as I am informed by a worthy gentleman descended from him, lived with him as chaplain: and he was a man much esteemed in Devonshire, where he lived, (namely, at Ford Abbey, which he bought of Sir Samuel Rosewell, reputed by some the hero of this poem) for his hospitable and charitable disposition. What room, then, for fixing this character upon him, rather than upon Glyn and Maynard, who likewise complied with the times?”

“I have been told, that one Siderfin, who lived in those times, and raised a considerable fortune in a low way of practice, has been reputed the lawyer sneered at by our poet.”

V. 577-8. *An old dull sot, who told the clock,*

For many years at Bridewell dock.] An allusion, probably, to his attendance at Bridewell when petty criminals

were whipped, who would not, or could not; commute their whipping for a sum of money.

V. 580. *And hiccus doccus play'd in all.*] An unintelligible, unmeaning term used by jugglers and conjurers.

V. 584. *By hind'ring justice, or maintaining.*] We are here presented with an exact portrait of what may be called a trading justice, that is, of a man who is in the commission of the peace not so much for the public advantage as for his own private emolument, and, according as he is bribed, either forwards or frustrates the ends of justice.

V. 585. *To many a whore gave privilege.*] Justices of the peace are empowered to commit street-walkers and common prostitutes to the house of correction; and in the sanctified times of the commonwealth, when it was seriously debated whether fornication should not be made a capital offence, they exercised their authority in a very arbitrary manner, conniving at those who were able to pay them, and punishing with merciless rigor the poorer sort of offenders, who could not afford to comply with their exactions. At the present day the bench is more reputably filled, and the appointment of police magistrates with a regular salary, has done away with most of the abuses which prevailed in Butler's time and long afterwards.

V. 590. *To Puddle-dock.*] A place of confinement for petty offenders.

V. 599. *Made monsters fine, and puppet plays.*] That is, he extorted money from those who exhibited shows.

V. 609. *Imposed a tax on baker's ears.*] The ancient way of punishing bakers for want of weight, was by the tumbrel, or cucking-stool; and Butler insinuates that this justice of the peace took bribes to save them from the pillory.

V. 624-5. *With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest eggs, to make clients lay.*] Our poet now introduces us to the lawyer's chamber, and it must be confessed his description of it is very appropriate. In a poem, quoted by Dr. Grey, entitled the Progress of Honesty, the following lines occur, which Butler probably had seen:—

“Discord's apartment different was seen,
He had a lawyer been;

One that, if fee were large, loudly could bawl;
 But had a cough o' th' lungs if small:
 And never car'd who lost, if he might win.
 His shelves were crammi'd with processes and writs,
 Long rolls of parchment, bonds, citations, wills;
 Fines, errors, executions, and eternal chancery bills."

V. 633-4. *Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel,*

Whom I have cudgell'd, &c.] The dialogue between the Knight and the lawyer is maintained with great humour, and the most characteristic propriety on both sides. We see in the Knight a man disposed to represent his own case in the fairest light possible, while the lawyer gives him no interruption, but chiming in with him, encourages him to prosecute an action. The dramatic effect, if we may so speak, of this scene is in the highest degree comic, and perhaps it is impossible for any one to read it, without figuring to himself a lively conception of the personages represented.

V. 645-6. *Now, whether I should beforehand*

Swear he robb'd me? &c.] Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, says, "Thus one Harman, a very wealthy gentleman in Northamptonshire, was served by a tenant. Mr. Harman hearing that his tenant, who was in great arrears, was going to a fair with money to buy cattle, met him designedly on the road, told him he knew he had money, and desired him to discharge some part of his arrears, which he did with some difficulty. This coming to the knowledge of some persons who were no friends to Harman, they advised his tenant to indict him for a robbery upon the highway, which he did, and Mr. Harman was condemned; but was pardoned at the instance of one of the same name, who was secretary to the then lord treasurer; for which piece of service he left him his whole estate, which was a very large one."—Hudibras seems to have been of opinion that it is in law-suits as it is in battles, he that has the first blow, has the advantage over his adversary.

V. 648. *And trover for my goods.]* An action of trover is an action which a man has against one who, having found any of his goods, refuses to deliver them upon demand.

V. 675. *Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye.]* The answer

of the lawyer is delivered in a style perfectly characteristic. He has listened to the Knight with great complaisancy, and now gives him every encouragement to prosecute his lawsuit. The Knight, indeed, has scarce told the lawyer any thing but falsehoods; yet he has made out his case so plausible, that he appears perfectly innocent, while his adversaries are represented as the blackest offenders. This is the usual practice of common life. Plaintiffs and defendants generally represent their own case with a fair outside, and conceal what will impeach the justice and validity of it. From hence arise so many lawsuits, and from such partial representations so many disappointments are occasioned.

V. 683. *I would so trounce her, and her purse.*] The lawyer has gathered enough of the Knight's character from his discourse, easily to perceive that it is the widow's money rather than her person, that he is anxious to obtain possession of; and therefore he tells him of the large damages he may obtain for a breach of contract.

V. 685-6. *For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear.*] Nerissa, in the Merchant of Venice, Act II. Scene IX. speaks in the same style with our poet:—

“The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.”

V. 695. *'Tis common barratry.*] Barratry, in law, signifies the fomenting quarrels and lawsuits; and is an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment.

V. 699-700. *For which, some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.*] Summer-sault, now commonly wrote and pronounced sommerset, is a feat of activity often practised at equestrian performances. Lawyers convicted of barratry were prohibited from practising in the the courts, which was technically called throwing them over the bar.

V. 705-6. *But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.*] The lawyer argues cases of perjury with a great deal of *sang froid*. He has no more regard for the sanctity of an oath in a court of justice, than the Knight, on a former occasion, declared he had for political oaths.

In more particulars than one there is a similarity in their characters, and human and divine institutions are held by them in equal contempt.

V. 716. *As easily as hocus pocus.*] “In all probability,” (says Archbishop Tillotson, Discourse against Transubstantiation) “those common juggling words of *hocus pocus*, are nothing but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the church of Rome, in their trick of transubstantiation; into such contempt by their foolish doctrine, and pretended miracles of theirs, have they brought the most sacred and venerable mystery of our religion.”

V. 725-6. *And you can want no witnesses*

To swear to any thing you please.] Knights of the post, who made a living or trade of swearing, were very numerous in the time of the commonwealth, and so bold, that “one of them being asked, of what occupation he was? made answer, that he was a vitness, (witness,) which was one that for hire would swear in any man’s cause, be it right or wrong.”

V. 732. *To serve for jurymen or tales.*] *Tales* is a Latin word used in our common law for a supply of men impanelled upon a jury, or inquest, and not appearing, or challenged. In these cases, the judge, upon a petition, granteth a supply to be made by the sheriff, of some men there present, equal in reputation to those that were impanelled. And hereupon the very act of supplying is called a *tales de circumstantibus*.

V. 773-8. *Bred up, and tutor’d by our teachers,*

The ablest of conscience-stretchers.] Hudibras was in no want of affidavit-men to help him out of a difficulty, those of his own party never scrupling to violate their oaths whenever an opportunity of promoting their own interests occurred. But our poet in this place more particularly alludes to Dr. Downing and Stephen Marshal, who absolved the prisoners released at Brentford from their oaths.

V. 742. *On Bongey, for a water-witch.*] The name Bongey is here put for Sidrophel, and implies any one exercising the art of a conjurer or magician. Bongey was a Franciscan friar, a doctor of divinity at Oxford, and an associate of Friar Bacon. They flourished towards the end of the thirteenth century. In that ignorant

age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a *Treatise on Natural Magic* confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

“There was likewise,” Dr. Grey says, “one Mother Bongey, who, in divers books set out with authority, is registered or chronicled by the name of the Great Witch of Rochester.”

V. 747-8. *Ply her with love-letters, and billets,*

And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets.] A quillet signifies any trick or sleight of law. Hamlet, in the scene with the grave-diggers, says:—

“Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer?

Where be his quiddities now? his quilllets? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks?

V. 754. *To copy out her seal, or hand.]* In Butler's time forgery was not a capital offence, the punishment of it being only the pillory and imprisonment; it was afterwards made capital on account of the frequent recurrence of the crime through the extension of paper credit. The forgery of seals was a fraud in which the monks are supposed to have dealt largely, and cardinals and popes themselves are thought not to have been free from it. The seal to the famous charter of Charlemagne, which gave the patrimony of St. Peter to the Roman see, is thought to have been the ingenious manufacture of some ecclesiastical artificer of a later age. The seal, now a days, used in ordinary legal transactions, is commonly nothing more than a piece of wafer covered with a slip of the instrument or deed, and stamped with the first seal at hand, generally the law-stationer's, who sell such deeds ready prepared for execution; but in the time of our poet, every person of the widow's respectability was supposed to have not merely a seal of her own, but one with her arms engraven on it; and this kind of seal it is which our conscientious lawyer persuades Hudibras to obtain an impression of, in order that he may have it copied, and her hand-writing forged to something that may further his law-suit.

V. 760. *That ply i' th' Temple, under trees.*] Oldham, in his Imitation of the 13th Satire of Juvenal, alludes to this practice:—

“ In Temple walks, or Smithfield, never fail
Of plying rogues that set their souls to sale
To the best passenger that bids a price,
And make their livelihood of perjuries :
For God's sake, why are you so delicate,
And think it hard to share the common fate?”

V. 762. *About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts.*] The knights of the post, and such like profligate characters, who frequented the Temple walks, are represented as guests of cross-legged knights, for this reason, that the Temple formerly belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, whose effigies on their monuments are represented in a recumbent posture, with their legs crossed.

V. 785. *To bait a letter as you bid.*] The Knight here determines to pursue the advice which Ralpho originally gave him, though at the time he rejected it; and having paid the lawyer his fee, a point which men of the law seldom fail to look closely into, the Canto concludes, promising to acquaint us with the contents of the Heroical Epistle, which, equally urged by the Squire, the Lawyer, and his own passion, he resolves to send to his mistress.

AN

E P I S T L E

OF

10

Yet if you were not so severe 15
 To pass your doom before you hear,
 You'll find, upon my just defence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
 That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 't is true ; 20
 But not because it is unpaid.
 'T is violated, though delay'd :
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought ;
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
 For there 's a diff'rence in the case,
 Between the noble and the base ;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
 Upon as different account ; 30
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who 're nicest of their honor :
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35
 Forswear and perjure by the day ;
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person, 40
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word ;
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men to do the same :
 For to be able to forget, 45
 Is found more useful to the great,
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make them pass for wondrous wise.
 But though the law, on perjurers,
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears ; 50
 It is not just that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent :
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
 'And when one member is forsworn, 55
 Another to be cropt or torn.
 And if you should, as you design',
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You 're like, if you consider right,
 To gain but little honour by 't ; 60
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,

438 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

Does not so much deserve her favor,
 As he that pawns his soul to have her,
 This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65
 Although you now disdain to own ;
 But sentence what you rather ought
 T' esteem good service, than a fault.
 " Beside, oaths are not bound to bear
 " That lit'ral sense the words infer ; 70
 " But, by the practice of the age,
 " Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,
 " Are found void, and of none effect.
 " For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75
 " But just as he sees others do ;
 " Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
 " As not to yield and bow a little ;
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,
 " Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80
 " So truest oaths are still most tough,
 " And though they bow, are breaking proof."
 Then wherefore should they not be allow'd
 In love a greater latitude ?
 For as the law of arms approves 85
 All ways to conquest, so should Love's ;

And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails ;
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love, 90
Submit its great prerogative
To any other pow'r alive ?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case ?
The fundamental law of nature 95
Be over-rul'd by those made after ?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws ?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive ; 100
Controuls the mighty pow'r of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date ;
The life of nature, that restores,
As fast as time and death devours ;
To whose free gift the world does owe, 105
Not only earth, but heaven too :
For love 's the only trade that 's driv'n,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain. 110

440 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision, 115
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end? 120
Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant:
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for the offence's sake.
Or if it did not, but the cause 125
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate; 130
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict.

But to have power to forgive, 135

Is empire and prerogative :

And 't is in crowns a nobler gem,

To grant a pardon, than condemn.

Then since so few do what they ought,

'T is great t' indulge a well-meant fault ; 140

For why should he who made address,

All humble ways, without success,

And meet with nothing in return,

But insolence, affronts, and scorn,

Not strive by wit to countermine, 145

And bravely carry his design ?

He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,

Blown up with philtres of love-powder ;

And after letting blood, and purging,

Condemn'd to voluntary scourging ; 150

Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,

And claw'd by goblins in the night ;

Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,

With rude invasion of his beard ;

And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155

As foully by the rabble handled ;

Attack'd by despicable foes,

And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows :

And after all to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard : 160
When horses being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd.

Or, why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
That with your breeding-teeth begin, 165
And nursing babies, that lie-in ;
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down ;
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye :
Retire the more, the more we press, 175
To draw us into ambushes :
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrowed flags of white and red ; 180
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;

And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers' less subtle books :
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard :
 Prepost'rously t'entice, and gain
 Those to adore 'em they disdain ; 190
 And only draw 'em in to clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he 's brave,
 T' his mistress but the more a slave ;
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;
 Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.
 Then, when he is compell'd by her,
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200
 Who, with his honor, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command ?
 And when necessity 's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad ;
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of love, our great ally, and yours,

Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood ;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will, 810
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confest,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done of course, **215**
By all men, when they 're under force:
Whence some upon the rack confess
What the hangmen and their prompters please :
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again. **220**

But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under ;
And therefore, when I told him none, 225
I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on the adventure went:
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse ;

For what romance can show a lover
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours ?

And what at first was held a crime, 235
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come ?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd whom they pleas'd : 240

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
Nor in the mind they were in died ;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
Disdain'd to stay for friends consent, 245

Nor juggl'd about settlements :
Did need no license, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy estate of matrimony, 250

Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death them parts :
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good-will,

But took a wise and shorter course 255
To win the ladies, downright force ;
And justly made 'em pris'ners then,
As they have often since, us men ;
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues ; 260
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure :
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover.
Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265
Than half a year of love before ;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows then,
That men have right to ev'ry one, 275
And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse ;

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 447

Hence 't is apparent, that what course
Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
Though by the indirectest way,
'T is no injustice nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse :
And gratefully submit to those 285
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should ev'ry savage beast
Exceed his great lord's interest ?
Have freer pow'r than he, in grace
And nature, o'er the creature has ? 290
Because the laws he since has made,
Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That nature gave him over women ;
When all his pow'r will not extend 295
One law of nature to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good ; 300
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives ;

448 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

For which sin they deserve to be

Kept, as they are, in slavery :

And this some precious gifted teachers 305

Unrev'rently reputed lechers,

And disobey'd in making love,

Have vow'd to all the world to prove,

And make you suffer, as you ought,

For that uncharitable fault. 310

But I forget myself, and rove

Beyond th' instructions of my love.

 Forgive me, fair, and only blame

Th' extravagancy of my flame,

Since 't is too much, at once to shew 315

Excess of love, and temper too.

All I have said that's bad, and true,

Was never meant to aim at you ;

Who have so sov'reign a control

O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320

That, rather than to forfeit you,

Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;

Both with an equal pow'r possess,

To render all that serve you blest ;

But none likè him, who 's destin'd either 325

To have or lose you, both together.

And if you'll but this fault release,
 (For so it must be, since you please,)
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore; 330
 And expiate upon my skin
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
 For 't is but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay,
 Which shall be done, until it move, 335
 Your equal pity, and your love.

The Knight, perusing this epistle,
 Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle:
 And read it like a jocund lover,
 With great applause t' himself, twice over; 340
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
 And humble distance, to his wit;
 And dated it with wondrous art,
 "Giv'n from the bottom of my heart;"
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345
 A smoking faggot,—and above,
 Upon a scroll,—“I burn and weep,”
 And near it, “For her Ladyship;
 “Of all her sex most excellent,
 “These to her gentle hand present.” 350

450 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter ;
But, guessing that it might import, 355
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and leering flout :
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360



NOTES
ON THE
HEROICAL EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

ONE of Dr. Grey's auxiliary commentators says, " This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the widow : it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for ; on the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions."

V. 2. *Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar.*] The Earl of Essex, in his disgrace, addressed a letter of complaint to Queen Elizabeth, couched in terms very similar to those Hudibras here employs. He declared himself reduced to the state of Nebuchadnezzar, in consequence of the Queen's withdrawing her favor, and with many other expressions equally hyperbolical, professed himself unable to bear the load of existence, if she persisted in keeping him removed from the radiance of her beauties. The Queen on this occasion, though she was then verging towards her seventieth year, yielded to the urgency of the Earl's suit, and restored him to her favor. In a short time afterwards he offended again, and the sequel of his story is too well known to be here narrated.

V. 15. *Yet if you were not so severe*

To pass your doom before you hear.] This is exactly in the style of the Earl of Essex's letter above alluded to, and which

there can be no doubt Butler had his eye upon when he composed this heroic epistle. Though it would be improper to compare so renowned a princess as Elizabeth with a personage of so little dignity as the widow, or a nobleman so gallant and accomplished as the Earl of Essex with a wight so preposterous and ridiculous as Sir Hudibras, yet it is impossible not to notice the coincidence between the two letters. In Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, there are some pieces to be met with in a vein equally inflated and tumified.

V. 29. *Who always are observ'd t' have done 't.*] Hudibras touches the subject of his deferred flagellation with the happiest address, and excuses himself for the breach of his parole of honor, by alleging the example of the saints, who, on different occasions, made no scruple to violate their promises.

V. 39—42. *It is no scandal, nor aspersion,*

Upon a great and noble person,

To say he nat'rally abhorred

Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his word.] Notwithstanding our poet's well-established character for loyalty, there is a very strong presumption that he intended here to lash the heads of the royal party as well as the republican leaders. Charles II. was infamous for his ingratitude; nay, even his character for mercy, which was so much vaunted by the writers of his age, is denied by an illustrious statesman of our own, (the late Mr. Fox,) his descendant in the fifth generation. It is probable, Butler had as much in view the ingratitude of the court of Charles to individuals, like himself, who had suffered in the royal cause, as to any particular failing in the Presbyterians or Independents the same way. Instances of great men breaking their word, (could they, or did they deserve to be recorded,) would make a collection as voluminous and as unsatisfactory as the Statutes at Large; while of great men observing their promises it would be difficult to collect matter for a single volume.

V. 45-6-7. *For to be able to forget,*

Is found more useful to the great,

Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes.] The satire of these lines is of the most exquisite cast. Butler probably wrote from his own experience. He had felt the miseries of dependence,

and was well qualified to describe the callous indifference of the great towards indigent merit.

V. 58-4. *To make the ears repair the wrong*

Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue.] Dr. Grey, in his note upon this passage, says, "Sir Hudibras seems to think it as unreasonable to punish one member for the fault of another, as the Dutchman did the application made to one part for the cure of another. A purse-proud Dutchman, says Sir Roger L' Estrange, *Fables*, Part II. Fab. 813, was troubled with a megrim; the doctors prescribed him a clyster—the patient fell into a rage upon it:—Why certainly these people are all mad, (said he,) who talk of curing a man's head at his tail."

V. 75-6. *For no man takes or keeps a vow,*

But just as he sees others do.] In revolutionary times, the excuse which men make for deserting one party and joining with another is, that they see others do the same, and that they do not lead, but join in the stream. This has been wonderfully exemplified in the course of the French revolution, a revolution which was commenced on the noblest principles, and which has terminated in the most hideous and nefarious despotism that the world has hitherto seen.

V. 99. *Love, that 's the world's preservative.*] This and the following lines are an imitation of Lucretius. Moderns have carried the same doctrine still further, and some have not scrupled to affirm, that metals and stones are produced by some process analogous to the production of animals and vegetables; but hitherto these subtle mysteries of nature have escaped the actual detection of our most inquisitive philosophers. These philosophical reveries might be admirably lashed by a man endowed with enough of science and poetry to expose the ridicule with which they are pregnant.

V. 113-4. *Or who, but lovers, can converse*

Like angels, by the eye-discourse?] Dr. Grey says, "metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and departed souls, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech."

He adds, "The correspondence by two persons, at a great dis-

tance, mentioned by Strada, and quoted by the *Guardian*, No. 119, was much more extraordinary, than this eye-discourse of lovers. He, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of the chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a load-stone, which had such a virtue in it that it touched two several needles. When one of these needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, began to move at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with four and twenty letters, in the same manner that the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed their needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter which formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of each word or sentence, to avoid confusion: the friend, at the same time, saw his own sympathetic needle moving itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities, mountains, seas, and desarts."

V. 121-2. *Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,*

That for its own supply was meant.] An allusion to the text in scripture, of "suffer little children to come unto me, for of such are the kingdom of heaven." In any other character than that of one like our Knight, we should conceive this to border on profaneness; and we doubt whether it is allowable, even for a poet, to mingle subjects so sacred with the ludicrous effusions of his muse. Whatever has a tendency to weaken our veneration for the inspired writings, has a tendency to disturb our faith, and

will ever be discountenanced by those who value religion as the main pillar of human happiness.

V. 137-8. *And 't is in crowns a nobler gem*

To grant a pardon, than condemn.] Shakespeare, in the Merchant of Venice, makes Portia, in her beautiful apostrophe to Mercy, say,

“ ——— It becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temp'ral power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptre'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.”

V. 173. *You wound, like Parthians, while you fly.]* The Parthians were excellent horsemen, and very expert in the management of the bow. It is reported of them, that they generally slew more upon their retreat than they did in the engagement.

V. 182. *Than their old grandmothers, the Picts.]* Butler, with great humour, derives the fashion of the ladies painting themselves from their ancestors the Picts, who used to stain their bodies with the juice of the plant woad.

V. 188. *Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.]* Philip Nye was one of the Assembly of Divines, and very remarkable for the singularity of his beard. At the restoration it was debated several hours together, whether Philip Nye and John Goodwin should not be excepted for life; because they had acted so highly (none more so, except Hugh Peters) against the King; and it came at last to this result: That if, after the 1st of September, the same year, they should accept any preferment, they should in law stand as if they had been excepted totally for life.—*Wood's Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. Col. 369.

V. 217-8. *Whence some upon the rack confess*

What th' hangmen and their prompters please.] The Marquis Beccaria, in his ingenious and humane Treatise on

Crimes and Punishments, proposes the following problem to expose the iniquity of extorting confessions by means of the rack, or other tortures: "The strength of a man's muscles and nerves being given, required the quantity of torture necessary to be applied to make him confess himself guilty of any given crime?"

V. 237 8. *To what a height did infant Rome,*

By ravishing of women, come!] When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum or place of refuge for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to; by which means it became very populous; but when he began to consider, that without propagation it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours, to them; and when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded the warlike race of men who carried the Roman name to the utmost pinnacle of glory.

V. 252. *Till alimony or death them parts.]* Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance, when living apart from her husband. That and death are reckoned the only separations in a married state.

V. 273-4. *For women first were made for men,*

Not men for them, &c.] Woman being created after man, Hudibras argues that females are an inferior race of beings, who ought to be subservient to the pleasures of man. This is the Mahometan doctrine, and it prevails also to a certain extent among all the Eastern nations. Indeed, wherever the system of polygamy obtains, the implied inferiority of woman follows as a natural consequence.

V. 291-2. *Because the laws he since has made,*

Have cut off all the power he had.] Hudibras has been arguing, that by the law of nature, man possesses the absolute sovereignty over woman; and he now says, that his sex have relinquished the power they held under the law of nature, and subjected themselves to the restraints arising from the laws of society; but he threatens the widow that he will shake off those restraints of human laws, and avail himself of his natural right to seize on the widow's person.

V. 305. *And this bote precious gifted teachers.]* The Knight quotes in support of his doctrine the authority of some of the fanatic preachers of his age, who were so far from considering marriage as of a divine institution, that they procured an act to be passed by Barebone's Parliament, ordering the marriage ceremony to be performed by a civil magistrate. And even the illustrious Milton, who had the misfortune to have a shrew for his wife, so far countenanced this opinion, that he wrote an express treatise to prove the legality of divorce, and to pave the way for the introduction of a matrimonial code which would allow the same facility of divorce as that of the ancient Jews.

V. 337-8. *The Knight, perusing this epistle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle.]* A metaphor taken from falconry, which implies the bird obeying the call of the sportsman.

V. 341-2. *Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit.]* In former times, when an inferior wrote to a superior, or a suitor to his mistress, it was a matter of etiquette, that his name should not be subscribed near to the body of the letter, but at a humble and respectful distance. Lord Chesterfield somewhere, in that collection of vanity, lewdness, and immorality, which goes by the name of his Letters to his Son, notices this point of decorum, and instructs him where to place his signature according to the rank of the person whom he is addressing.

V. 351-2. *Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.]* It has been more than once observed, that Butler, throughout the whole of this poem, seems to have had his eye closely on Don Quixote, as a model for him to copy. The directions which Don Quixote gave Sancho when he dispatched him with a letter to his mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso, doubtless suggested to Butler the instructions which he makes the Knight bestow on Ralpho on this occasion. "Go," says the Knight of the Rueful Countenance to his Squire, "go then, auspicious youth, and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the beams of that refulgent sun of beauty;—observe and engrave in thy memory the manner of this reception: mark whether her colour changes upon the de-

livery of thy commission; whether her looks betray any emotion or concern, when she hears my name. In short, observe all her actions, every motion, every gesture; for, by the accurate relation of these things, I shall divine the secrets of her breast, and draw just inferences so far as this imports to my amour."

THE
L A D Y ' S A N S W E R
TO THE
K N I G H T.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is not strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won 5
In combat by an Amazon :
That sword that did, like fate, determine,
Th' inevitable death of vermin ;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows ; 10
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners :

460 THE LADY'S ANSWER

Where still they 'd lain, in base restraint, 15
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honorable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;
And what return that favor met,
You cannot, tho' you would, forget : 20
When being free, you strove to evade
The oaths you had in prison made ;
Foreswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd and justify'd it,
And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at my feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears ; 30
And doubting 't was in vain to sue,
You claim as boldly as your due ;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course ;
We have no title nor pretence 35
To body, soul, or conscience ;
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.

These are the motives which, t' induce
Or fright us into love, you use. 40

A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting,
Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove 45

Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war, between two enemies ;
Or forfeitures which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover ; 50

It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand ;
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'T is not these paltry counterfeit 55
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our bright diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire ;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames ;

But those true rubies of the rock,

Which in our cabinets we lock.

'T is not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65

That you are so transported with ;

But those we wear about our necks,

Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,

The periwigs you make us wear ; 70

But those bright guineas in our chests,

That light the wild-fire in your breasts.

These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,

That all their sly intrigues I know,

And can unriddle by their tones, 75

Their mystic cabals, and jargons ;

Can tell what passions, by their sounds,

Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;

What raptures fond and amorous,

O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 80

What ecstasy, and scorching flame,

Burns for my money, in my name ;

What from th' unnatural desire

To beasts and cattle takes its fire ;

What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85

Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ;

And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd at first sight, withal ; 90

To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades ;
And yet, for all the yearning pain

Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain :
I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy, 95

To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy ;

That all your oaths and labor lost,

They 'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.

This is not meant to disapprove

Your judgment in your choice of love ; 100

Which is so wise, the greatest part

Of mankind study 't as an art ;

For love should, like a deodand,

Still fall to th' owner of the land ;

And where there 's substance for its ground ; 105

Cannot but be more firm and sound

Than that which has the slighter basis

Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;

Which is of such thin subtilty,

It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110

464 THE LADY'S ANSWER

And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice away.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
As solid, and as glorious love,
Hence 't is, you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these:
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, as philtres, love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love;
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse: 130
For money has a pow'r above
The stars and fate, to manage love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tip'd with gold.

And tho' some say, the parents' claims 135
 To make love in their children's names;
 Who many times at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
 Feel darts and charms, attracts, and flames,
 And woo, and contract, in their names: 140
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em:
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money.
 'T is better than their own betrothing, 145
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing:
 And when th' are at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right; but for the course
 You take to do 't by fraud, or force, 150
 'T is so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 't is never to be done,
 No more than fetters can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
 Which all men either break or how:
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but woo?

When 't is laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.

These are the virtues, in whose name 185

A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion

In grace and nature, o'er all women ;
Of whom no less will satisfy,

Than all the sex, your tyranny, 190

Altho' you 'll find it a hard province,

With all your crafty frauds and covins,

To govern such a num'rous crew,

Who, one by one, now govern you :

For if you were all Solomons, 195

And wise and great as he was once,

You 'll find they 're able to subdue

(As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,

'T is by your own temptation done : 200

That with your ignorance invite,

And teach us how to use the flight.

For when we find y' are still more taken

With false attracts of your own making,

Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone, 205

Like sots, to us that laid it on ;

And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme :
You force us in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences ; 210
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces :
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit ;
For, by the practice of those arts 215
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a present to be giv'n, 220
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty ;
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple, natural, excel.
How fair and sweet 's the planted rose, 225
Beyond the wild in hedges grows ?
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 't is ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond ? 230

Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art or dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that nature has conferr'd.
This does but rough-hew, and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine ;
Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again : 240
For when (outwitted by his wife,)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life ;
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet, 245
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice ?
Since all the privilege you boast
And false usurp'd or vainly lost 250
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration;
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,

470 THE LADY'S ANSWER

We could, in spite of all your tricks, **255**
And shallow formal politics,
Force your managements t' obey,
As we to your's (in shew) give way.
Hence 't is, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative, **260**
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares **265**
In ord'ring you, and your affairs :
When all your empire and command
You have from us at second-hand ;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steers, **270**
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card nor star,
And did not guide a man of war :
Nor we, because we don't appear **275**
In councils, do not govern there :
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,

But is preserv'd in close disguise
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does men:
And in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down:
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause; 290
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight 295
In all your world's affairs of state,
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nation's how we please.

We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox, 300

And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' spirits, in all conventicles;

By us is all commerce and trade
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;
 For nothing can go off so well, 305
 Nor bears that price as what we sell.

We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting ;
 Are magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310

We make the man of war strike sail,
 And to our braver conduct veil,
 And, when he has chas'd his enemies,
 Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state, 315
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
 That 's haughty or imperious ;
 He 's but a journeyman to us :
 That as he gives us cause to do 't,
 Can keep him in or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase
 Or waste your fortunes how we please ;
 And, as your humour is, can deal
 In all your matters, ill or well.

'T is we that can dispose alone, 325
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,

To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust ;
And 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please : 330
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorous^{est} course
Prevail, unless to make us worse :
Who still the harsher we are us'd, 335
Are further off from being reduc'd ;
And scorn t' abate for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy ; 340
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat :
For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays :
While all the favors we afford, 345
Are but to gird you with a sword ;
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads :
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water ; 350

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease ;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;
To do your exercise for honor, 355

And have your brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous : 360

To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to shew your parts ;
Expound the oracle of laws ;
And turn them which way we see cause :
Be our solicitors and agents, 365
And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs
Your vainly boast, to cry down our's ;
And what in real value's wanting
Supply with vapouring and ranting : 370
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride :
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit ;

TO THE KNIGHT. 475

By your example, lose that right 375
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight ;
And terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a salique law :
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race ; 380
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.



NOTES

TO THE

LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.



V. 4. *Did from the pound replevin you.*] The widow commences her answer in a very high strain of ridicule. Playing upon the Knight's confession, that her unkindness had reduced him to the condition of a beast, she, by a very slight stretch of language, changes the pillory into a pound, and reminds the Knight how she replevied him from his confinement. A pound is a place where cattle that are distrained for rent are impounded or confined, until replevied, which means until security be given to answer the distrainer's suit.

V. 13. *Your heels degraded of your spurs.*] A Knight degraded from his dignity, has his spurs hacked off his heels, and his sword broken over his head. At the ceremony of the installation of the Knights of the Bath, the King's master-cook attends, in an appropriate costume, with a butcher's cleaver in his hand, and warns the Knights successively as they take the oath, that it will be his duty to hack off their spurs, if they should violate the engagements of their Knighthood.

V. 43-4. *Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
For charity at once and threat.*] Whether the beggars of the metropolis in Butler's day were so clamorous and importunate as the present race of mendicants, we have not the means of determining; and it would be difficult to decide, whether most money is given away in the pure spirit of charity to relieve distress, or given forth in no other view than to silence importunity and clamour.

V. 55-6-7. *'Tis not those paulty counterfeit*

French stones, which in our eyes you set,

But our bright diamonds, that inspire.] Nothing is

more common than for lovers to compare their mistresses' eyes to diamonds, their lips to rubies, and their teeth to pearls. This hyperbolical mode of expression had its rise in the east, where these precious productions of nature are comparatively plentiful; and the genius of the people leads them to delight in extravagant metaphors. But with Europeans it is ridiculous and unnatural. The widow very plainly tells Hudibras, that it is not the diamonds of her eyes, nor the rubies of her lips, or the pearls of her teeth, that have inspired him with a flame; but the real jewels which she has treasured up in her cabinet. In a word, that there is not an atom of affection in his suit, and that he is solely governed by mercenary views.

V. 61. *And make us wear like Indian dames.]* The custom of perforating various parts of the body for the purpose of ornamenting it, is so universal, that no nation has yet been discovered among whom something like this practice has not been found to prevail. The perforation of the lip exists, at the present day, among the Esquimaux; perhaps it forms part of the toilet among some more polished nation.

V. 89-90. *These are th' attracts which most men fall*

Enamour'd, at first sight, withal.] The lady recapitu-

lates, with much satirical humour, the chief objects of allurements which tempt men to marry. Having an eye particularly to herself, she insinuates to our Knight, that he would never have thought of her, but for her jewels and guineas, her land and cattle, her house and furniture, her mortgages and bonds, which are the things alone, she tells him, that have any attraction in his eyes, and stimulate him to urge his hopeless suit.

V. 103. ——— *like a deodand.]* When an accidental homicide happens, the thing causing the loss of life, as, for instance, the wheel of a carriage, is forfeited to the lord of the manor, and is called a deodand.

V. 117-8. *Hence 't is, you have no way t' express*

Our charms and graces, but by these.] The reason

which the widow assigns for men comparing the beauties of their

mistresses to precious stones, gold, &c. is highly comic and diverting. Men, says she, set their affections on gold, &c. it is natural, therefore, that they should resemble their mistresses to those objects which they have chiefly in view.

V. 123-4. *This is the way all parents prove,*

In managing their children's love.] The author of the Devil upon Two Sticks, says Dr. Grey, gives an instance of this in the case of a delicate young lady, whom her prudent parents prostituted to the embraces of an old brute. "The beastly sot (says he) was rival to one of a very agreeable character; their fortunes were equal; but I dare say you 'll laugh at the merit which preferred this worthy to the choice of the mother: you must know he had a pigeon-house upon his estate, which the other had not: this turned the balance in his favor, and determined the fate of that unfortunate lady."

V. 127. *Cast earth to earth, as in the grave.*] Alluding to the burial office, which Dr. Grey says, was scandalously ridiculed in those times. One Brook, a London lecturer, at the burial of Mr. John Gough, of St. James's, Duke's-place, within Aldgate, London, used the following words:—

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Here's the pit, and in thou must."

Mr. Cheynel, he says, behaved as remarkably at the funeral of Mr. Chillingworth. After reflecting upon the deceased, he threw his book, entitled the Religion of the Protestants a safe way to Salvation, into the grave, saying, "Get thee gone, thou cursed book, which has seduced so many precious souls: Earth to earth, dust to dust: Get thee into the place of rottenness, that thou may'st rot with the author, and see corruption."

V. 131-2. *For money has a power above*

The stars, and fate, to manage love.] The power of money in love-affairs has been acknowledged from the earliest times; and how small a matter will sometimes preponderate appears from the Spectator, No. 15, who mentions a young lady, who was warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for many months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the

lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

V. 133-4. *Whose arrows learned poets hold*

That never miss are tipp'd with gold.] The poets feign Cupid to have had two sorts of arrows, the one tipped with gold, and the other with lead; the golden always inspire and inflame love in the person he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

V. 183. *When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd.]* The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the New Testament, which denominates it a corporal oath. "This method," Dr. Grey says, "was not always complied with in these iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hands upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered I am as good as under an oath. And in the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the court answered, he spoke too late, Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, that he had not yet kissed the book.—The court answered, that it was no matter, it was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record."

V. 273. *Knew nothing of the card.]* Compass.

V. 277. *While, like the mighty Prester John.]* The relations of travellers in Butler's time were filled with marvellous and incredible accounts of Prester John, Emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and to have been so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

V. 278-9-80. *Whose person none dares look upon,*

But is preserv'd in close disguise.

From being made cheap to vulgar eyes.] Francisco

Alvaroz, a Portuguese priest, in his voyage to the court of Prester John, preserved in Purchase's Pilgrims, observes, "That he commonly sheweth himself thrice a-year, on Christmas-day, on Easter-day, and on Holy-Rood-day, in September. And the cause why he thus sheweth himself thrice, is because his grandfather, whose name was Alexander, was kept three years secret, after his death, by his servants, who governed the country all the mean while; for, until that time, none of the people might see their King; neither was he seen of any, but a few of his servants. And at the request of the people, the father of David, one of their Emperors, shewed himself three days; and this King also doth the like.

V. 283-4. *And in the right of our Pope Joan,*

Make emp'rors at our feet fall down.] An allusion to the meeting between Pope Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, at Venice, which is thus described by Sir W. Segar, in his Treatise of Honor, civil and military. The Emperor being arrived at Venice, the Pope was set in a rich chair at the church door.—Before the Pope's feet a carpet of purple was spread upon the ground; the Emperor being come to the said carpet (forthwith fell down, and, from thence upon his knees) went towards the Pope to kiss his feet; which done, the Pope with his hand lifted him up. From thence they passed together unto the great altar, in St. Mark's church, whereon was set the table of precious stones, which at this day is reputed one of the greatest treasures in Europe. Some have reported, that the Emperor did prostrate himself before the altar, and the Pope set his foot on his neck: while this was a doing, the clergy sung the psalm of David, which saith, *Super aspidem et basilicum ambulabis*; which the Emperor hearing, said, *Non tibi, sed Petro*; the Pope answered, *Et mihi, et Petro.*"

V. 285. *Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name.*] Joan of Arc, called also La Pucelle, or the Maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Damremi on the Meuse, daughter of James d'Arc and Isabella Romce, and was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty, she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation

of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword that lay in the tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the cross and fleur-de-lis were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner, in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May, 1430.

V. 288. *To serve France for a grand constable.*] Dr. Grey, with a great show of probability, considers all this as a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line, he says, seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

V. 329-30. *And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,*

Can fit you with what heirs we please.] It is a maxim in the Common law, that every child born in wedlock is legitimate, except the husband has been beyond the seas, so that he could not have access to his wife for above a twelve-month preceding the birth of the child.

V. 378. *Pass on ourselves a Salique law.*] An ancient and fundamental law of the kingdom of France, usually supposed to have been made by Pharamond, or at least by Clovis, in virtue whereof males are only to inherit. The Lysians, according to Herodotus, had a custom peculiar to themselves, and the reverse of this. Among them the relation by the mother's side was esteemed more honorable than the father's; and, for that reason, the children took the mother's name.

V. 379-80. *Or as some nations use, give place,*

And truckle to your mighty race.] Butler probably here alludes to some stories of the Russian women, of whom Purchase observes, "That if there the women is not beaten once a

week, she will not be good, and therefore they look for it weekly ; and the women say, if their husbands did not beat them they should not love them.

Some critics have thought that this poem terminates too abruptly, and that probably it was the author's intention to have carried it further. But there seems no just ground for this supposition. The episode of the civil war is concluded in the Canto devoted to it, and there then remains only the Knight's amour to be brought to an end. This is done with all our poet's characteristic humour and fertility of fancy. "The widow," says a former commentator, "is too cunning to be entrapped, either by the threats or entreaties in the Knight's letter. She gives him no hopes of a peaceable compliance with his demands, nor any handle for a forced one, either in law or equity. Her satire is just, and so appositely levelled at the most sensible part of his passion, that all his pretensions to it are ridiculed and overthrown. All his hypocritical schemes and pretences being thus disappointed, we may conjecture that it wrought in his stubborn mind a conviction that they were vain, empty, and unavailable ; and, accordingly, we find that he now puts an end to a three years' fruitless amour, for we hear nothing of him afterwards.

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